

The Australian

Over 725,000 Copies Sold Every Week

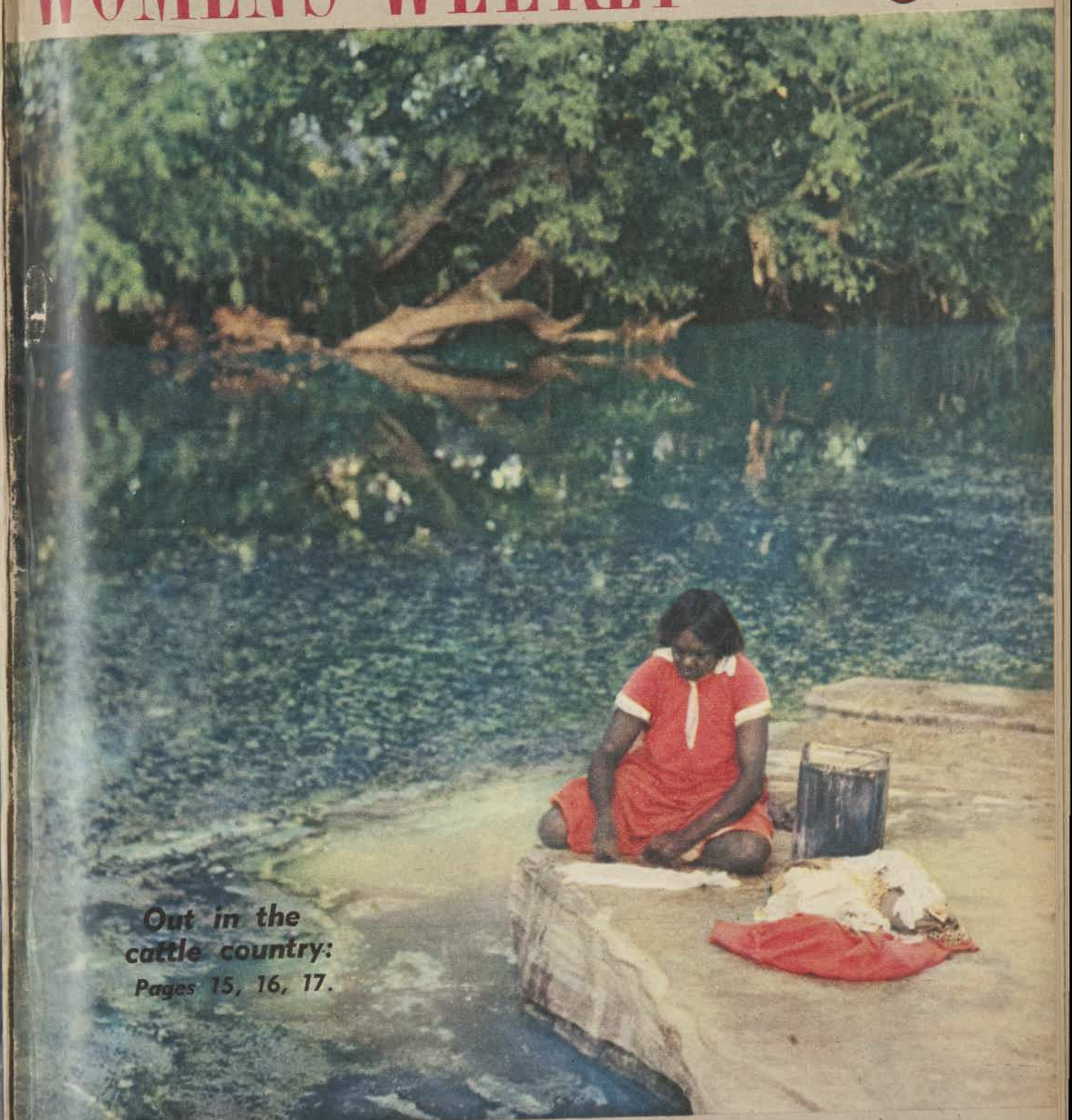
Registered in Australia for
transmission by post as a
newspaper.

JULY 23, 1952

PRICE



WOMEN'S WEEKLY

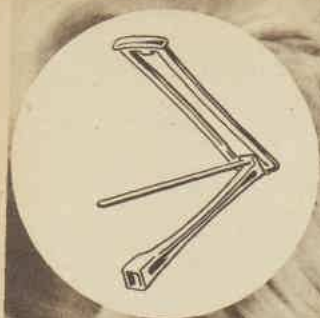


Out in the
cattle country:
Pages 15, 16, 17.

Fireside Reading: "THE GREAT GATSBY"

By F. Scott
Fitzgerald

Complete in
this issue



for an **EASIER, QUICKER** home perm

for silkier, softer, more **NATURAL-LOOKING** curls—
Richard Hudnut introduces the sensational new
whirl-a-wave curlers

FASTEST, EASIEST-CURLING CURLERS MADE, YET THEY GIVE MORE UNIFORM, STRONGER, MORE NATURAL-LOOKING CURLS

Again . . . Richard Hudnut leads with still another brilliant Home Permanent discovery—the new, improved spinning type Whirl-a-Wave Curlers, to make your hair winding much easier, much quicker!

Whirl-a-Wave Curlers make all other curlers old-fashioned. **Flexible:** made of a new kind of flexible plastic that won't break as easily as ordinary plastic . . . work perfectly with various-sized curls, from small to plump—lock closer to the head than any other curler. **Sure-grip, non-slip tongue:** prevents end-papers from slipping, holds hair secure while winding. **Comfortable:** smooth surfaces make winding easier on fingertips. **Pretty:** pink-and-white plastic, decorative as the candles on a birthday cake!

Beauty experts who've used them extensively say Whirl-a-Wave Curlers are far superior to any other home permanent curling device on the market to-day. They will transform your hair into specially lovely, easy-to-manage curls quicker than ever before.

All chemists and selected department stores now have supplies of the Richard Hudnut Whirl-a-Wave Curlers, so you can get yours right away. Each box contains 40 Whirl-a-Wave flexible spinning curlers with the non-slip tongue, and 10 special short-strand curlers for awkward, wispy neckline hairs.

Richard Hudnut
whirl-a-wave curlers
 FOR HOME PERMANENTS AND HAIR SETTING

A WAVE YOU CAN SET AND FORGET!

What makes the Richard Hudnut Home Permanent so famous, so popular? It's the 22% more effective **Creme Waving Lotion** that gives you silky-soft, more natural-looking waves. And it's **Neutraliser Booster**, the amazing secret Hudnut ingredient, that gives you a more permanent home wave . . . that actually weatherproofs your hair—so that it looks wonderful (and stays in!) in all kinds of weather! No more nightly pin-ups . . . no more "off days," when you can't do a thing with your hair . . . but a wave that's stronger longer, comes back with a "bounce" after each shampoo! And now, of course, the Whirl-a-Wave Curlers to give you the more natural Richard Hudnut Home Perm easier, quicker!

Whirl-a-Wave Curlers are sold separately from the Richard Hudnut Home Permanent Refill Kits.

If you already have a set of any plastic curlers, you can give yourself the most natural-looking curls by using the Richard Hudnut Home Permanent Refill, which contains everything you need except the curlers.

But, if you want to do it **easier, quicker** than you ever thought possible, you'll buy a box of Whirl-a-Wave Curlers to use with your Richard Hudnut Home Permanent Refills in future.



EASIER, QUICKER, PRETTIER

- Prevent end-papers from slipping!
- Hold hair securely while winding!
- Lock curls closer to the head!



THE Harvest

18 JUL 1952
REPRINTED WITH PERMISSION

by Fay King

SANIE JOUBERT sat on the stoop in late afternoon making a pretence of sewing in the strange opal light that floods the high veld before day plunges into night.

It was the fiftieth anniversary of her wedding day, and she had come by slow and devious ways of thought to what was, for her, the most momentous decision of a lifetime. Now that her mind was made up a new peace grew within her. It had not been easy to carry the weight of her secret alone all through the years.

She dropped her sewing into the lap of her best silk dress, and her hand groped down into the depth of the needlework bag that had been built into the arm of her favorite chair, and closed over the familiar shape of the stone she had kept hidden there for forty-nine years.

Almost reluctantly she opened her hand and looked down at the stone, and it seemed to come alive in the palm of her hand as it had ever done before her eyes.

Surely, she thought, this must be the largest uncut diamond in the world? And immediately her mind was filled with the host of anxious questions that had for so long intrigued and tormented her.

What was to be its destiny? Would it ultimately adorn the crown of a queen? Would it be jealously hidden from the delight and the covetousness of men's eyes, and stay guarded in the vault of a millionaire's mansion? Would it be gambled for, fought for, stolen or lost?

Sanie knew none of the answers to these questions. All she knew was that this bright stone had shaped her life. She owed it more than anyone would ever know. More, perhaps, than she could ever fully comprehend.

The heavy, musk-sweet scent of arum lilies drifted out to her from the wide door that opened into the modest voorkamer.

Sanie turned her head as though to welcome the familiar, peculiarly

haunting scent, and a smile touched her lips as she beheld the pearly glow of the great bunch of lilies, standing in the black kaffir pot of unbaked clay on the polished wooden floor.

Paul had brought them to her early that morning, as he had done on every anniversary of their wedding day.

He had brought her other gifts during the day, which was also their custom—gifts that were after their two hearts, that spoke a language which they shared alone.

The flawless feather from an eagle's wing, which he had caught as it slowly spiralled to earth. A pumpkin so beautiful to the eye and the touch, with jewels of sap still glistening on the severed stalk, that the old wonder at the perfection of God's work filled Sanie's heart.

The children had always referred to these wedding anniversaries as their parents' own harvest festivals. The fruits of their land, of their labor and their love they had brought to this day every year, with hearts that overflowed. They had not the gift or the need for many words, for they were by nature silent people.

The pure flame of the stone in Sanie's tanned, work-scarred hand drew her eyes away from the gentle gleam of the lilies and forced her mind back, back to the day when first it had begun to direct her life.

She had come from a wealthy home to marry the poor young farmer, Paul Joubert, against her parents' wishes. She had been disinherited, and her pride had been deeply wounded.

Greatly as she loved Paul, and happy as she was with him in that first year of their marriage, she longed to be able to meet her parents' challenge, to prove her rightness in marrying Paul, who had none of the social graces or family connections that would have commended him in their eyes.

And then, on the eve of the first anniversary of their marriage, Sanie

had gone down, towards the end of a long day of toil in house and field, to gather arum lilies that grew in profusion along the banks of the spruit.

The day had been hot, and the crystal, pulsing water had tempted her to bathe her tired feet that had not yet fully adapted themselves from the gentler days of her maidenhood.

A few days previously a cloudburst higher up the valley had sent the little river racing down in wild brown spate, but the water had subsided and become pure again.

Clutching her heavy cotton skirts about her knees, Sanie had glanced down at her feet.

And in that moment it had seemed that her heart stood still. For there, immediately before her bare, pink feet, a light shone on the bed of the river. It was as though a star had fallen into the water, so brightly and so clearly did it shine.

Sanie plunged her hand down to claim the treasure, and stared at it with wide, incredulous eyes as it lay cradled in the palm of her hand for the first time.

It was a diamond, polished by the friction of river pebbles and water. But Sanie Joubert saw it as an answer to her prayers and dreams.

She and Paul would be wealthy. Why, they would be richer than her parents—or the cherished friends who basked in her parents' close circle!

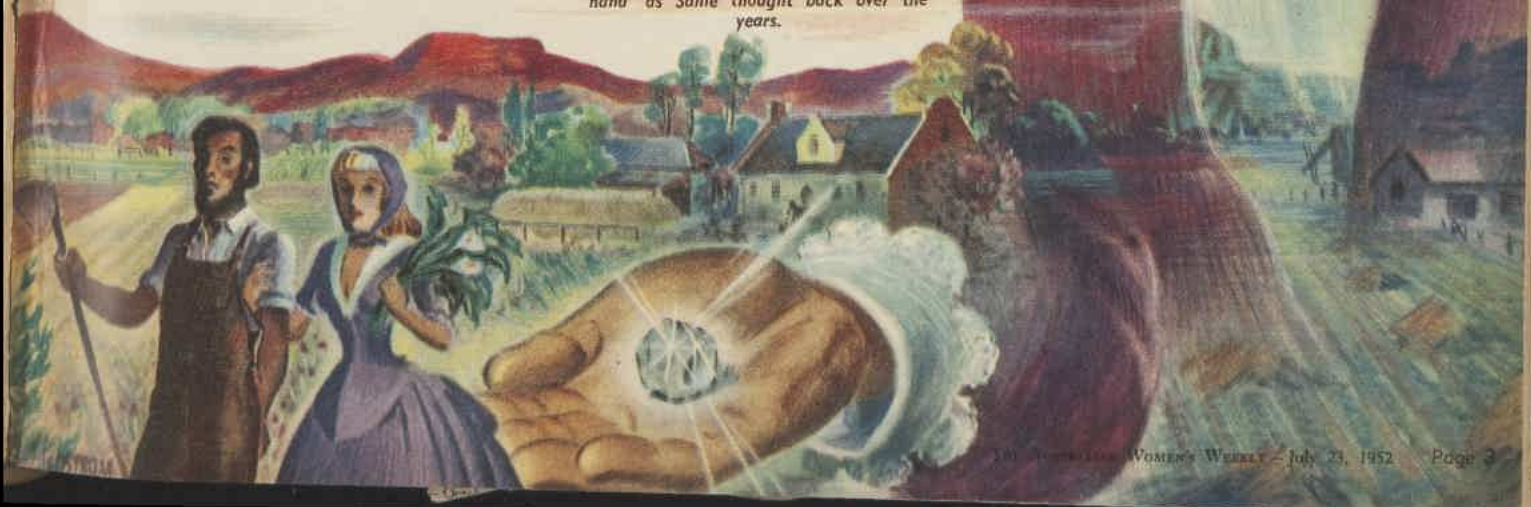
The pain and bitterness that had torn at her heart for so long consumed her—and were gone. A feeling of new power, of triumph, took their place.

Thrusting her wet feet into the veldshoen her husband had fashioned for her, and clutching the stone tightly, she began to race back to the homestead. She must tell Paul of their great good fortune; she must share her joy with him.

Please turn to page 4

The stone seemed to come alive in her hand as Sanie thought back over the years.

ILLUSTRATED BY HEDSTROM



The Harvest

Continued from page 3

PERHAPS, her eyes were dazzled by the light of the stone; perhaps her sight was far-focused on the golden splendor of the days they were to know. Whatever the reason, she had failed to see the half-submerged rock in her path, though the rank velvet grass had been burnt down to rough black stubble between the spruit and the homestead, so that the first soaking rains would spread a new green carpet for the winter-starved sheep and cattle.

So great had been her haste that Sanie had fallen heavily. For a time she had lain stunned, but presently she had raised her head slowly, gathering her scattered wits.

In the distance she could see the homestead, dwarfed under the immense canopy of flaming sunset sky. And it had seemed to Sanie that she was seeing it all clearly for the first time.

Exercise at home

YOU can keep fit this winter, improve your figure, and strengthen weak muscles without going to a gymnasium.

Look around the house. Dig out a broom, a belt, a scarf, a table, and a chair. They're all you need for your daily dozen.

For instance, you can strengthen thigh muscles by bending one leg and pushing strongly against a scarf held in both hands.

Or, you can tone up back muscles by turning your body as you stretch a belt behind you.

A.M. for July has two pages of illustrated exercises you can do with the every-day articles you have at home. A.M. is now on sale.

There was the little white-washed home which Paul had planned and had built with his own hands from rocks he had dragged from the virgin earth and rough hewn. The roof deeply thatched with golden tambuti grass that had grown in the valley. The young peach and apricot, citrus and fig trees in the orchard and surrounding the homestead, which Paul was nursing with such patient care through their first unpredictable years.

Sanie had stumbled to her feet and looked about her with new awareness. It was their land as far as she could see. Unspoilt, rich in promise, a challenge to the best in man.

And suddenly she had a vision, as true and vivid as reality, of that proud valley as it could be transformed by the power of the stone she had found.

She saw the greed and madness of diggers lusting after wealth as they poured into the valley. All the peace and beauty, and the slow, promised harvests of that land would be destroyed. The homestead would no longer be their pride and safe harbor. The stone that bit into the tender palm of her hand could steal their land from them—their home and peace and shared dreams would go.

What could riches offer in their place? Sanie had asked herself with honesty. She had seen, with new understanding, her parents' world and values, and those she had come to know through Paul. And she had realised, beyond all doubt, that this life, this hard life of sharing and toiling in the valley with the man she loved, was all she asked, all she desired.

She had not told Paul of her find. She had felt that she

alone must carry the knowledge of it, and the responsibility. For she knew that she had not yet wholly proved herself to her husband. That he secretly grieved because he could not give her the kind of life she had previously known was no secret to her.

When she had proved beyond all doubt that his way of life was the one she knowingly chose to follow, then she would place the stone in his hand, but not before.

In the long years that had followed she had wavered in her resolution many times. But never, never for herself.

She had known bitter conflict when the trials came upon them that beset all farmers who wrestled in those days for a living from the harsh land of the high veldt—the great droughts, the rinderpest, hailstorms before harvests, and locusts.

She had wavered when their children had needed things which were beyond their means, but always she had come to believe in the end that the struggle and denials and the labor were preferable to the wealth she held in her power to give them.

Sanie Joubert had not waged her fight so much against poverty as against too great riches. The stone had long since become not a star fallen from the benevolent heavens, but the mocking eye of the tempter.

In course of time their children had all gone their various ways, some to the cities, some back to the land.

And now the time had come for her to place her stone in her husband's hand. They had lived a hard, full, good life together. She had abundantly proved herself. She must trust his judgment alone in the future, but from her heart

she prayed that the evening peace would not be shattered by the bright thing that mocked her.

Sanie sighed and looked about her.

A light wind shook the trees and sent ripples flowing through the grass.

Night sounds were already impinging on the brief hush of sundown that had followed the strong, joyous chorus of day. The small, plaintive call of the owl that lived in the orchard; the velvet-winged whisper of moths as they were aroused by the night scents of moon-flowers and petunias that grew in the flower-filled garden; the first deep, muted notes of the nightly serenade that came from the frogs in the lily-pond, and the sleepy bickering of birds as they settled themselves for the night in the branches of friendly trees.

It was all part of the fabric of the life Sanie had woven there in the valley in the past fifty years, and she could find no fault in it.

Paul's deep voice took her by surprise, and he came up the path and sat on the top step at her feet. In his seventy-third year he was still a strong and handsome man, with serene blue eyes and skin tanned like soft brown leather.

"Little heart," he said, looking up into his wife's smiling face, "I have one last gift for you before the sun finally sets on this day."

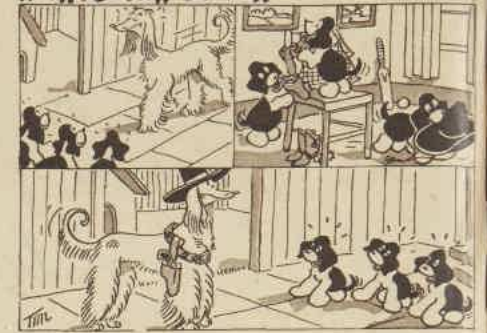
He covered her hand with his, and the stone cut into her palm.

"There is a message for you in this thing I have for you, and there is also a great laugh against myself," Paul confided.

"I want you to know that the day I miraculously found courage to ask you to be my

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



wife I was—not myself. Believe me, I would never have dared to show you my heart had I not thought—had I not honestly believed—that I had riches to offer you as well as my love. You see, Sanie, it had so happened that in the spruit I had found a stone, a diamond, I imagined, worth a kingdom. It gave me courage to come to you."

He laughed softly and drew a pendant from the pocket of his khaki shirt. A pool of dancing light swung from a delicate silver chain as Paul dangled it from a finger before his wife's eyes.

"When I learned the truth about it you had already promised to be mine, Sanie, my haartje."

"The truth—?" Sanie whispered.

Paul rose and clasped the pendant round her neck while she bowed her head.

"It is known as a mock diamond, my wife," he told her, and brushed his cheek against her silver hair. "It has no value in men's eyes. They do not covet the lovely stone once

they know it has only beauty to give them."

Paul paused, then said slowly, the words coming warm from his very heart: "I thank God the riches I found were in your tender love, in the children you bore, and in the good earth."

There were tears and laughter in Sanie's eyes as she looked up into her husband's face.

Slowly her fingers fumbled for the opening of her sewing bag, and, as so often before, she dropped the diamond into its depths.

(Copyright)

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 6855W, G.P.O., Sydney.

You'll love the smooth good looks of

HILTON

Waltz Dream
NYLONS
with Nyloseal

Nyloseal—adds to Nylons... a lovely misty dullness
... makes your legs look smooth, slim and lovely.

Nyloseal—adds to Nylons... extra elasticity...
gives you extra comfort.

Nyloseal—adds to Nylons... much greater snag
protection... with Nyloseal you have less
snags than ever before.

And remember ONLY HILTON Nylons have this
wonderful Nyloseal.



Remember HILTON Socks for Juniors are the same high
standard of quality as the famous HILTON Stockings.

*Nyloseal makes HILTON the nylons with a difference!



Voice of a dove

By DOROTHY EDEN

IMPULSED by no comprehensible thought, Sarah ran into the house, down the hall, and into Oliver's study. She didn't know what she had expected to find there. When she saw Oliver sitting at his desk, his thick hair ruffled in its familiar way, his face lifted inquiringly, her relief was so overwhelming that she couldn't speak.

"Well, Sarah," said Oliver, "is there any special reason for this very unceremonious intrusion? Not that I'm not always glad to see you, but at the moment you look as if the devil's after you."

Sarah, fighting to regain her breath, took a couple of steps across the room. She saw Oliver make a quick, almost guilty movement, then he got up, smiling with naive charm. "Well, you've caught me this time, Sarah." He turned and indicated the solitary board on his desk. "I'm afraid I'm not always working in here. I get bored with writing and out comes the solitary. But it's very hush-hush. One has to build oneself up a little, doesn't one?"

What was he talking about, Sarah wondered impatiently. She had got her breath back now.

"Oliver, have you seen Jennie?" "Not since Mother took her to the party. Why, what has happened?"

"She's disappeared." "Is that all? She's probably got herself shut in somewhere. I'm sure there's no need to get in a panic about it."

"No, of course not." Sarah's reassurance was rapidly coming back. She almost felt she should apologise to Oliver for her half-formed horrible suspicion. Instead, she said, "I'm sorry for bursting in in this way."

"That's all right," Oliver said pleasantly. "I really thought I was going to work this afternoon, but, after all, I couldn't. Let me know if Jennie isn't found. I'll come and help search."

Sarah's queer relief at having found Oliver in his study turned then to resentment against Tim. Why wasn't he about? Why wasn't he at Jennie's party, for that matter? There was nothing to keep him away from it. He left everything to her.

Well, perhaps she was paid for it, but Jennie was his sister's child and he should be taking an interest in her affairs.

On inquiry from Petunia, who was just coming in laden with a large shopping basket, she heard that Rachel Massey and Tim had gone into the garage not long ago.

"I saw them as I was going out," Petunia said. "He must be taking her somewhere, though you wouldn't think he'd be fit to drive with that arm of his."

She went on excitedly, "Oh, I must tell Mrs. Hopkins. There was a new man in the corner shop, and the look he gave me. You could read it plain as plain. Won't Mrs. Hopkins have a laugh, all those men she saw for me in her cup."

"Go and get on with your work and don't talk nonsense," Sarah said sharply, to Petunia's obvious mortification.

She was too worried at the moment to care about Petunia's feelings. If Tim had taken Rachel somewhere in Oliver's car she would have to manage on her own once more. She was getting used to it, but it wasn't fair!

When she opened the garage door, however, the car was still there and Rachel and Tim were just coming out. It looked as if they had been sitting in the car, and now Rachel was holding Tim's arm in a proprietary way.

Tim saw her first and said, "Hullo, Sarah. Thought you were enjoying the party with Jennie. Don't think it's odd our being here; we just wanted a place where we could be private."

"I don't want to intrude on your privacy," Sarah snapped, "but you ought to know that Jennie isn't enjoying her party. She's lost!"

"Jennie!" exclaimed Rachel, lifting her curved black brows. "Lost!" "How long has she been missing?"

Tim demanded. "I'm not sure. Aunt Florence has just discovered. She's rather upset."

"Where's Oliver?" "Oliver's in his study. I've just come from him."

"Tim," Rachel said, "now surely you'll call the police."

Tim shook off her arm. His nostrils were pinched, his face all hollows. But he spoke quite pleasantly.

"First we'll make a thorough search. The police wouldn't appreciate having to give their assistance in finding a child playing hide and seek."

"But with all the evidence, and now this—"

"All circumstantial, my sweet. There's still the missing piece. Come

along, Sarah; you ought to know all the cubby-holes at your aunt's place where a child could hide."

An hour later Tim called the police. By that time they had searched every nook and cranny in both houses without finding as much as a hair-ribbon. The sun was going down and the trees in Kensington Gardens were throwing shadows twice as long as themselves.

The Gardens were strangely empty this afternoon. Sarah knew because she had been in them herself, going over to the familiar cafe and casting quick glances at every low-foliaged shrub. Anywhere a child might hide or be hidden.

She had stood a few minutes on the banks of the Serpentine, watching a scattering of boats coming up the stream. But no one would throw a small girl into the water by daylight, with boats on the river and people walking about.

Even the Round Pond drew her by a peculiar fascination and she stared at its bright shallow water, innocent of secrets. Then all at once she was hurrying back, unable to bear being away from the house any longer in case something had happened in her absence.

Now it was growing dusk, and Sergeant Jackson had the matter of Jennie's disappearance written down in his little notebook.

At first he had been inclined to be not too serious about it. It was a child's prank, probably. Maybe in a fit of pique over something that had happened at the party she had decided to give everyone a fright by running away. She would be picked up down the Bayswater Road or perhaps over towards Earls Court.

But Aunt Florence said she hadn't noticed anything untoward happen at the party beyond the children teasing Hamlet and Jennie carrying him away.

That was the last anyone remembered seeing of her, a little girl struggling into the house with a large, sulky cat in her arms. Hamlet was still there safely enough, but he, unfortunately, couldn't speak.

Then Tim talked to the sergeant alone, and after that he seemed to catch Tim's urgency, for he had a couple of constables sent out and the search began.

It was then that Sarah lost her temper because Tim said she must

not go out any more. The women, he said, must stay at the house. They could do nothing outside that the police were not doing, and it was unwise for them to wander about in the dusk.

"But Jennie will be crying for me," Sarah insisted angrily. "Like last night. I couldn't go to her then and you won't let me go to her now. Tim, can't you understand? It's so awful!"

Tim patted her shoulder briefly. He looked gaunt and tired, his eyes gleaming between their narrow lids, his mouth set in a straight, grim line. He had taken his injured wrist out of the sling, for convenience, and had it tucked inside his coat. The bruise on his forehead showed like a wound.

"Hang on a bit longer, Sarah. I know you're almost out on your feet. But it's so important."

"Where are you going to look?"

"The police are combing the Gardens now and the bombed areas near here. Some of them have hoardings up, and—"

Sarah flinched, horror stopping her tears.

"There's one in Church Street—it has a big drop behind the boarding. But, Tim, in broad daylight—"

"Jennie's alive, Sarah," Tim said. "I'm quite sure she is. We'll come back with her, you'll see. You might have some hot tea ready. Keep the women busy, if you can. And get a little rest yourself." He added, apparently irrelevantly, "Oliver's coming with us."

Then he bent his head to kiss her on the cheek, and when he had gone she stood rubbing her cheek slowly with her fingers and thinking that nothing was real, even Tim's impulse to kiss her.

So there they were in the house,

"No! You can't make me drink it!" Sarah screamed, staring in horror at the tumbler.

a handful of helpless women. Aunt Florence had come over because, she said, she couldn't bear to stay in her own house.

There was Jennie's cake in the kitchen with the still unlit candles on it and the "Happy Birthday" in pink icing mocking her every time she looked at it. Besides which, Bertha was in the kitchen with her apron over her head in floods of tears, and that made you think there had been a death.

Aunt Florence clapped her hand over her mouth, instantly regretting her use of that word, but not before Petunia had burst into loud sobs and stood in her favorite position of misery, her head hanging over the sink.

Here Rachel took things in hand by filling the kettle.

"We'll all have a cup of tea," she said. "Isn't that a good idea?"

The stump of a stick at the door announced old Mrs. Foster's entrance.

"An excellent idea," she answered for everyone. "You're a young woman of sense. Where's my son? Has he gone out searching, too?"

Then Sarah remembered vividly how Oliver had acted when they had told him the police were coming.

"I won't have any more police in this house," he had said in a loud, excited voice. "Venetia's too ill and they'll only disturb her as well as everyone else. What did they discover when Eliot died? Nothing at all."

"Did you expect them to discover something?" Tim had asked smoothly.

"Of course not, but they produce an unpleasant atmosphere of crime, and that's quite ridiculous in this house."

CONCLUDING OUR EXCITING MYSTERY SERIAL

Please turn to page 6

Page 5

DOCTORS PROVE Palmolive Soap

can bring YOU...
a lovelier complexion
in 14 days!



You too CAN LOOK FOR THESE COMPLEXION IMPROVEMENTS IN 14 DAYS

- ♥ Fresher, brighter complexion!
- ♥ Less oiliness!
- ♥ Added softness and smoothness!
- ♥ Fewer tiny blemishes—and incipient blackheads!
- ♥ Complexion clearer, more radiant!

Not just a promise but a proved plan!

THIS IS ALL YOU DO: Wash your face with Palmolive soap. Then for 30 seconds massage your clean face with Palmolive's soft, lovely lather. Rinse! Do this twice a day for 14 days. This cleansing massage will bring your skin Palmolive's full beautifying effect.



REGULAR SIZE
ECONOMY BATH SIZE

"QUICK-EZE— only lasting relief from INDIGESTION!"

Mrs. G. Hannam, Wright Street, Adelaide, says:
"I would like to thank you on behalf of my married daughter and myself. My heartburn was most persistent and depressing until I found how quickly I could rid myself of it with your Quick-Eze.
"My daughter, an expectant mother, suffered dreadfully from flatulence and tried all sorts of powders and liquids, and she found only real and lasting relief was from your antacid tablet, Quick-Eze."

In the Handiest of Packs.

ONLY 7^D



THE PROVED ANTACID PRESCRIPTION FOR INDIGESTION, FLATULENCE, HEARTBURN, DYSPEPSIA, ACID STOMACH

QUICK-EZE for INDIGESTION!

T

IM was cying Oliver steadily. "Then you're not alarmed at Jennie's disappearance?" he said in the same quiet voice.

"Not at all. If all we adults can't find her, we're pretty stupid."

"Nevertheless," said Tim, "the police are coming. I've called them."

For the barest instant Sarah thought she caught again that flicker in Oliver's face, the suggestion that another person lived behind the smooth, genial exterior.

Then he said resignedly, "If you have, you have. But I'm afraid they won't be particularly amused at this sort of wild goose chase. And I do think, old chap, you might allow me to make decisions in my own house."

But when the police had come he had been perfectly affable, and now had gone out to join them in their systematic search.

It was quite fantastic of her to have a suspicion that Oliver knew of Jennie's whereabouts, because he had been in his study at the time she had gone missing. It was more likely old Mrs. Foster knew something about it. She sat there, her pouchy old eyes bright with anticipation of an extra meal.

She hadn't expressed any kind of concern for Jennie, neither had she explained why she had wanted to go to a children's party or to take Jennie herself. On the other hand, what possible motive could she have for hiding the child?

Come along, Sarah, help me to get the cups out," Rachel said.

"Petunia's quite useless." Sarah had always admired Rachel's good look, but her poise and confidence had made her a little nervous. Now she had nothing but admiration for her. She was a splendid person in a crisis and that seemed to be the most necessary attribute to have in this house.

Mrs. Hopkins' face was crumpled like a faded rose petal. She sat at the table, her hands lying empty and palms upwards on it.

"Don't give me any tea, Miss Massey," she said heavily. "Heaven forbid, but I'd be looking at the leaves. I remember how Jennie was always at me to do that. Then she'd mimic me, the mix. She was that clever you had to hear it to believe it."

"Stop that, Mrs. Hopkins," said Aunt Florence sharply. "You're talking as if she's dead."

Drad! Again the word seemed to remain in the room as everyone fell silent. "I'm so happy," Jennie, in her party dress, had said. Never before, thought Sarah, had she ever heard Jennie say she was happy. And now she was out somewhere in the darkening twilight—cold, lonely, afraid.

Mrs. Hopkins moved her empty hands.

"Where's that tea?" she asked in a high, thin voice.

"O-ooh!" sobbed Petunia shudderingly.

"Can't that girl be quiet!" grumbled old Mrs. Foster. "She sounds like a funeral."

Sarah could stand it no longer. "I must go and see how Venetia is," she said.

"Don't be long," Rachel called after her. "I'll keep your tea hot."

Venetia, Nurse Benson said, had been asking for Sarah. She had taken some hot milk, but she seemed to be wandering again. Sarah went across to the bed.

Venetia looked up at her with feverish eyes.

"Sarah, where have you been?"

"Oh, doing a lot of things," Sarah answered.

"I feel forgotten." Tears welled into Venetia's eyes. She lay a moment, silent, then she said in a rapid, excited voice,

"Sarah, there's something I want to tell you. I have to tell somebody and I can trust you."

She turned her head on the pillow, looking at Nurse Benson. "Send her out."

Sarah nodded to the girl and she went to the door.

"All right, Venetia," she said gently. "You can tell me."

"It's about — something — that mink scarf and your aunt's ring—Oliver found out. He said he wouldn't tell if I agreed — to something —"

"Yes," Sarah encouraged. "What did you agree to?"

But her abrupt question seemed to frighten Venetia and her coherence began to leave her. She moved restlessly, "I don't know! I don't know!"

"But it was something important."

"I don't know. My head—I can't think—Tell Lionel to give me something to make me sleep."

"In a moment, dear. Try to tell me first."

"Tell you what?" Venetia asked, with a feverish blank gaze.

Sarah tried again. "Why is Oliver threatening you?"

"You mean he's threatening Eliot. That girl—Lexie—It was Eliot's. He told me."

She rolled her head on the pillow. "But, Oliver, I didn't take the scarf. I paid for it. Jennie will tell you."

Sarah went to the door to call the nurse back.

"She's wandering again," she said. "Can you carry on for a few more hours?"

Nurse Benson nodded resignedly. "Of course I can. I couldn't sleep, anyway, with that child lost in the dark or maybe strangled on a rubbish dump."

Sarah winced at the girl's brutal imagination.

"Thank you, nurse," she said warily. "You're doing a good job. I'll have some supper sent up to you."

When she went down again she found Rachel lighting a fire in the lounge. There was a tray set with tea things on the table.

"I've brought your tea in here, Sarah," she said. "You've got to relax."

"Relax!" echoed Sarah. What an odd sense of humor actresses had.

"Yes. Because Jennie will need you when they bring her home."

Sarah clenched her hands until she felt the skin break on her palms.

"Rachel," she said, "will they bring her home?"

"I'm sure they will."

"You don't know what I do."

"I think I do. I've been helping you know. Tim and I have done quite a bit of investigation. When I came here it wasn't because I was interested in Oliver's play. Certainly it's a good one, as I guessed it would be. But it wasn't that that brought me. And it's only secondary now."

"Lexie?" Sarah said.

"Yes. She was my best friend. I've been breaking my neck for months to get back to London and find out what really happened to her."

"You came here because you knew she was Eliot's friend?"

"Because I knew she had some connection with him."

"Venetia knows what it was," Sarah said wearily. "First she was too scared to talk and now she can't. She just says 'It was Eliot's' as if she were talking about the ownership of something. What does she mean?"

"I haven't any idea. And by the time she can talk it might be too late. The porter, Haley, knows something vital, too. Obviously he was bribed. He's supposed to be an incurable pub-creeper, so Tim and I have been visiting all the pubs in the vicinity of where we think he lives. Haley isn't a common name, and he's sure to be known at his local pub."

Voice of a Dove

Continued from page 5

Incongruously, she smiled. "It's been fun, too, when we've forgotten the grim side of it. We should have employed a private detective, but Tim thought we had plenty of time to do it ourselves."

Because he liked pub crawling in Rachel's company, Sarah thought wearily. She was aware of Rachel regarding her with her intelligent eyes.

"You're in love with Tim, aren't you, Sarah?"

"In love? Me?" Sarah began to laugh in sheer astonishment, then found she was too tired. "It wasn't very funny, anyway."

It was probably Rachel's method of warning her off the grass. Well, there was no need. She had never stepped on it. She had no desire to.

"He's a grand person," said Rachel caressingly.

"Who are you talking about?" came old Mrs. Foster's strident voice from the door.

"Oliver? Of course all you women are in love with him. And then he marries a poor spineless creature. Haven't those men come home yet? Fancy one brat of a child causing all this trouble!"

She waddled across the room and, lifting the blind, tried to peer out into the dark.

"Oliver will break his heart if anything's happened to that child," she said. "Besides being very fond of her, she's the only descendant of the family, and likely to be the only one, considering the wife Oliver's got. He places a lot of importance on having brats. It's a conceit, of course, but he always was an enormously conceited child."

Her voice was irritatingly smug as it always was when she talked of Oliver. Sarah felt her nerves stretched beyond endurance.

SUDDENLY then Sarah remembered Oliver in his study when she had burst in, looking up sharply, guilty because he had been caught playing solitaire instead of working.

Or was that his reason for guilt? She had been so relieved because he was there before her eyes, but had he had time—

Aunt Florence hadn't been sure how long Jennie had been missing—she could have just arrived back from wherever.

No, no, it couldn't be!

But it could. Because Mrs. Hopkins had said Oliver had been in the garden digging when Jennie had been playing with her dolls. He could have heard Jennie's conversation about the mink scarf. Knowing that much, he would wonder how much else she knew.

She may even have said more before Sarah had come within hearing. Enough to make it imperative for Oliver to take action. The reasons for most murders is the possession of dangerous knowledge, she heard Tim's voice saying.

Sarah got up with elaborate caution. She had to go out into the back garden and she didn't want old Mrs. Foster poking an inquisitive nose after her.

"Sarah, you haven't had this tea, after all," Rachel said. "Where are you going?"

"I'll be back in a minute," Sarah answered, and went out quickly.

There was a half moon in the sky, but it was still a pale unlighted color. At first it was difficult to see even the brick path that led to the small arbor where Jennie usually sat with her dolls.

What she had to find out was how far from there the trench Oliver had started to dig was. She stood half way down the garden accustomed her eyes to the darkness.

Yes, there was the place where Oliver had been digging, and several yards away under

the dividing wall was the arbor. It was possible from that distance he would not have heard Jennie's conversation, but Jennie's clear voice carried particularly when she was mimicking someone else.

That was proved by the fact with which Sarah herself heard it over a brick wall.

The chances, then, were that he had heard it and waited his opportunity. Sarah stood quite still, bothered at that moment not so much by the conclusion she had reached as by some thing different about the garden. What was it?

The shrubs, in the grudging light of the moon, were in the same places, the leaves of the creepers hung like tattered tags just as they had that afternoon, the trench Oliver had begun—

Ah, that was it. The mound of soil had gone. It had stood piled up beside the trench, but now it was no longer there. It could mean only one thing. The trench had been filled in.

Sarah thought her trembling legs would never get her there. She tumbled on to the edge of the dug soil and began scrambling with her hands, digging up earth and dead leaves.

She hardly dared to think of the strangeness of Oliver digging a trench, only to fill it in again. She didn't dare to let the horror seize her completely, or her hands would become stiff and unable to work.

Then she saw the glimmer of white and for a moment it seemed as if a paralysis of horror would overcome her. Instead, she dug frantically, her breath coming in harsh gasps between her dry lips.

But when she got the dress, Jennie's party dress, grimy and almost unrecognisable, into her hands, there was nothing else there. The innocent earth concealed no grimmer secret.

Sarah sat back on her heels holding the limp dress helplessly. She couldn't even think now, beyond the fact that someone had buried Jennie's dress here, probably because Jennie in a would have been too conspicuous and easily remembered by chance passers-by.

But it brought no one nearer to finding the child. It only proved almost beyond doubt that Oliver—

A soundless scream escaped Sarah's lips as a hand touched her shoulder. She flung round to face a man. Not Oliver, thank heaven. Not Oliver, but a stranger.

"Who are you?" she gasped.

"I just wondered what you was doing, miss," the man said. "Petunia said there was queer goings-on in this house. Is there more trouble?"

"Ob, yes," Sarah said. "It's Jennie. This is her party dress buried here. Buried!" She tried to pull herself together. "You're Petunia's Jimmy, aren't you?"

"Yes, miss. I came round because she didn't meet me where we arranged to-night. I thought maybe something had happened. Jennie's the kid, isn't she?"

"Yes, she's lost."

"Lost! But that's funny, miss. She got on my bus this afternoon, she and a tall blond sort of gentleman. Big, he was. Mr. Oliver, I should think, from the way Petunia's described him. I recognised Jennie because Petunia's had her hair once or twice."

Sarah gripped his arm. "Where did they get off?"

"At Hammondsmith Bridge. They turned down towards the townsh. I watched because I thought it was funny. The kid seemed sort of scared, and after the accidents that have happened here—hi, where are you going?"

Sarah didn't even stop to answer. She was running out of the garden on to the road and hailing a passing taxi.

Please turn to page 35.

Sentimental Heart

By ROBERT BLAKE

MRS. BENTHAM called to her daughter: "Susan, it's half-past seven."

"All right, darling. Just five more minutes."

Susan lay face downwards in the warm, comfortable luxury of her bed, watching through her window the early morning sunlight as it crept over the rooftop of the house next door.

Wonderful, wonderful Monday morning, she thought drowsily. Her very first Monday morning since she was eighteen—

"If you don't get up now you'll be late for your train, Susan."

That was different, Susan thought. Different because this morning she simply mustn't be late. Being late would mean having to hurry over dressing, and there was her new outfit to put on. The outfit and the make-up that her mother had always said she could start to wear when she was eighteen.

At seventeen, her mother had said, you're only a schoolgirl. At eighteen you're beginning to be a woman. So after your eighteenth birthday how you look will be up to you.

"I'm getting up now," Susan said. What did it matter if it was actually a full quarter of an hour earlier than her usual time for getting up? To-day was very special.

She dressed quickly but still carefully, turning before the mirror so as to see the cut of her crisp new linen two-piece before pulling the white straw hat over her fair hair.

"Don't overdo the make-up," was what all the beauty articles for teenagers had told her, and as Susan looked at herself critically before going down to breakfast she saw that the experts hadn't been wrong. The happy, excited face that looked back at her was the same face that she had known on previous mornings, only the carefully applied lipstick, the touch of powder, had given it something new.

Even breakfast was more interesting than usual, and although it was late now, she lingered in the house.

She looked out on to the lawn, and could see the birds pecking at the bread her mother had thrown to them. The colors of the flowers in her own tiny patch of garden and the blue of the sky seemed more vivid than ever before, and she was convinced that to-day was going to be an extra-special day.

The sun was still shining as she made her way to the station to catch her train.

Getting into her carriage, Susan felt a momentary twinge of self-consciousness.

Her make-up, which had looked so wonderful in her bedroom, might look totally different through the eyes of the other people. What if she didn't look really smart and grown-up at all? If she looked like a school-girl let loose at her mother's dressing-table?

The cramped carriage was full when she squeezed her way into it. She glanced at the faces of the passengers already there. Nobody took any notice of her. Nobody laughed. Susan sighed with relief. And then she felt herself go cold inside and her legs began to feel as though they were made of rubber.

Because he was there.

What his name was she had no idea. She had been seeing him, on and off, since she first started travelling up to town, but where he lived was still a mystery. Wherever it was she knew it must be farther down the line, because he was always in the train by the time it arrived at Susan's station. Tall and dark, and good-looking in a nice way, with an occasional oddly engaging smile that she had noticed when he was speaking to a friend, this was the man who had filled her life for six months.

"How do you get to know someone if there's nobody to introduce you?" Susan had once asked her mother.

"You find an opportunity," her mother had said. "You always find an opportunity sooner or later." Which had been encouraging, though not particularly helpful.

For weeks afterwards Susan had hoped that the sheer familiarity of her face might do something—if only to prompt an impersonal "good morning" or nod of recognition. But it didn't. For all the notice he took of her she might just as well have not been there.

True, he had once or twice offered her his seat when the train was crowded; but even as she had thanked him she had known instinctively that this was nothing more than an automatic courtesy. It was simply that she was the nearest girl without a seat, that was all. And yet—

"Would you care to sit down?" He was looking at her as he stood up this morning, Susan saw. Really looking. For a moment she felt something very like panic rising within her. Was it chance that he had looked at her? Or was it that this morning she was eighteen, with smart new clothes and the warm red of her mouth unmistakable and inviting? Which? Which?

"It's very kind of you," Susan said. She smiled politely at the young man as she sat down, careful that her expression should convey her thanks but no more.

But he was still looking at her, rather as though he were trying to remember something. Then he proffered his newspaper. "Perhaps you'd care to read the paper."

He'd noticed her this morning, all right, Susan thought. Really noticed her.

Susan accepted his offer gracefully. Nobody else in the carriage could have known that her heart was singing. Outwardly self-possessed, sure of herself, she stared intelligently but unseeing at the news as the train rocked on its way towards town.

When they arrived she was secretly pleased that he made no further attempt to follow up the acquaintance. Instead, he took back the newspaper, raised his hat politely, and vanished in the swirling mass of people thronging the entrance to the streets. Watching him go, Susan was glad he had behaved like that, without obviously forcing his attentions on her. After all, to-morrow it would be quite all right, surely, for her to say "good morning."

And then they might possibly say something about the weather, just to start with.



ILLUSTRATED BY

John White

She hardly noticed the rest of the morning, because it drifted by in a sort of haze in which the boy in the train was standing by her side, talking to her, sitting in Miss Timm's desk opposite, and even looking over her shoulder as she worked. And she herself had managed to bring to the staid insurance office some of her new magic—a magic that was no longer just a matter of her new make-up.

EVEN so Mr. Rankin looked twice at her when he passed through the department, and something very much like a smile touched his thin lips. Tommy, the office boy, gazed in her direction and gave a long, low whistle that was obviously the very worst of manners, yet delightful all the same.

"Coming to lunch, Susan?" Just after midday one of the other typists paused at her desk. Usually Susan was glad of company over her lunch-time snack, but to-day something inside her wanted to be alone. She shook her head with a smile. "Not to-day, Jane—I've some shopping to do."

"All right," the other girl said. "Make it to-morrow then." She moved away and Susan took the opportunity of slipping out of the building by herself. Most days she had lunch at the cafe just down the

"Perhaps you'd care to read the paper," the young man said, as Susan sank into the seat he'd given her.

road, but to-day she turned in the opposite direction.

It would be safer, Susan decided, if she went somewhere new—somewhere she had never been before. There she would celebrate her eighteenth birthday.

She decided that, before lunching, she would go on a window-shopping expedition, and almost before she realised it she had popped into one of the big stores and bought herself a tiny bottle of "Eighteen" perfume.

Surely it wasn't ridiculous for her to wear perfume—and with such an appropriate name she was sure her mother would approve.

Then she went to a small, cheerful cafe in a side street, ordering the most expensive lunch recklessly in honor of yesterday's birthday. And it was when she was paying the bill that she realised that somebody was standing just behind her, watching her.

She glanced round quickly and somehow was not particularly surprised to find that it was the boy from the train who was smiling down at her.

She had known that this was going to be an extra-special day, but all the same she wished she had put just a little of her new perfume behind her ears.

He said easily, "Hello. I didn't know you lunched here."

"I don't, usually," Susan told him. She found that her voice sounded quite the same as usual, as though it were the most natural thing in the world that they should meet again this way. "It was just that to-day—"

They walked out of the cafe together, talking as though they had known each other for years and years.

As they crossed the road he took her arm and led her over to the old woman at the corner flower-stall and bought a little posy of violets that he handed to Susan with a smile.

"They're beautiful," she said. And suddenly she was looking into his eyes, and in that single instant she knew that he loved her—

Her mother said, "Susan dear, you simply must get up."

"All right, darling. Just five more minutes." She lay face downwards in the warm, comforting luxury of her bed, watching through her window the early morning sunlight as it crept over the rooftop of the house next door. Wonderful, wonderful Monday morning, she thought drowsily. Her very first Monday morning since she became eighteen.

(Copyright)

Gentle Star

By the time Stuart Roxburgh had walked the length of the train in search of an empty compartment he had decided that the British were a very plain race. In all those compartments there hadn't been a face or even an ankle which was worth a second glance; and the men had no looks either.

But then as he came to the last compartment he suddenly stopped short. A young man appeared to be making love to a girl in the far corner by the window, and she seemed to be resisting him.

Stuart hesitated before he interfered. He had tried to be Sir Galahad once before in a similar case and had been roundly abused by both parties for his officiousness. It was not till he saw the girl's hand groping vainly for the communication cord, and missing it by eighteen inches, that he decided it was time to intervene.

He stepped quickly into the compartment and touched the young man on the shoulder.

"I think you had better get out of here, young fellow," he said sternly. "And pretty quick at that!"

The young man turned a frightened, pink face towards him and then without a word fled down the corridor.

It was only then that Stuart saw the girl's face. It had been hidden by the man's shoulder as Stuart stood in the corridor. But now, as she rearranged her hair, he saw that she was quite the most beautiful thing that he had ever seen. She was, in fact, so startling that his legs gave way and he sat down heavily on the seat opposite.

It took something far out of the ordinary to have that effect on Stuart; for he was a film producer and was surrounded daily with stars and starlets and glamor girls until he was sick of the sight of them. But this was different. The poise! The coloring! The perfection of every single feature! This was what Cleopatra must have looked like if only Cleopatra had been a nice, modest girl.

Meanwhile, the girl had thanked him shyly for his assistance. She looked sadly out of the window for a moment and seemed to be regaining her composure. But then the next time she glanced at him he saw that the doubt and fear were back there in her eyes again; and with horror he realised why. He had been staring at her, and no doubt she wasn't sure whether the same trouble wasn't going to begin again.

He rose quickly to his feet. "Well, I mustn't stay and bother you," he said. "I'm glad I happened to be passing."

She looked alarmed now in a different way and glanced out into the corridor.

"If—if you could just stay a little longer," she said. "You see, he might come back to apologise. They sometimes do, and it is so awkward."

Stuart sat down again. There was no sign of any man's luggage in the carriage, so no doubt the young fellow had been passing down the corridor. Probably he had started by saying what a nice day it was, then perhaps he had offered her a cigarette; and finally he had forgotten himself.

Stuart had an angry kind of sympathy with him. Every man must want to hold that lovely creature in his arms. It was natural. They couldn't help it. And it didn't matter how old or young they were. He wanted to hold her in his arms himself and he was at least twenty-five years older than she was.

But what was it she had just said? "They sometimes do." So it had happened before. It was probably a daily occurrence. And even if they didn't actually trouble her they stared and stared until she felt uncomfortable. He was staring himself again now, and he quickly made some remark to cover it up. But he didn't really listen to her reply.

It had never occurred to him before that beauty could be a kind of infirmity. He had always thought that it was the greatest gift a woman could possess. And in a reasonable quantity no doubt it was. The stars and starlets and glamor girls in the studio certainly found it so. It was their stock-in-trade. But they knew how to employ it and exploit it. And they could use it, some of them, just as ruthlessly as though it were an atomic bomb.

But this girl was different. She didn't know how to exploit her beauty and didn't want to. Nor could she protect herself from the effects it produced. He might have been guessing wrong, of course, but it seemed to him that such excessive loveliness must make a girl an outcast.

There was the envy of women to think of as well as the desire of men. And she didn't want to be envied or desired. It was indeed a strange paradox. But wasn't she just as much a cripple in a way as his own son Rupert, whom an accident had lamed for life?

He didn't tell her about Rupert, but he did mention that he was a married man with a grown-up son. He thought that might be reassuring for her. And it appeared to be. So now that she seemed less distressed and scared he leaned forward a little.

"Excuse me asking," he went on. "But are you Irish, by any chance?"

"I haven't got an accent, have I?" she replied.

"No. But there's something about you which seems Irish to me. Your name ought to be Maureen O'Day, or something like that."

She smiled a little for the first time.

"Well, it isn't," she said. "It's Shelagh Sullivan."

"Then you are Irish?"

"Yes. I was brought up on a farm in County Clare."

"You've left the farm, Miss Sullivan?"

"Yes."

"Why did you leave it?"

"Something went wrong with the price of pigs," she said.

It was Stuart's turn to smile. What a world of meaning she had crammed into that little sentence!

"So you came over to this country to earn your living?"

"Yes."

"Have you come from Ireland now?"

"No, I have been having a few days' holiday with an aunt in Devonshire."

"In the country?"

"Yes."

"You like the country, Miss Sullivan?"

"Oh, yes, I love it."

"And what do you do in London?"

"I'm a librarian."

"At one of the big libraries?"

"Oh, no, in a club. A men's club."

Stuart thought it a most unsuitable place for her. But when she named the club, which was not only famous for its library but also for the extreme age and respectability of its members, he began to see light again. He hadn't been mistaken. She had hidden herself there. It was a nice safe cloister.

It displeased Stuart to think that a beauty such as Miss Sullivan's should be created just to be hidden away among a lot of gaitered bishops and musty books. It seemed as senseless as digging gold out of a mine in South Africa and burying it again in a vault in the United States.

SUDDENLY then he began to wonder whether he wasn't perhaps jumping to conclusions about the young lady. He had had the wool pulled over his eyes by young ladies before.

Well, he decided, it's easy enough to find out!

"You like working in the library?"

he asked.

"Yes, very much. I have an office there to myself."

"But how did you learn so much about books? I mean a farm . . ."

"I went to a very good school in Dublin."

"You never thought of going on the films, Miss Sullivan?"

"No."

"You're quite good-looking enough, you know!"

"Is that so very important?"

"Well, some people think so. But perhaps you don't like the films?"

"Oh, I go sometimes. Not as much as I used to."

"Why not, Miss Sullivan?"

"Well, they always seem to take place in slums and people shoot each other in the back. I don't think that's very pleasant."

Stuart smiled a trifle grimly. She had given an almost exact description of the last film which he had produced and which had been an enormous success. But not with Miss Sullivan, apparently! To please her he would probably have to do one about a farm where nothing went wrong with the pigs or the price of them.

"I'm a film producer," he went on. "Quite a well-known one. I could easily get you a part, Miss Sullivan, if you wanted it."

Stuart knew that he was being wicked when he made the suggestion. Beauty might be of some little importance, but it wasn't nearly as essential as being as strong as a horse and as ruthless as a dictator. And what about all the false glamor and real heartache? What would he do now if the girl said "Yes"? He didn't want her to get mixed up with it.

But he needn't have worried so much.

Miss Sullivan laughed quite gaily.

"But, Mr. Roxburgh," she answered, "I'd be quite useless. I can't act."

Stuart knew then that she was quite genuine. The blondes and brunettes who normally badgered him for parts never seemed to think that acting was of any importance. But Miss Sullivan did, and he blessed her for it. He went on talking then about films in general. After all, she was a member of the public and it was his job to know what the public thought.

The train was running into Paddington when Stuart asked Miss Sullivan to come and have tea with his wife the following Sunday. He wasn't quite certain even then why he did it. Possibly it was that he just wanted to look at her again. Or perhaps it may have been that he had suddenly realised that Miss Sullivan wasn't as useless from the film point of view as she imagined. She could be very useful to him indeed.

In any case he asked, and after a good deal of demur Miss Sullivan accepted. Stuart was ashamed of his sex when he realised the reason for the demur. She had perhaps accepted a similar invitation before and then found that the man didn't have a wife for her to have tea with.

Mary Roxburgh was accustomed to her husband's sudden and wild enthusiasms. Sometimes it was a new star that he thought he had discovered, and sometimes it was a wonderful script, and he would pace up and down the drawing-room declaiming excitedly about his find. He might well have done that that afternoon about his adventures in the train; but Mary had some unexpected news about Rupert which immediately put Miss Sullivan in the background.

They had been worried about Rupert ever since they had had to accept his lameness as incurable. He was twenty-three now and very good-looking; but his dragging foot separated him from the rest of the world.

Please turn to page 10



Illustrated by

Shelagh had no desire to be an actress, but quite



unknowingly gave a superb performance at the premiere



Eye catching
color that
STAYS on your lips



A beautiful creamy lipstick that smooths on like a dream and gives a satin sheen that stays fresh and brilliant, without drying. Wear Lournay lipstick, in any of ten enchanting shades, to give you lasting lip loveliness.

APPLY FOR LASTING LOVELINESS: Apply lipstick to upper lip after drying with a tissue. Compress lips to blend the colour evenly on the lower lip, then blot with a tissue.



Lournay Beauty Preparations are recommended by Guild Chemists throughout Australia. Also featured by Cosmetics Sections of leading Department Stores.



LL52/1



She'll say

"You look smarter!"

Be sure to get the right hat—**Hatcraft!** It's shaped right, styled right, and shaded right to work magic for your personality. Look for it at your favourite store. Ask for it! Buy it! It's guaranteed!



Hatcraft

WITH THE P.L.B. SHIELD GUARANTEE



DISTRIBUTED AND GUARANTEED BY PATERSON, LAING & BRUCE LTD.

Page 10

RUPERT'S

mother and father knew he was acutely conscious of it and that there was a danger of it making him retire permanently within himself. This was what they had been fighting for years.

Until recently they thought they had been winning the long, hard battle. He had been going out to dances and parties, working hard at his reviewing and broadcasting, and entertaining his friends in his own flat. But then suddenly something had gone wrong.

Perhaps he had been getting too fond of a woman and then had noticed how she had looked at his lame leg. In any case, he was proposing to throw up his London life and bury himself in the country and write a book.

He had taken a holiday and gone off hunting for a cottage. And now he had come back before he was expected and said that he had found it. It was miles from anywhere.

They talked about it for over an hour, but none of their ideas seemed to lead anywhere. Indeed, it looked as though they were facing final defeat, and Mary at last turned away and lit a cigarette.

"Well, let's talk about something else," she said wearily. "Did you have a successful trip?"

"Yes, I've found just the place to shoot those scenes."

"And the journey?"

"Uneventful—but I did rescue a young lady in distress."

"I hope she was good looking, Stuart dear!"

"She was the most beautiful thing I've ever seen. Quite the most beautiful. As a matter of fact, she—she's coming to tea with you next Sunday."

After twenty-five years of marriage Mary Roxburgh knew her husband and was not unduly surprised or alarmed at this announcement.

When he had finished telling the story she looked at him rather closely.

"Stuart, I hope you're not going to try to make this poor girl into a film star?"

"Certainly not," he replied quickly. "I wouldn't dream of it."

"Then what are you up to?"

"Well, I do rather want to take her to the premiere of 'The Lucky Duchess' on Friday week."

"Oh! . . . Will Sylvia Lake like that?"

Stuart grinned. Sylvia Lake was the star of the film and would normally have gone with him. Mary never obtruded herself on these occasions.

"Sylvia Lake will hate it," he replied. "But she's trying to walk out on me, anyway. She won't renew her contract."

"You mean she's going to the premiere with one of your rivals?"

"That's exactly what the sweet creature is proposing."

"Then you want Sylvia to think that this girl is going to be her successor?"

"That's it, Mary dear. Sylvia's not the woman to let herself be replaced by someone ten times as beautiful as she is. She'll be eating out of my hand the following morning if only I can persuade the girl to come."

"Do you think there's any doubt about that?"

"Very considerable doubt. The girl's shy. She doesn't like being stared at. She wants

Gentle Star

Continued from page 9

to hide herself away just about as much as Rupert does."

Mary remained silent for a moment.

"Perhaps I'll be able to persuade her," she said at last.

Stuart was always punctual for his engagements, and though he had a rush of work over the week-end he made his appearance in the drawing-room a good ten minutes before Shelagh was due to arrive. He was considerably surprised to find that she was already there having tea with his wife and that Rupert was there, too, and seemed to be enjoying himself.

He made his apologies shortly, noted that Shelagh was as beautiful as he had thought her in the train, and then glanced suspiciously at Mary. Surely all the clocks in the house couldn't be wrong! He was certain that he had asked the girl for half-past four. What was she doing there at twenty past? And what had made Rupert, who never honored them with his presence at teatime, choose to come on that particular day? He looked even more suspiciously at his wife.

Shelagh, meanwhile, had been describing the farm in County Clare where she had been brought up. She certainly made it sound an enchanting place, and when she had finished Rupert turned to his father.

"You know, father, I think I'll go and have a look at Ireland before I finally settle on that place."

Stuart said that he thought it would be an excellent idea if he did, and he glanced at Mary, who was looking incredibly innocent, and then looked at Rupert again.

Rupert's manners were always excellent. But very often Stuart could see that he wasn't there in spirit; he was playing-acting, waiting patiently until he could escape. But he didn't seem to want to escape this time. He really was paying attention to what the girl said. It was then that he suddenly remembered the thought that had occurred to him in the train. The two cripples! They seemed to be getting on remarkably well!

Then Mary, still looking very innocent, interrupted Rupert.

"You mustn't monopolise Miss Sullivan, Rupert," she said. "I'm sure your father has some sinister designs on her. Fetch the cigarettes, will you, dear? They're over there on the piano."

Stuart watched Shelagh's face as his son dragged his leg across to the piano. He knew that if there were pity in her expression there was no hope. But instead of pity there seemed to be admiration.

Meanwhile, Mary Roxburgh smiled and went on.

"Don't be shy, Stuart dear. Tell Miss Sullivan what salary you're going to offer her and I'll tell her it isn't nearly enough."

Stuart grinned.

"I'm not going to offer her any salary," he answered. "I tried that in the train and she isn't interested. She doesn't even like my films. She says they're all about slums."

"There aren't any slums in 'The Lucky Duchess,' are there?" Mary asked.

Stuart looked at his wife admiringly.

"No," he answered. "That's all seventeenth century. Cavaliers and sweeping gowns."

"Well, then, perhaps Miss Sullivan would like to go with Rupert on Friday. You are going, aren't you, Rupert?"

"Of course, mother. I'd love to take Miss Sullivan if she'll come."

Stuart could hardly believe his ears. Rupert hitherto had shunned film premieres as if they had been the plague.

"But I haven't got a dress that's suitable for that kind of thing," Shelagh said.

Once again Mary Roxburgh came to the rescue.

"What about the studio wardrobe, Stuart? Surely there are lots of pretty dresses there."

"Any number, my dear."

"Well, I think Miss Sullivan would look very charming in one of them."

Stuart grinned delightedly. "I think she would look marvellous!"

Rupert turned to the girl. "You'll come, then?"

"Yes, I'd love to. Thank you very much."

Stuart looked at the two of them tenderly, enviously; and there was just a faint trace of laughter in his tone as he added:

"I hope you don't mind if I come, too. You see, I've got to be there!"

Please turn to page 42

PAIN YOU CANT "EXPLAIN"



She had to tell a "white lie"

Men can't realise—and it's so hard to "explain" when dragging, exhausting muscular cramps mean broken appointments and time off.

On those days every month, try taking a couple of MYZONE tablets with water or a cup of tea. Thousands of women and girls are blessing this wonderful new pain-relief. For Myzone's special Actevin (anti-spasmodic) compound brings immediate—more complete and lasting—relief from severe period pain, headache and sick-feeling, than anything else you've ever known. Try Myzone with your very next pain. All chemists.

MYZONE
DISTRIBUTED BY CLINTON WILLIAMS

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go.

The liver should pour out about 2 pints of bile juice into your digestive tract every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the digestive tract. Then gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks puny.

It takes those mild, gentle Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel up and up. Get a package to-day.

Effective in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills at any chemist or store right away.



For the man
in your life

ENSIGN TIES
(THE BEST)

the world's smartest designs
as worn in London, Paris, New York,
- exclusive to ENSIGN
in Australia.

French and Italian silks, Swiss and Italian Satins, English Foulards—all beautifully made by Ensign, all of them Slip-stitched. And Ensign slip-stitching means a better knot, no slipping at the collar, no crumpling. No other ties can touch Ensign for value—prices start at 7/6.



ENSIGN — the largest tie manufacturers in Australia

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 23, 1952

Free!

SIMPLE INSTRUCTIONS FOR MAKING THESE GLAMOROUS WOOL SEPARATES

Don't miss this exciting **FREE OFFER!** Cut out the coupon on this page and mail now to The Australian Wool Board, 416 Collins Street, Melbourne, C.I.

THE SWEATER . . . black, basic, wonderful. A separate that will add the high fashion look to cocktail and evening skirts—and many other items besides! For sports it's perfect with white shorts or slacks. For the office—right with any of your skirts plus a gay stole or jacket. You will have fun knitting it from the easy instructions, and you will love finding new ways to wear it. Knit both the short and long-sleeved version for compliments wherever you go.

THE SKIRT . . . with a crinoline look. Good in FLANNEL, but if you want to create a very new and exciting effect make it in FELT. Judy Lancet, on the left, wears one made out of two yards of 54 inch felt, trimmed with amusing felt cut-outs. The pattern is simplicity itself, and you should really enjoy working out the trimming. Beads, embroidery, bobble braid, flowers, sequins? It's up to you—and your imagination.



FREE INSTRUCTION COUPON

To: Department "B",
The Australian Wool Board,
416 Collins Street, Melbourne, C.I.

Please send me **FREE of CHARGE** knitting and sewing instructions for the Wool Sweater and Cocktail Skirt.

NAME (in blocks) _____

ADDRESS _____

TEAR
OUT
THIS
COUPON
AND
POST
NOW!

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR WOOL.

3516 (Issued by The Australian Wool Board.)

I'VE TRIED ALL KINDS OF PERMS BUT ONLY CREST HOME PERMANENT GIVES ME A REALLY NATURAL-LOOKING WAVE

Lovely Canadian Pacific Air Hostess
Pamela Hookham



WHY MORE AND MORE WOMEN ARE TURNING TO CREST

Crest has an exclusive waving lotion which is kinder to the hair than other waving lotions—leaves hair soft and shining, never dry and frizzy.

Crest was developed for Australian conditions—surfing, swimming, days of wind and sun. Crest gives you a self-setting perm... lasts till the day it's cut off.

Crest comes in three sizes—The Full Kit, The Refill (use with any make of plastic curlers) and the Junior Kit (the only Junior Kit complete with curlers).

At all Chemists and leading Departmental Stores



MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Should your Crest Home Permanent Wave Kit not live up to the claims made for it in this advertisement, the purchase price will be readily refunded. Simply write, supplying details and enclosing the empty box.

Prove it Free

See for yourself what Crest can do for your hair. Write your name and address on a slip of paper enclosing a 3" or 4" lock of your hair. Mail to Crest Advisory Bureau, Box 4100, G.P.O., Sydney.

CREST—THE CHOICE OF CANADIAN PACIFIC HOSTESSES

C.25, W1026

May I Suggest...

...delicious Swift Irish Stew, as a tempting, savoury meat dish, for winter menus? Really a fine flavoured food!



Swift IRISH STEW

Grocer Sam says:

Swift FOOD PRODUCTS ARE ALWAYS GOOD

Swift Australian Company (Pty.) Ltd.
Nation-wide manufacturers and distributors of famous food products

Editorial

Vol. 20, No. 8

July 23, 1952

NO TIME FOR COURTESY?

"OH, how full of briars is this working-day world," complained Shakespeare's Rosalind.

But Rosalind never had to queue for cigarettes or join a stampede for a rush-hour train or bargain with the butcher for a set of sheep's brains.

The pinpricks of earlier times have to-day become barbed shafts.

Brisbane's Rotary Club this year held its second Courtesy Week from July 13 to 19, and the Speech Association of N.S.W. will conduct a week's Courtesy Crusade beginning August 1.

Many people seem to think that good manners were all right in the days of mincing marquises and leisured ladies.

To-day, they say, we haven't the time for good manners.

But the point is not "Have we time to be polite?" but "Have we time to be rude?"

When people are rushed and transport is crowded is the very time when politeness would make things more pleasant, and more speedy, too.

It's the queue-jumper who causes strife and slows up things for everyone. It's the quarrelsome diner who argues with the waiter and keeps everybody, including himself, waiting. It's the motorist in a hurry who kills or gets killed.

Politeness not only, as the old saying claimed, costs nothing. It pays dividends.

Good manners are not only good nature. Often, they're good sense and good business.

BOOK REVIEW

By BETTY BEST

A NOVEL by Mary-Carter Roberts, "The Abbot Sisters," is the story of the lives of four women bound by unbreakable family ties from birth to the grave. It is told by their journalist niece.

As the niece sees them, each woman is a potentially big personality doomed by her surroundings and habits to a small-scale life.

Maida, a dignified spinster of 44 when the book opens, dedicated by her dying father to "take care of your mother and sisters," has renounced all right to an independent life and accepts, with the awareness of a born ruler, the responsibilities of the household.

These include the doddering and petulant Ma, Maida's unmarried sisters Lily, Bess, and Cissy, plus the full financial burden of their existence.

If the sisters had been of Maida's stamp, the life job would have been nominal.

As it is, Lily is a beautiful selfish hypochondriac too obsessed with her own "delicacy" to be of any help, Bess marries a feckless piano-tuner who sponges on the family till he dies, and Cissy is forced into perpetual adolescence and is never allowed to accept responsibility.

Mary-Carter Roberts is a realistic and unremitting recorder.

From her you must take the meanness and morbidity that is part and parcel of "the super-annuated spinsters" existence as well as the loyalty and self-sacrifice which make it possible for them to live in a small-town house.

She writes: "It was a seigniorial life they lived... but in unique terms. For they owned no great estate, they had a very small income, and they exploited no one, but, instead, worked themselves. Yet they had the spiritual security of the noblesse. They were nobles on the only terms by which nobility can be ennobled—they accepted its duties and did not think about it."

You are not spared the miserable details of their illnesses but you are given in return some passages of rare beauty.

So convincing is the author's style that in the end you feel bound to agree with

OUR COVER

Millie, our "old Australian" cover girl, is doing her washing at a waterhole on "Mount House" cattle station in the Kimberley district of Western Australia. Mrs. Douglas Blythe, mistress of "Mount House," told photographer Scott Polkinghorne that Millie always sat and washed until all her soap, no matter how much she had, was used up.

This week:

● When staff reporter Mary Coles went to Mt. Eliza, Vic., to interview famous author Nevil Shute Norway for the story about him on the opposite page, she learnt that his wife is always kept "in the dark" about her husband's new books until they are ready for publication. But he finds her help invaluable when it comes to medical terms and practice. Mrs. Norway is a doctor. "When any of my husband's characters need an operation or meet with an accident, he calls me in for 'consultation' to provide authenticity," she said.

Next week:

● On Tamborine Mountain, 30-odd miles from Brisbane, former R.A.A.F. Squadron-Leader George Purdy has made a peacetime career out of growing carnations. Some of the blooms he grows on his property are among the largest and most beautiful in Australia. Mr. Purdy has always been interested in gardening, and when his mother-in-law, Mrs. V. M. Carter, of Clayfield, Queensland, suggested after the war that he go in for carnation culture, he took to it enthusiastically. Next week, in color, we will show you Mr. Purdy's flower farm, with close-ups of several of the choice new varieties he has produced.

● Magnificently situated on a garden and grass clad eminence on Sydney Harbor, Government House, Sydney, is one of the stateliest homes in the Commonwealth, as well as having rich associations with the early history of Australia. It dates back to 1837, when Sir Richard Bourke was Her Majesty Queen Victoria's representative in the Colony of New South Wales. The interior of the building is as grand and impressive as its Tudor exterior. Next week we will publish two pages of exclusive color pictures of it.

THE ABBOT SISTERS
THE VIKING

Maida's lifelong philosophy, that "right and wrong are never settled in this world, but you can have peace and good usage."

"The Abbot Sisters" is published by Victor Gollancz, from whom we received our copy.

THE latest adventure novel of Edison Marshall, "The Viking," has the gusty flavor and action of the old Norse myths surrounding the story of a youth of unknown birth who fights his way from slavery to freedom.

Ogier had worn the iron neckring of a slave from childhood. At 16 he found a giant falcon, named her Odin's Arrow, and trained her to hunt for him.

This traditional symbol of kingship changed the boy's life—he believed that the ancient gods had smiled upon him and that his future would triumph over his lowly birth.

Escaping from his slave ring he became an adventurer, sailed to the English coast, and then made his way to Italy.

From Italy Ogier returned to England to take part in the great invasion which altered Britain's history.

"The Viking" is published by Shakespeare Head Press.

STRANGER COMING?



... then you need the professional help and advice contained in the famous Sanitarium book "My Baby." Thousands of copies already sent out to young Australian mothers. Tell you all you want to know about modern methods of baby care. To secure your copy, send your name and address—with 6d. in stamps—to: Sanitarium Health Food Company, 148 Fox Valley Road, Wahroonga, N.S.W.

Granose

VITAMIN FORTIFIED
WHOLE WHEAT BISCUITS

BAYER'S
ASPIRIN
Tablets

Used by millions
all over the world

for
FAST
relief from
HEADACHE
COLDS, FLU

24 for 1/6 - 100 for 4/9

This Month's Outstanding Novel

THE VIKING

Edison Marshall

It tells of stirring times—the Viking Age when the days brought fresh adventure and the nights fresh love.

The hardy Norsemen fought like devils and died like heroes.—There's not a page in the book but makes the blood flow tingling in the veins.

17/6

From all Booksellers

SHAKESPEARE HEAD PRESS
Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide.

Australia as "Ordinary Man's Utopia"



FARM MANAGER Charlie Wilson and his wife have a break for morning tea. Mr. Wilson, who was author Nevil Shute's gardener in England, now looks after his herd of cattle.

Nevil Shute's new novel is our next serial

By MARY COLES, staff reporter

Popular author Nevil Shute says his latest book, "The Far Country," is an attempt to show how close Australia is to the ordinary man's Utopia.

The Australian Women's Weekly is proud to announce "The Far Country" as its new serial. The first instalment will appear next week.

MR. SHUTE, who is now living in Australia, said he hopes "The Far Country" will do something to offset the general impression abroad that the entire Commonwealth is a remote land of blazing sunshine, wide open spaces, and kangaroos.

Mr. Shute said he has been impressed by Australians

"pleasant, wholesome life." He thought the rest of the world should have a true picture of the average Australian home.

Nevil Shute's first idea for a novel comes generally when he feels he has something important and interesting to place before the public.

Since coming to Australia, the subjects which interest him are how Australians live, and migration. These are the basis of the plot of "The Far Country."

The principal personalities in "The Far Country"—Jennifer, the daughter of an English doctor, her Australian relatives, the Dormans, and a New Australian former doctor, Carl Zimter—are fictional characters with likenesses to people Nevil Shute has met in similar walks of life.

"I believe the book will also have a strong appeal to English provincial families," he said.

"I want British people to realise there are many parts of this country where they can live in an environment similar to their own at home, but under much happier circumstances."

Mr. Shute decided that the section of the Alps about 130



AUTHOR NEVIL SHUTE and his building foreman, Ernie Selke, inspect the barbecue fireplace in the dining-room of Mr. Shute's new home at Lang Warrin, Victoria.

miles from Melbourne was ideal for such a comparison because it was so like the north of England and Wales.

As well as cutting a cross section of contemporary Australian life for overseas readers, Nevil Shute also set out, for the benefit of Australians, to show the postwar bewilderment of English and European people.

"Just so people have a better chance of getting along well together," he said.

The dramatic aspect of the novel came to him when he was enjoying his favorite recreation—trout fishing—in the Australian Alps, a few hours' motor drive from Melbourne.

In the lovely bushland he

chanced upon the "lost" township of Howqua, a once flourishing Victorian gold-mining centre now smothered by vegetation.

It fascinated him.

He felt Australia was probably the only country in the world where in the short space of its colonisation a whole community could grow up, build homes, hotels, and stores—then vanish!

Although Howqua was now off the map, its story would go on record in his new book.

Australia has been home to Nevil Shute Norway and his wife and daughters, Heather, 20, and Shirley, 17, for two years.

After living in a furnished house at Mt. Eliza, on the Mornington Peninsula, they will soon settle in the lovely house they have built on their 99-acre farm at Lang Warrin, about seven miles from Frankston.

They have stocked the property with sleek and fat Aberdeen Angus cattle.

The herd has become so companionable that the cattle run like chooks at feeding time to greet Charlie Wilson whenever he goes into a paddock and calls "Coom, Coom."

Charlie is an enthusiastic about Australia as is his employer.

Charlie and his wife live in a wooden house on a hilltop overlooking the eight-roomed brick house with primrose woodwork which is nearing completion for the Norways.

The architecture of the new house follows an unusual, slightly curved pattern.

Polished wood floors, large cupboards, built-in hand-basins in the bedrooms, and massive fireplaces of local stone are among its features.

Heather Norway, who is in second-year Law at Melbourne University, and her sister, Shirley, a boarder at Toorak College, Frankston, have their own quarters—a stained wood bungalow with a turquoise-blue front door—just a stone's throw from the house.



SECTION of the exterior of Mr. and Mrs. Nevil Shute Norway's grey brick house with primrose painted woodwork, now nearing completion. The Norways came to Australia two years ago.

How women can aid armed services

The Director-General of Recruiting, Lieutenant-General Sir Horace Robertson, this week launched a special appeal to Australian women to support the Citizen and Reserve Forces.

THE appeal is in the form of a letter to 4000 women's organisations throughout the country.

These organisations represent social, charitable, church, and sporting interests.

Their members have been asked to help raise the prestige of servicemen and service-women and to show them that their service is appreciated.

Here is an extract from Sir Horace's letter:

"I do not suggest that the women should become active recruiters—though I would be immensely pleased if they did—but I feel that if the women's organisations could take an active interest in the units of their areas it would have a twofold benefit—(a) to create a greater interest in their training among the servicemen, thereby reducing the number seeking discharge; and (b) encourage other

young men to volunteer for enlistment in the units.

"What form could your 'active interest' take? Your members will have many ideas on this subject, but I would make these suggestions:

"1. Use your influence with civic, social, and sporting leaders in your area to have the units absorbed more into the life of the community.

"2. Assist in forming social committees to aid the units, both in providing social amenities and to raise funds for their welfare.

"3. Co-operate with other women's organisations in forming teams to, say, provide coffee and biscuits for the servicemen at their drill-halls on training nights.

"4. Make it a practice that a group of members of the unit, other ranks as well as officers, are invited to take part in your organisation's social, sporting, and other activities.

"5. Encourage the use of

the units for demonstrating their various military skills—such as ceremonial drills, marches, displays of weapon handling, etc.—on public occasions within your area.

"6. Individually and collectively frown upon any persons who attempt to belittle or disparage the servicemen or the services. In this regard, I can assure you that young, trained, women Communists have been directed to sabotage the recruiting drive by doing that sort of thing, and, in fact, are doing it in some places.

"7. Take advantage of every opportunity that presents itself to point out that it is the patriotic duty, as well as right, of every man to have himself trained to defend his country; that in war the untrained man is most likely to become a casualty and to cause casualties to his comrades. None of us wants war, but if it is forced upon us it is best for our young manhood to be well trained to meet it. If war does not come, the reason probably will be that we were well-trained and strong enough to deter an aggressor.

"It is well to remember that men between the ages of

19 and 26 in Australia are not called up for national service and were too young for service in World War II. This means that they have had, and will have, no military training unless they join the Citizen Forces. Men of those ages must, if war does come, be the backbone of our defence. There are more than 500,000 men in Australia between 19 and 26, yet only about 20,000 are in the Citizens Reserve Force—in other words, only one in 25 is doing his national duty."

AUSTRALIA'S current recruiting drive aims at getting new members for the Citizen and Reserve Forces.

These volunteer units comprise the Citizen Military Forces, the Royal Australian Navy Reserve, and the R.A.A.F. Active Reserve.

Last year the National Service Training Scheme was begun to supplement the volunteer reserves, whose numbers had fallen far short of expectations.

The C.M.F. does three years' training with a total service of 26 days each year, made up of 14 days' annual camp and a one-day parade each month.



DIRECTOR-GENERAL of Recruiting, Sir Horace Robertson.

Always a family favourite!

MAKE THIS RECIPE WITH CADBURY'S BOURNVILLE COCOA

2 eggs, $\frac{3}{4}$ cupful (4 $\frac{1}{2}$ ozs.) sugar, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ ozs. butter, 2 tablespoonfuls milk, 1 tablespoonful ($\frac{1}{2}$ oz.) Bournville Cocoa, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful cinnamon, 1 cupful (4 oz.) Self-raising flour, Vanilla.

Cream butter and sugar, add eggs (unbeaten), then milk, spice, cocoa, essence, etc. Lastly, lightly fold in the sifted flour. Put into two small sandwich tins lined with greased paper and bake in a moderate oven for about half an hour (425° for electric oven). Add nuts or raisins if liked. When cold, join with cream, or your favourite filling and ice with chocolate icing.

CHOCOLATE ICING

1 cupful (6 ozs.) icing sugar, 3 teaspoonfuls ($\frac{1}{2}$ oz.) Bournville Cocoa, 1 teaspoonful cinnamon, Vanilla, piece of butter the size of a walnut. Place all in a dish, mix to a creamy consistency with hot milk.

★ Just add candies and you have the most delicious birthday cake for a children's party.



No cooking is needed to make these delicious
CHOCOLATE CRACKLES

5 ozs. Kellogg's Rice Bubbles (4 cups), 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ ozs. Fine Coconut (1 cup), 8 ozs. Icing Sugar, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ ozs. Bournville Cocoa (3 tablespoonfuls), 8 ozs. Copha. Stir dry ingredients together, melt copha and pour over them. Mix thoroughly, spoon into paper cup containers and allow to set.

The above quantity of ingredients makes from 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 dozen Chocolate Crackles.



FOR DRINKING — FOR COOKING — ALWAYS USE

CADBURY'S
BOURNVILLE COCOA
.. the cocoa with the *real* chocolaty flavour!

Kimberley Beef Air Lift



RETIREE CATTLEMAN Mr. Joseph Blythe (second from left), on a visit to "Mount House" and "Glenroy" stations from his home in Perth, helps his three sons, Keith (left), Gordon, and Douglas, check the tally book which records the number of carcasses flown out to Wyndham.

Australian pioneers' enterprise is hope for north-west

By SCOTT POLKINGHORNE

Members of the pioneer Blythe family, whose ancestors were among the first to settle in the remote Kimberley district, are now helping to pioneer a venture which is revolutionising the cattle industry in north-west Australia.

THEY are Joseph Blythe and his three stalwart sons, Gordon, Douglas, and Keith, owners of "Mount House" and "Glenroy" stations, 130 air miles from Wyndham.

From their properties, with holdings of some 20,000 cattle, operates the Air Beef scheme under which the beasts are slaughtered at a small abattoir and the carcasses are dressed and chilled and then flown to Wyndham for shipping away.

Mr. Joseph Blythe lives in retirement in Perth, but comes up to the stations during the killing season.

His eldest son, Gordon, who is managing director of Air Beef, also lives in Perth, but he spends several months each year on the properties.

The second son, Douglas, who lives at "Mount House," is in charge of the cattle.

Koth attends to agriculture and the raising of the pigs, both newly developed offshoots of Air Beef. He and his wife live at "Glenroy."

The scheme began in May, 1949. Operated by Australian National Airways, MacRobertson-Miller Aviation Company, and a group of Kimberley pastoralists, it is subsidised by the Western Australian Government.

I recently went to "Glenroy" station to see how Air Beef worked and how it affected the people who are dependent on it.

I came away delighted, because I had seen air-minded Australians winning more and better beef than the north-west had ever produced.

The old droving methods of moving the beef meant more than 300 miles of arduous

walking, with subsequent loss of anything up to 100lb. per beast.

The best "baby" beef, the three-year-olds, couldn't make the trip. Bullocks had to be left on the ranges until they were hardened five-year-olds. The percentage of prime export quality beef was low — about 25 per cent.

The MacRobertson DC3 that was used when the scheme was launched has been replaced by A.N.A.'s mighty Bristol freighter.

The Bristol carries almost six tons of dressed beef in one load and whips it over the 130 air miles to Wyndham in a little more than an hour. The plane generally makes two trips a day, and sometimes three.

Ian Grabowsky, A.N.A.'s planning and development manager and one of the key

men of Air Beef, told me the scheme had proved it could increase production in normal seasons.

Back-loading is always carried. Much-needed machinery (even tractors), fencing materials, domestic and other supplies arrive in a steady stream.

All the materials for the new homestead on "Mount House," home of Douglas Blythe, were brought in by air.

"Before Air Beef we had no future, but this is the solution to our problem," Doug Blythe told me.

"We had no incentive to breed good quality cattle because they would be too 'soft' to stand the terrible trip to Wyndham. We can now market younger cattle and breed better quality beasts."

The women at "Glenroy" and "Mount House" also benefit from the new project. The comfortable houses in which they now live are direct results of it.

Building materials were almost impossible to transport, even if they could have been afforded, before the air freighters began calling.

Mrs. Doug Blythe was almost cut off from the outside world before the airstrip was laid down in 1944. To visit the nearest store she had to



DUSTY KILLINGSWORTH, an A.N.A. pilot, who flies chilled beef between the Kimberleys and Wyndham, paints the Beef insignia on the nose of his Bristol freight plane.

pack camping gear and make a 270-mile trip over the King Leopold Ranges to Derby.

The trip takes three days each way. It was impossible to make it for months on end because of the "wet," the period of monsoonal rains from December to April.

She is a Bachelor of Arts, and comes from Perth. Her three children are fourth generation "Kimberley" Blythes. The youngest is called Kim, short for Kimberley.

The effects of the tragic drought which has recently scarred the huge northern cattle-producing areas will be felt by all Australia — and Britain — for the next 10 years.

But Air Beef is helping to overcome this problem, with its up-to-date transport methods.

The airlift has enabled the annual output of cattle on "Mount House" to be increased by 171 per cent. and actual beef production by 188 per cent.

The increased production at "Glenroy," "Mount House," and adjoining stations continues this year, although they are experiencing the driest season in history.

Other station properties which are dependent on droving are faced with the impossibility of crossing 50 to 90 mile waterless gaps on the 300-mile stock routes.

See color pictures on pages 16 and 17.



WALLACE is the "white fella" name of this happy Kimberley aboriginal. He speaks English reasonably well, but usually uses his native tongue.

Comfort's the Keynote



Modess

.... because

IT'S THE softer... safer... economical

SANITARY NAPKIN

Women who know appreciate the complete comfort, the absolute security of economical Modess. Always so perfectly at ease... at all times... with this really modern sanitary napkin.

Free! "Growing Up"... a free booklet giving full information, will be sent to you, post free, and in plain wrapper. Write to Nurse Reid, C/- Johnson & Johnson, Box 3331, G.P.O., SYDNEY.



Products of Johnson & Johnson

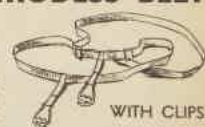
THE PERFECT COMPANIONS for absolute comfort and complete security...

MODESS BELT



WITH PINS

The MODESS BELT, with pins or clips, is light, so easy to adjust, yet so reassuringly safe. Ask for them when you buy Modess and enjoy the perfect companions for confidence and absolute comfort.



WITH CLIPS



"OLD KING COLE"

was a monarch most droll,

And his frolics were fast and free;

The goal of his soul was a flowing bowl,

Which he'd share with his fiddlers three.

A gallon of punch with his dinner or lunch

Was the only draught he'd endure;

But if sore throat should hap, the cunning old chap.

Took

Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

WORLD AND PARADISE

Edgar Maass

An intriguing tale of the Thirty Years' War—of bitter fighting and a tender love.

16/-

SHAKESPEARE HEAD PRESS Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide.

16/-

Where cattle roam the lonely range



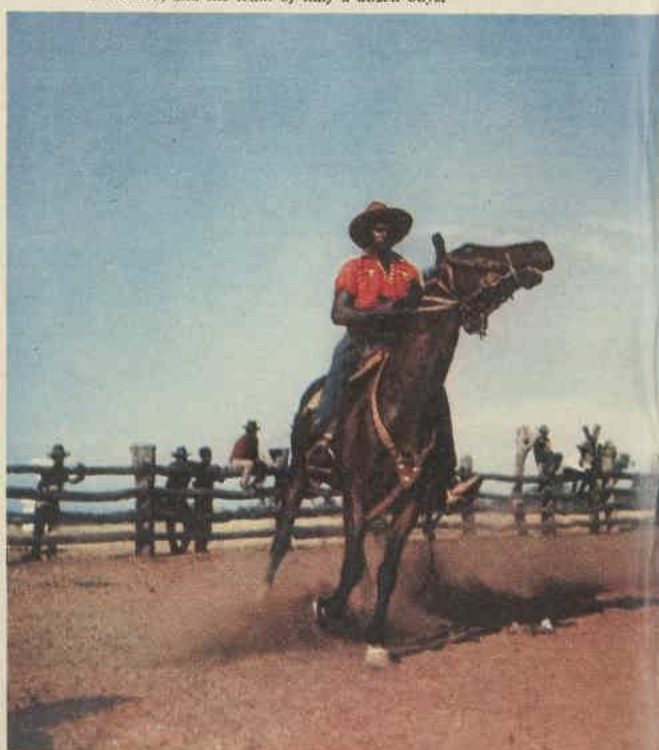
IDYLL. Mrs. Douglas Blyth, of "Mount House," and her children, Robin (8) and John (5), go rowing on the Adcock River, which adjoins the homestead. The river is never dry and is ideal for swimming. Station hands on the property made the craft. Several kinds of fish are caught in the river.



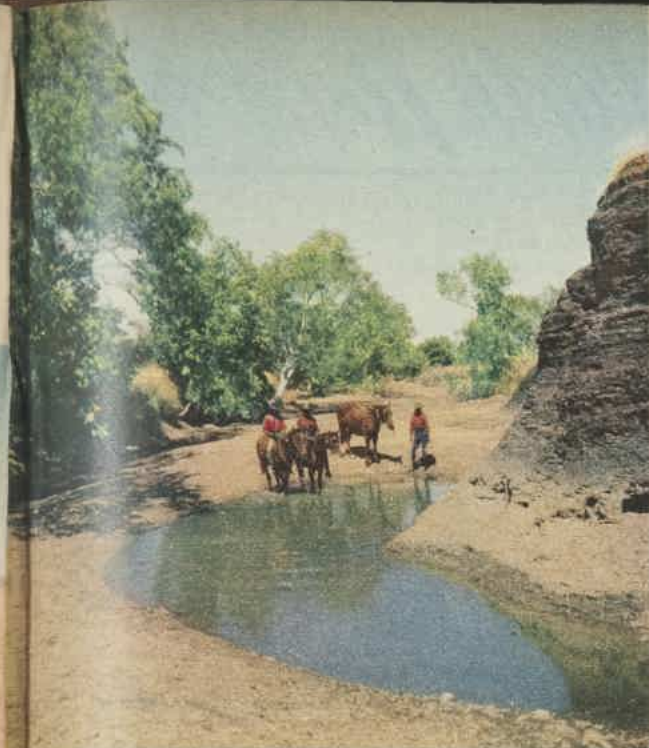
READY FOR THE KILLING. Part of a mob are moved up to the killing yards. About 50 head of cattle are slaughtered each day. The cattle are brought in from the ranges by the head stockman and his 20-odd natives. The cattle are then held near the yards by the "tailer," Walter O'Connor, and his team of half a dozen boys.



GHOST GUMS frame a billabong in this typical Kimberley scene. Natural waterholes like this string out on each side of the main streams and fill during the wet season, which lasts from December to April. The clay soil holds the water for months. Evaporation rate on the Kimberleys is not as high as on most northern cattle stations.



RIDE 'EM, COWBOY! Local horseman, whose "white man's name" is Don Bradman, rides Western style in the stockyards of "Mount House." Cattle ponies must be taught to twist and turn like a polo mount. The secret of moving large mobs of cattle is to keep them quiet.



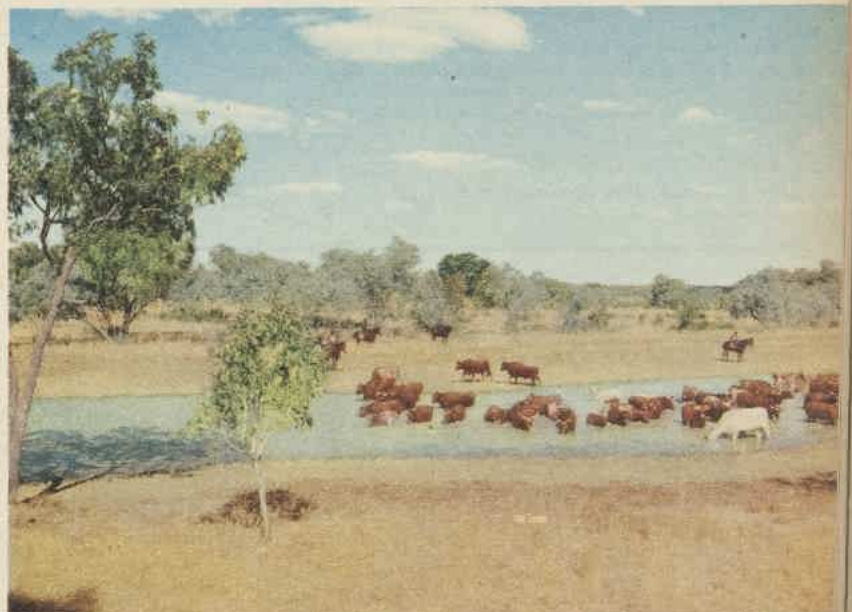
BY THE WATERHOLE. Stockmen pause by the waterhole to water their horses. Working with horses is an aboriginal's favorite job. Horses in the Kimberleys sometimes contract disease known as "Kimberley disease."



NATIVE STOCKMEN sit on the rail at "Mount House" station as head stockman Bill Connell talks to them. The natives are clothed and fed by the station owners, and they also receive a small weekly wage of 5/- . They like bright shirts and cowboy hats. The blackfellow's large feet do not take kindly to boots, which are mainly worn for appearance.



LOADING THE BEEF. A.N.A.'s mighty Bristol gapes open to receive the beef. Managing-director of Air Beef, Gordon Blyth, and A.N.A. pilot Ted Boorman guide the quarters of beef along the loading device.



CATTLE BY THE RIVER. The cattle are watered and yarded late each afternoon, when the main heat of the day is over, ready for killing, which begins at daylight. Mob cattle are unaccustomed to handling. They are led into yards by three cows, who are then turned out again to bring in the next mob.

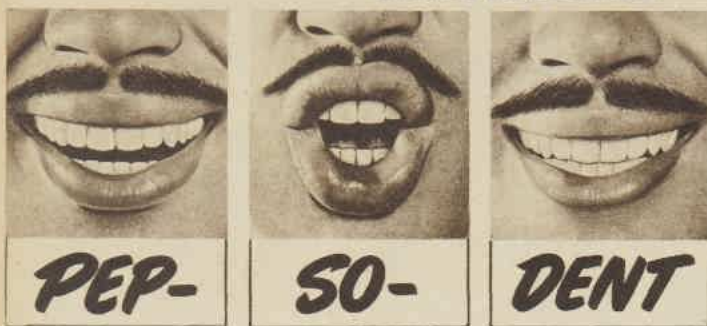


RELAXING. One of the best-known stockmen in the north, "Tailor" Walter O'Connor, takes it easy in his tent. Out on the run the "tailor" tails or holds the mob near the works after they have been brought in by stockmen and brings ahead sufficient for next day's kill as required.



"CLENROY" HOMESTEAD is built of cement bricks which were made on the property. All other building materials were flown in by the Bristol freighter as back-loading. Air Beef made this new home possible for the Keith Blyths. The 270-mile track to Derby, the next town, made freight costs prohibitive. Pandanus and breadfruit trees surround the house and need little attention.

WHICH TOOTHPASTE GETS TEETH WHITEST?



Only Pepsodent contains Irium
to get rid of **FILM**

Run the tip of your tongue over your teeth. Feel the film? Film builds continuously on everyone's teeth, clouding the natural whiteness, assisting decay. Only Pepsodent contains Irium, the special film removing ingredient. And Pepsodent does not contain harsh abrasives — its extra cleaning power is gentle cleaning power.

BUY THE BIG, NEW ECONOMY TUBE
— plenty for all the family



Mr. Len London, well known Radio personality, gave us his smile for these pictures.
Pc.103WW63

The Neal family of 8 vote for RINSO

WITH ITS
THICKER, RICHER
SUDS



2 SETS OF TWINS 14 MONTHS APART
MEANS 4 BABIES TO WASH FOR! ORDINARY
SUDS JUST AREN'T IN THE RACE — I COULDN'T
MANAGE WITHOUT RINSO!

I NEVER MIND LENDING
A HAND WITH A RINSO WASH-UP!
YOU CAN'T BEAT THESE
THICK RINSO SUDS

WHEN PEOPLE TELL
MUMMY HOW NICE WE ALL
LOOK SHE ALWAYS SAYS
"RINSO DOES IT!"

The Neals of 139 Hillcrest Avenue, East Bankstown, N.S.W., are typical of the thousands of families who have proved that ordinary suds just can't compete with the magic of Rinso's thicker, richer suds.

A FINE
LEVER
PRODUCT



NOW IN 2 SIZES Standard and big Economy Size

Worth Reporting

TWO young women took their places beside their brother pastoralists at the annual convention of the senior section of the Young Farmers of Victoria.

They are Kathleen Yeomans, of "Cherry Mount," Coleraine, and Judy Lyons, of "Giant Rock," Coleraine.

Both girls have been on the land since childhood and firmly maintain that country life is the best.

Ever since she left school eight years ago, 24-year-old Kathleen has completely managed the 1000-acre property for her widowed mother, Mrs. R. A. Yeomans.

She runs 1000 sheep on her property, grows oats and hay, milks cows, and looks after six horses and eight dogs as well as coping with her garden.

Judy runs fat cattle and sheep at "Giant Rock." She has been working the property, with the help of her mother, for the past six years.

The girls are enthusiastic members of the Young Farmers. Kath is secretary and Judy vice-president of the Coleraine branch.

They also find time for hobbies. Kath learns the violin, plays golf and tennis, and is secretary of the Brit Brit branch of the Red Cross.

New beer "barrels" don't roll

THE ancient trade of cooperage is facing a serious threat to its existence now that stainless steel 18-gallon canisters are being introduced into the brewery business.

According to Mr. Charles J. Smith, a leading cooper at Melbourne's old Yorkshire Brewery, now a "cooperage" or depot, the new canisters wear well and are cheaper, but they don't roll like the good old blackwood beer barrels.

"A wooden barrel will last 30 years with good pitching and handling," Mr. Smith told us. "After that we sell them to a vinegar company, which gets another 20 years out of them."

"A beer barrel can have so many face-lifts by the coopers that not one of its original blackwood staves is left after 20 or 30 years' service," Mr. Smith said.

At the old Yorkshire Brewery the coopers roll out the barrel up to 2000 times a day. Each cask gets a complete wash and brush-up, including five to seven high-pressure cold-water flushings and a microscopic inspection for interior pitch cracks or faulty staves.

Mothercraft lessons baffle lubras

TWO young lubra mothers at Mataranka homestead in the Northern Territory are applying mothercraft instructions in rather an unorthodox manner.

Mrs. Elsa Chauvel, who is at the homestead with her producer-husband, Charles Chauvel, for the making of the color film "Jedda," has been giving them some basic hints on the care of babies.

As a result, the two lubras are walking around slightly bewildered with napkins and tins of talc powder.

While they are within sight of Mrs. Chauvel, they apply the napkins and powder to their infants in the approved fashion, but once at the aboriginal camp they use the napkins as scarves and sprinkle the powder on themselves, their husbands, and even the dogs.

NEW ideas for publicity stunts are always cropping up, but we think that this one from New York is the best we've heard yet.

To mark the debut of a new book, a party was held in the windows of Macy's famous Broadway store right under the jealous eyes of the public.

A gala affair, with lashings of champagne, it was attended by glamorous models, literary critics, actresses, authors, and artists. In the midst of it all, the author stood autographing copies of his book.

We can't help feeling that, in extreme cases, spectators on the wrong side of the windows might find relief for their envy by not buying that author's book.

Practical use for gum-nuts

OUR attention has been drawn to a fascinating new pastime for dull winter evenings.

It is "spinning gum-nuts," and the idea comes from Mrs. M. Watson, of Ashfield, N.S.W.

Mrs. Watson is an expert at this game and now feels that the time has come to share her knowledge of it with the general public.

She points out that the game, besides providing amusement for children (and adults), has the utilitarian value of exercising the fingers.

From her experience, Mrs. Watson has found that the floor is easily the best spinning ground. The nuts, of course, are easily and cheaply obtained from the ground under any gumtree.

Non-wrinkling sheets on the market

SHEETS that refuse to wrinkle have been introduced to Melbourne housewives.

These sheets have mitred corners which ensure that they fit over a mattress smoothly.

As the makers point out, the sheets are ideal for sick-beds, and all the wriggles of a restless patient will not disturb the taut surface.

Sizes vary from double-bed to cot size.

Finnish Church helps housing shortage

IN Helsinki, capital of Finland, not a single church has been built in 15 years, although the city has spread and the population has increased by more than 100,000.

Recently the elders of the congregations discussed building plans and decided that Helsinki would have to wait at least another five years before any new churches were built.

The reason for this decision is that the Finnish Church wishes to contribute its share towards easing the acute housing shortage.

Money, material, and labor that would normally have gone into new churches is being diverted to congregation houses and homes for the aged.

In the Meritulli Congregation House, a show place in Helsinki, nearly half the floor area is used for living space and the balance for offices, meeting-rooms, and gymnastic hall.

In the homes for the aged there are furnished and unfurnished rooms and community kitchens.

Many of the clergy and parishioners consider the shortage of churches a serious setback to the Evangelical-Lutheran faith, to which 90 per cent. of the metropolitan population belongs.

The majority opinion, however, is that the Church is doing the right thing by the community in building for young and old.

IT was reported recently that Thames swans were hungry because corn has been restricted. Swans in the west of England are more fortunate. Those living on the moat round the Bishop's Palace at Wells, Somerset, have merely to pull a string attached to a bell in the wall of the moat and food is thrown to them.

The custom has continued for many swan generations. Cygnets learn from their parents how to order the next meal.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By **RUD**



New!

Angel Face by Pond's

Sensational new make-up . . .

It's foundation and powder in-one!

New!

Stays on longer than powder.

You don't need foundation cream with Angel Face! A smoothing "cling" ingredient is pressure-fused right into it! That's why Angel Face goes on so evenly . . . stays on so angelically.

New!

Not a cake make-up — goes on without water! Not drying!

Easier to apply! No wet sponge — no greasy fingertips! Just smooth on Angel Face with its own downy puffet. You'll love its glamorous finish — softer than cake make-up — and *not* drying!

New!

Can't spill in your handbag.

You can carry your Angel Face *everywhere* — use it *anywhere*. It doesn't spill over your bag or clothes. No wet sponge — no greasy foundation — no loose spilly powder. Angel Face is a perfect complete make-up for your handbag.

Society Beauties say:

"Angel Face is a really wonderful make-up. So new, so handy. And it gives the skin the most heavenly mat look. You can carry Angel Face anywhere — it can't spill. I can put Angel Face on in an instant — wherever I am — and know I'm looking my best."
THE VISCOUNTESS BOYLE.

"Angel Face is the ideal make-up I've been waiting for — it gives a flattering color and finish to my skin, doesn't need water, isn't drying, and stays on! And Angel Face is made to order for handbag use — I carry mine constantly!"

MRS. JOHN A. ROOSEVELT.

"Angel Face has all the virtues of the best make-ups I've ever tried — and none of the drawbacks. No water, no drying effect. It's the cleverest beauty trick in years!"

MRS. PERRY TIFFANY.

Angel Face has its own downy-soft puffet. 5 angel-sweet shades. At better beauty counters everywhere.



AC25

Page 19

Your hair full of lovely
gleaming highlights



One quick HI-LITER
shampoo will show
you new hair beauty

So easy to be lovelier! Just one application of Napro Hi-Liter and your hair is full of highlights . . . aglow with vibrant colour. Hi-Liter is not a dye or bleach and it's easy to use, just like an ordinary shampoo. In three wonderful shades—Titan . . . Gold . . . Silver Grey.

June Mallett, lovely Sydney model, says: "I'm thrilled with the lovely, natural highlights that Hi-Liter puts in my hair."

Napro

Gown by Kama

HI-LITER colour shampoos



Titan—for warm coppery tints
Gold—for golden gleam
Silver Grey—for silvery moonlight sheen

BY THE MAKERS OF NAPRO HAIR VITALIZER

My family use
NUGGET
SHOE POLISH

because

- ★ NUGGET STAYS MOIST
- ★ NUGGET BLACK IS BLACKER
- ★ THE NEW DARK TAN IS RICHER



Nugget is REALLY
open with a twist

NUGGET
SHOE POLISH
Remains moist to the last speck



Boisterous dances are out

"American jive dead,"
says English expert

By FREDY YOUNG, staff reporter

American jive is finished in England, according to Charles Thiebault, English ballroom dancing expert who is on a whirlwind tour of Australia and New Zealand with his partner, 20-year-old Sally Brock.

POPULAR dances in England to-day were the slow waltz, slow fox-trot, tango, quickstep (all essential in English competitions), the Viennese waltz, and Latin-American dances, he said.

"In France the paso-doble, representing the bullfight, is the current rage," he added.

"For international competition it is essential to

faster dance than the slow waltz, and is done to Strauss' 'Vienna Woods' waltzes.

"Music is changing, too," said Mr. Thiebault. "A lot of Irving Berlin's melodies and other old tunes are being used."

"A marked trend in modern ballroom dancing is the emphasis now placed on girl dancers."

"Formerly the girls were a foil to the men, but now they are very much more in the picture, and do more miming and dancing than did the girls of 20 years ago."

"The modern hold is different, too, and girls' heads and shoulders swing away from the men's, whereas at one time there was a tendency to dance close together."

Sally Brock began to learn ballroom dancing with Mr. Thiebault at the age of nine, after she had already learned ballet dancing for six years. She has been his dancing partner for the past nine months.

Miss Brock has a ballroom in London, and Mr. Thiebault divides his time between Manchester and London.

Sally won the British Festival Exhibition championship in 1951.

"For three years I was standing in for Jean Simmons in films, until I was advised to seek stage experience," she said.

The pair are in Australia at the invitation of the Federal Association of Dancing Teachers, which is affiliated with the Imperial Society of Teachers of Dancing.



ENGLISH DANCING EXPERT Charles Thiebault and his partner, Sally Brock. They say they are amused at the high standard of dancing in Australia.

know how to do the new Viennese waltz.

"There are four movements to this dance, the natural and reverse turns and the natural and reverse fleckel (a very fast spin holding on to the spot, and then unwinding in reverse on the same spot)."

"This is, of course, a much

Schoolteacher is now a Paris waiter

From ROLAND PULLEN, in Paris

I called at the Hotel Palais d'Orsay, overlooking the Louvre, on the banks of the Seine, to interview an English airman.

HALF-WAY through the interview a smiling, handsome, square-faced waiter asked us in an accent that wasn't quite English what we would have to drink.

"You speak very good English for a Frenchman," the airman said to him.

The waiter replied: "I'm not French. I am Australian."

The British airman and I forgot about our interview and interviewed Peter Stafford, the waiter, instead.

Peter Stafford comes from Brisbane. He is 27. His father is Mick Stafford, professional golfer at the Brisbane Golf Club.

Peter was a teacher at a one-teacher school with 17 pupils at Bromelton, five miles from Beaudesert.

With his brother Michael Peter went to England in August, 1948.

"As there was nothing better offering," he said, "I took a job teaching in a London County Council school. Then I decided to try my hand at learning the hotel trade."

"The mellowness and smooth running of hotels in the Old World appealed to me."

"Michael and I were lucky enough to get jobs as lounge waiters and barmen at the Marine Hotel, North Berwick. Next I got a job in the kitchen of the Green Park Hotel in London. Michael came over to the Continent."

"I told the British Restaurant Association that I wanted to get Continental experience, and they arranged an exchange for me between London and Paris."

Peter is a restaurant and



PETER STAFFORD serves aperitifs to Sydney visitor John Merewether and French Countess de Rives.

room waiter. His work in the hotel begins at 7 a.m. and ends at 9 p.m. But there is a break between 2 p.m. and 6 p.m.

"It's pretty hard going," Peter said. "You're too tired to see much of Paris night life after work, but it is fascinating all the same. You get close to famous international personalities such as Pandit Nehru, and actors such as Robert Morley, to both of whom I have served drinks."

"After Paris I hope to get a job as assistant manager in a big London hotel," he said. He says he has never been so happy as he is now. "I like the hotel business because I like looking after people," he told me.

Peter has four other brothers and one sister. His brother Tyrrel is professional golfer at the Lismore (N.S.W.) Golf Club, and his brother Tony runs a Brisbane bookshop.



FIVE-YEAR-OLD JIM with a two-day-old baby wulaby which the Kirkmans reared when its mother was killed by dogs. The other Kirkman pets are Blue, the dog, and Charlie, the cat.



FAMILY LINE-UP (from left): Jim (5), Paul (nearly 6), Chris (7), Yvonne (9), Ann (10), Barbara (11), John (12), Bob (13), Leo (15), Rose (nearly 16), Marion (16), Heather (17), Noleen (19), Joan (20), Mick (21). Mrs. Kirkman, Mr. Kirkman, and (in front) Teresa (3), Ruth (4), Marie (2).

Eighteen Kirkman children make a big happy family

Anyone would get a real thrill out of meeting Mr. and Mrs. Evan Kirkman and their 18 children. They illustrate perfectly the theory that big families are very happy ones.

Staff photographer Ron Berg and I motored 39 miles into the hill country behind Macksville, on the north coast of New South Wales, to visit the Kirkmans, who live in the little farming settlement of Thumb Creek.

WHEN we arrived at their 400-acre dairy farm on the banks of the creek we were welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Kirkman and 11 of the children.

The others were at the nearby Thumb Creek school, and the eldest son, Evan, more often known as Mick, drove off immediately to bring them home.

Usually there are only 16 children at home because Joan, the eldest girl, works in Casino, and Noleen, the second eldest girl, is a nurse at St. Vincent's Hospital in Liverpool.

Knowing that we were coming, Mrs. Kirkman had wired them to come home so that the family circle would be complete.

All the children were in bounding health. Bright eyes and rosy cheeks were ample evidence of this. Mrs. Kirkman told me she had never had trouble with their health.

Mr. and Mrs. Kirkman will celebrate their 23rd wedding anniversary in November. Mrs. Kirkman was born at Taylor's Arm, not far from Thumb Creek, and has lived in the district all her life. Mr. Kirkman came out from Preston, in Lancashire, when he was five years old.

There are 11 girls and seven boys in the family and there are no twins among them.

Mick, the eldest, will be 22 in August; the youngest, Marie, is two.

The others are Joan, 21 in November; Noleen, 19; Heather, 18 in August; Marion, 17 in September; Rose, nearly 16; Leo, 15; Bob, 13; John, 12; Barbara, 11; Ann, 10; Yvonne, 9; Chris, 7; Paul, nearly 6; Jim, 5; Ruth, 4; Teresa, 3.

Two additional members of the family are Blue, the dog, and Charlie, the cat.

When I asked Mrs. Kirkman for the names and ages of her children, she had to appeal to each of them in turn for their ages as she gave me their names.

She told me that she and her husband had had no difficulty in thinking up names for the children. In fact, they man-

aged to give each of them two Christian names.

Birthday celebrations come thick and fast.

"August 24 is the birthday of both Mick and Heather," Mrs. Kirkman said, "and Paul, Ruth, and Jim also have their birthdays in that month."

Mr. Kirkman, Chris, Leo, and Rose have their birthdays in October, and Mrs. Kirkman, Noleen, Marie, and Yvonne in May.

Leo, Bob, and John are in seventh class at school, Barbara and Ann are in fifth class, Yvonne is in fourth class, Chris in third, and Paul in first class.

The young Thumb Creek schoolteacher, John Folkard, told me that they were all intelligent and up to standard in their schoolwork.

Every month Mr. and Mrs. Kirkman collect £25 in child endowment.

They have no staff problem in running their farm. Everyone, except for the tiny ones, lends a hand.

The older girls work to a roster and take week and week about in the kitchen, laundry, and dairy. Mick is his father's right-hand man, and the members of the family who go to school do their share of the chores in the mornings and evenings and at week-ends.

Mrs. Kirkman is superintendent of the household. She has been helped in the task of bringing up her large family by each of the older girls taking over the "mothering" of a younger child.

"The young ones take much more notice of their elder sisters than they do of their mother or myself," Mr. Kirkman said.

Little Marie seemed to be specially attached to 11-year-old Barbara, although she is known in the family as "Rose's girl."

When Barbara arrived home from school, Marie was waiting at the door calling out "Bla-bla, Bla-bla," with monotonous regularity until Barbara picked her up to cuddle her.

By
MARGARET BINGHAM,
staff reporter

All the older girls are good cooks. (I can vouch for Joan's sponge cakes.) They also do all their own sewing.

My first—and lasting—impression of the Kirkmans was their devotion to each other.

There is no gulf between parents and children. While we were there they were chaffing each other in high spirits.

Mr. Kirkman told Bob to comb his hair.

"Just because I haven't combed mine it doesn't mean that you shouldn't comb yours," he said, and he and Bob grinned at each other.

Just thinking about feeding such a large family would give most housewives a headache, but it doesn't worry the Kirkmans.

They eat 46 loaves of bread a week. Mrs. Kirkman orders 14 loaves on Mondays and Wednesdays, and 18 on Fridays.

Their fowls provide them with 40 eggs a day and they use them all.

They grow all their own fresh vegetables and there is always plenty of milk. When they buy meat they get a

quarter of a carcass at a time. Sometimes they slaughter their own cattle.

Mr. Kirkman said that one worry he had at present was that the three 1500-gallon tanks on his property are not supplying enough water for all the needs of the family and the farm.

Mealtimes don't present too much of a problem. The young ones sit down first and the rest of the family takes the second shift.

For our benefit, however, they all sat down together round the big dining-table. Chairs were placed round three sides and a form along the fourth side. Even then it was a bit of a squash.

Then Ron Berg and I squeezed in, too.

I felt it was quite an occasion to be sitting down to a meal with 20 people, knowing that they all belonged to the one family.

Needless to say, the Kirkmans don't do any visiting or travelling all together. The car, big at it is, won't hold more than half the family.

"We even have to stagger our attendance at mass," Mrs. Kirkman said. "Half of us go one Sunday and half the next."

The family is never at a loss for entertainment. They all love sing-songs and specialise in old-time and hill-billy numbers.

Rose is an expert on the guitar, and she, Joan, Noleen, Heather, and Marion are a popular harmony team in the neighborhood. They have competed in a talent quest at Macksville and often join in hill-billy concerts at the nearby township of Barrapine.

"We often have some of our neighbors over here in the evening and sing round the fire until midnight or later," the girls told me.

They gave a sample of their "act" by singing "The Lonely Little Robin" and "Wedding Bells" as we had morning tea.

At the moment there are no signs of engagements or weddings for the older girls. According to the family, this is because even the bravest suitor would be frightened away by the prospect of so many in-laws.



THUMB CREEK SCHOOLTEACHER John Folkard superintends a game of shuttlecock at morning break. Of the 18 pupils at the school, eight are Kirkmans. All are very bright and well up to standard in their schoolwork.



ROUND THE DINING-TABLE are (from left) Mrs. Kirkman, Mr. Kirkman, Mick, Joan, Noleen, Heather, Teresa, Marie, Ruth, Rose, Ann, Barbara, Marion, Paul, Jim, Chris, Yvonne, Bob, John, and Leo.

Now for you...

THE SEASON'S MOST
BEAUTIFUL BEDSPREAD

See it and you'll say "I must have it!" Jeldi's new "Trellis" design is as irresistible as that! And it's made for you only by Jeldi—in the soft, deep-piled chenille that washes ever lovelier, that never needs ironing (even if you like to leave it on at night!). See it in Jeldi's own glorious new colours, at finer stores everywhere.

Jeldi "Trellis" design No. 153, 1 and double bed sizes, in Blonde (as illustrated), Snow-white or delicate pastels: BLUSH, PINK, FORGET-ME-NOT, MUSHROOM, TENDRIL GREEN, CORNGOLD.

JE.35.FPCWW.

Actually grows
lovelier with use...

Jeldi
THE BETTER CHENILLE

The first to
make Chenille
in Australia

JELDI MANUFACTURING PTY. LTD. Production centres at Sydney, Melbourne, Mudgee and Lithgow

"I like this laxative"



"So do I!"



Purest like Laxettes—because they give overnight relief whenever anyone's constipated, lousy or sick. Sweet-tooths like Laxettes, because they taste exactly like flat chocolate! Smooth—safe—yes, 2/6 everywhere. Get a box today.

LAXETTES

The chocolate laxative

TABLETS OF COD LIVER OIL

BUILD UP RESISTANCE

...and fortify the whole system against debility. They contain the concentrated nourishment and vitamins of pure cod liver oil, and provide vital energy, ensure natural growth, pep up appetite, and promote glowing health. In handy easy-to-take tablet form they're ideal for children as well as adults!



TABLETS OF COD LIVER OIL

Price 30 Sugar-Coated Tablets
3/6 AT ALL CHEMISTS
WOLFE 4119



15 hairsets for 4/4

QUICKSET WITH CURLPET

Give YOUR hair new

silky loveliness and

save pounds on your

hair-do's.

Get a tube of con-

centrated **Curlpet**

squeezes **Curlpet** into

a pint milk bottle of

warm water—shake till

mixed—now you have

a pint of the best,

most fragrant quickset

lotion you've ever used.

Get concentrated

Curlpet for 4/4 from

your chemist or store.

QUICKSET WITH CURLPET

C.N.J.

ANNABELLE



"Urgent, is it? Okay, I'll see to it later."

BUTCH



"Must I notify the police, dear? It's so seldom that I find anyone I can beat."

It seems to me

ONE of the most comfortable aspects of life in the twentieth century is the continual changing of beliefs concerning health.

Coveys of scientific workers are incessantly engaged on research which proves something new.

Some people find this very unsettling, but it is my practice to memorise any statement which conforms with my habits and cite it for ever after.

For instance, within the past few years Professor J. B. S. Haldane made some experiments which showed that it was possible for a human being to live in a confined space (I forget the exact dimensions), without fresh air, for a considerable time (I forget how long).

Since then my winters have been more comfortable. I do not care who discovers anything to the contrary. I am already suited, thank you.

Fresh air is all very well in its place. Its place, I consider, is in summer, or holidays, or in limited quantities at week-ends.

For winter evenings I can recommend a mixture of two parts preserved air and one part kerosene-heater fumes. Season with suitable cooking odors, coffee, and tobacco smoke.

If preferred, the air may be changed on Saturdays while the breather is engaged on violent exercise such as floor-polishing, but this is a matter of taste.

REMEMBER Wep's dinner-table cover last week, with the prices on the food?

Heard another sidelight on the same situation, which shows how etiquette changes with the times.

An elderly visitor, dining out recently, inquired of her hostess: "Do you mind if I finish everything on my plate, dear?"

"Why, no," said the hostess, looking a little startled and wondering if the helping were too small.

"That's all right then," said the visitor. "When I was a girl, you know, we were always told that it was vulgar to finish everything on the plate and that we should leave just a little."

"But I do think that nowadays, when food is so expensive, it doesn't please the hostess at all. As a matter of fact, I had some people to dinner last week and one of them left ninepence worth of steak on her plate. I felt quite upset."

RETAIL stores are making every effort to counter buyer-resistance. It is many years since they tried to cajole customers with such bargains.

For instance, stores which have a strictly practical clientele use such lures as "O.S. bloomers, roomy and comfortable, half price."

Those which cater for the upper five per cent. have equally entrancing reductions if your purse runs that way. Three such, noted recently: Furs, reduced to £200; woollen stoles, from 20 guineas to 15; and tinned marrons (chestnuts) in syrup, from 29/6 to 10/-.



Dorothy Drain

PEOPLE making a film in Melbourne struck some trouble recently. They were busy shooting a scene in a cabaret when the police raided it.

The police would not allow the patrons to fill their glasses with ginger ale. They were reported as saying that the Police Commissioner did not want the film to suggest that Melbourne nightclubs served liquor.

The film is called "Night-club."

However, I don't think its makers should be discouraged. They should simply adapt themselves to the custom of their country.

For instance, I have a substitute scenario worked out if the producer is interested.

It is called "Teashop." The villainess is a notorious cream-cake addict who is blackmailing the proprietor because he puts margarine on the sandwiches.

The heroine is a waitress who is in love with a prices inspector. Naturally this provides opportunity for passion and violence, culminating in a shooting melee in which the proprietor and the villainess are both killed.

Police arrive, but finding that the revolvers are licensed and that all those left alive are drinking tea, they depart, giving their blessing to the happy couple, who fade out in a final embrace beside the pie oven.

This, to me anyhow, seems no worse than many box-office attractions, and has absolutely everything except alcohol.

AFTER the junketings that go with an election campaign in America you can't help feeling that our own politics are a bit dull.

The Republican Convention, with its chorus girls, brass bands, and campaign songs, sounded much more entertaining than a Liberal Party rally or an A.L.P. conference, where the only excitement is produced by a bit of backstabbing in the corridors.

American politics can be fun for everybody. For instance, an advertisement in one of the superior magazines shows spectacle cases decorated with a donkey (Democratic emblem) and an elephant (Republican).

It's headed "Specs-appeal for Democrats and Republicans," and exhorts prospective customers to pin them to their lapels and "show which side they're on."

"Nag, nag, nag," said Sir Artie.

"It's a wonder you stand it, Bob."

"As a matter of fact," said Menzies,

Emmitting a strangled sob,

"I'm worn to an absolute frazzle."

"By Premiers asking for more."

"I'll tell you what," said Sir Artie,

"Remember the days of yore?"

"By jove," said the P.M., brightening.

"If those times could be with us again!"

"In the days of double taxation."

"We were poorer and happier then."

"The electors, poor things, mightn't like it."

"It's a pity. I weep for their fate."

"But at least—and this is decisive—"

"They will transfer their hate to the State."



New SLOWER FRAGRANT MUM

Keeps you nice to be near. More effective than ever, because it contains M3 which protects against odour-causing bacteria.

Safer for Charm—

Safer for Skin—

Safer for Clothes

New MUM TAKES THE ODOUR OUT OF PERSPIRATION
A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL MYERS



TO ALL SINGLE GIRLS..

a message about

Meds

INTERNAL SANITARY PROTECTION

"Is it really safe to use Meds?" Once this was a common question from single girls.

To-day it is not so often asked because more and yet more girls know that the answer is yes!

Here are the facts: A recent American national survey of 900 leading gynaecologists and obstetricians indicates that medical specialists overwhelmingly find Meds safe for normal women. Medical literature shows that any normal fully grown girl can use Meds. Invented by a physician, tampons are regularly worn by thousands of registered nurses. Meds completely do away

with the need for sanitary belts. Chafing, uncomfortable bulk and a revealing line are all eliminated.

You, too, can have the new freedom, the self-assurance, the poise that only Meds can give. "Next time" try Meds. In fact, buy a packet now and be ready!

Don't deprive yourself of this wonderful Meds freedom any longer. If you want any further information, cut out and post the coupon below to Nurse Reid, Johnson & Johnson, Box 3331, G.P.O., Sydney, for this FREE Meds booklet—it will help you to regularity greater comfort—and tells all about safe internal sanitary protection.

Nurse Reid, Johnson & Johnson, Box 3331, G.P.O., Sydney. Please post me, in plain wrapper, the FREE Meds booklet.

Name _____
Address _____

WW1/7.33E

Meds Meds Meds Meds Meds Meds Meds Meds



Rich with

**CRISP NUTS...
RIPE FRUITS**

MacRobertson

FRUIT AND NUT MILK CHOCOLATE BLOCKS

**ASSORTED
NUT MILK**

... Walnuts, Hazels,
Almonds, Cashews and
Brazil nuts in a thick block of
rich milk chocolate.



FRUIT SALAD

... Cherries, pineapple,
cuminquats, candied peel, ginger
and toasted almonds—with
pure milk chocolate.



CHERRY NUT MILK

... Big, ripe cherries and crisp,
roasted almonds—set in velvety-
smooth milk chocolate.



NEW!



COCONUT ROUGH

... New! Milky coconut,
toasted to a crisp brown
and blended with the
richest milk chocolate
of all ... MacRobertson's.

All available throughout
Australia in 1/2-lb.
blocks, as shown.

All made by

MacRobertson

The Great Name in Confectionery

**ALSO IN NEW
2oz. SIZE!**
(COCONUT ROUGH EXCEPTED)

Some of my patients

BERI-BERI CAN HAPPEN HERE . . .

CHILDREN SENSITIVE TO ANXIETY

WHEN Mr. Norton met me in the street this week he asked me if he could bring his neighbor, Mr. Henderson, to see me.

"His wife was killed in a car accident about a year ago, and now he has dropsy. He doesn't seem to have anyone to look after him."

We made the appointment, but they arrived a little late.

Mr. Norton explained that their bus had stopped running and they lived some distance away. "Have you walked all the way up the hill, Mr. Henderson?" I asked. "You don't seem very winded."

"Strangely enough, doctor, although my legs are so swollen, I don't get so very breathless."

On examining him, I found he had a soft and rapid pulse, his heart was greatly enlarged, and his legs particularly round. His ankles were swollen.

"What work do you do, Mr. Henderson?" I asked.

"I work on the roads, and, believe me, I do work. I was in an office until about 12 months ago. I suppose that is why I notice road work so strenuous," he said.

"And your appetite? And how much alcohol do you drink?"

"Well, doctor, I'm afraid I have been drinking heavily ever since I lost my wife."

"I've had several attacks of gastritis recently and no appetite for months."

I then examined his nervous system carefully and found he had tender calf muscles and other signs of neuritis in a mild degree.

"Well, Mr. Henderson," I said, "if it is any consolation to you, you have a very interesting disease, but I am glad to say that if you co-operate I can cure you. I am sure you have beri-beri, which, in your case, has affected your heart."

"Beri-beri!" he said in sur-

prise. "I knew someone who contracted it in Hongkong in a concentration camp, but I thought the only people who got it lived in Asiatic countries and ate rice."

"Not at all," I said. "With you it is the result of soaking yourself with alcohol, which destroyed your appetite and has given you a very serious lack of Vitamin B. That is why you have beri-beri now."

"I shall arrange hospital accommodation for you at once, as you will have to go to bed and lie as flat as possible. You're not to sit up at all. You will also have injections of Vitamin B."

"AND don't forget we're taking you off the bottle. Your diet may not interest you for a few days, but you will

By A DOCTOR

gradually have all the foods rich in vitamins, especially Vitamin B."

Beri-beri is a word known to a great many who were prisoners of war, and in most people's minds it is associated with the East. However, a number of cases have occurred in Australia from faulty feeding, particularly where alcoholism is associated with heavy manual work.

It may take various forms, of which this swelling of the legs and enlarged heart is one. The lack of Vitamin B in the diet acts on the nerves and produces a neuritis.

"THIS is one I haven't seen before," I said as Mrs. Thompson walked into the surgery followed by a fair-haired little boy of about six.

"Oh, he isn't mine," said Mrs. Thompson. He's my sister Jennie's son. She has been ill for some weeks, and Andrew is staying with me."

"But I'd like to go home to Mummy now," said Andrew. "Wait until she is better,

dear," said his aunt. Then she turned to me and said, "He has been having dreadful nightmares. Nearly every night he wakes up screaming and sobbing."

"So we thought you should see him."

On examination he appeared quite healthy.

His tonsils and adenoids had been removed, but he had a little discharge running down the back of his nose.

"This may be the cause of the trouble," I said, "post-nasal discharge, often associated with the remnants of adenoid tissue, is probably the most common cause of nightmares in children. In adults, it's usually dietary indiscretions."

"Try to get him to sleep on his side, propping him in position with a little pillow behind his back if necessary. Give him some glucose every night before he goes to bed."

I asked the little boy to go into the waiting-room for a few moments while I spoke to his aunt.

"He is a very sensitive child," I told his aunt, "and I think that it is probably the anxiety over his mother and his uncertainty as to when he will see her again which are the basic causes of these disturbed nights. No doubt he senses your anxiety, too."

"Small children are remarkably sensitive to an atmosphere of worry."

"We will clear up the physical side of his trouble, and everyone must try to make him happy."

"I should send him to school, but call and see the teacher first and explain the circumstances to her. A little understanding on her part may tip the balance in the right direction and distract his mind from his mother's illness."

All names are fictitious and do not refer to any living person.

We regret that our doctor cannot answer inquiries.

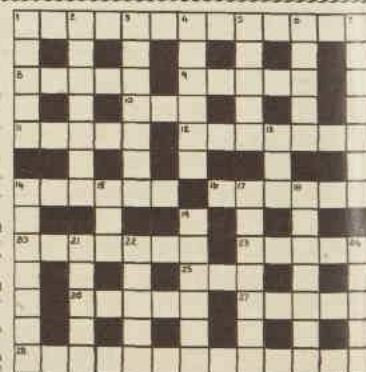
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- A precious metal fill which tells that there is good in every evil? (1, 6, 8)
- Drive fast the devil. (5)
- Backbone made of pine. (5)
- Anger becomes Hibernian if placed before land. (3)
- Pattern a girl's name. (5)
- Oral dun. (Anagr. 7)
- Possession as groups. (8)
- Habitual practices sounding like an address to wise men. (8)
- A tin vim. (Anagr. 7)
- Central part of sunspot seen in a dinkum brandy? (5)
- Cereal, the wild species of which is sown in adolescence? (3)
- This sort of friend is a very good friend. (5)
- Pertaining to a court. (5)
- Once Africa but with our blackouts we may become one. (4, 9)

CARAWAY ROBIN
A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z
D O W N
A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z
I N T E R I M
N E E R O U
A K A W A I D A W A R D
O L D C N O
W R E L M S H E L T E R

Solution to last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- A right to keep things till debt discharged is fore-gn. (5)
- Communicates the devil higher studies. (7)
- Brave containing something that is nearly a daisy? (7)
- Few indignation, possibly because despatched again. (6)
- Poem by Greek author. (5)
- I lead to perfect type. (8)
- Rules with authority with the inside of r. (7)
- Short Yankee land. (3)
- Deliberate indorsement on passport within the year of our Lord 500. (7)
- Ferret are turned (3)
- Cut seri. Associated with Plovers' Nightingale. (Anagr. 7)
- Talk with French woman is a tax. (7)
- Gee, no Scotch man in the hand of a sundial. (6)
- River in Rome. (5)
- Art of beautiful sounds. (5)
- Racecourse as small bed. (5)

Boys describe the girls they prefer

COMRADESHIP beats glamor hands down as a quality men prize in a girl, according to those interviewed on this page.



By
KAY
MELAUN

This week I asked some young men about the sort of girls they like. Their answers were a complete surprise.

Not one mentioned mannequins, or models, or glamor girls; they liked companionable girls of medium good looks who shared their tastes.

One young man summed up the situation. With a frown and an earnest scratch of his head, he said: "You see, most important of all is that my girl likes ME."

KEITH, a photographer, is 18, and he's in love. This is why his girl is his girl:

"She's terrific," he said. "She's medium height, a very attractive dresser, and she has curly brown hair. Her eyes . . . he broke off and added, dismayed: "Gee, I don't know the color of her eyes—I can't be in love after all. Wait a minute."

Keith fished out a wallet and opened the flap to study the picture of a teenager.

"Yes," he said, examining the photograph closely, "they're brown."

"She's 18 and works in an office," he added.

"I like her because of the way she looks and because she's good company and gives me the feeling that I count with her."

"In girls, generally, I like them to have looks that come up to my standard. I don't mean I'm anything special, but they must have the sort of average good looks I like."

"They must have personality and the ability to make me feel I matter."

"That's how my girl is. Her only fault is that she compares me with her past boy-friends."

"Lots of times I've told her I'm in love with her. I think she's in love with me, but she won't say so directly."

"I'm not sure about marrying her. Marriage takes a lot of consideration."

"You can't marry on love alone. You must have security."

AT 23, Brian, a school-teacher, is the oldest of the group. He studies philosophy. It wasn't until the end of

his theorising that he declared he had a girl.

He set off at a furious pace: "This love business wastes so much time. It's far better to rule your life by reason, not emotion."

"Love, and the state of being in love, means that your life is controlled by glands rather than by the intellect."

"Two people in love tend to become one unit, so that all individuality is submerged. Each has to yield so much of his own ideas and tastes to conform to someone else's."

"It's like mixing hot and cold water. The water ends up tepid in both cases."

Brian didn't say anything about steam. He found it "hard to say" whether he was or had been in love.

"Certainly I have had the romantic urge," he said. "The girls who have attracted me are those who listen to my pet theories, and who interest me sufficiently to make me want to listen to what they say."

"They have had no physical attraction whatever," he added vehemently.

"One girl I liked very much wasn't much to look at by ordinary standards."

"For a start, she weighed fourteen stone. But she was outstanding and had a wonderful nature."

"When I took her to dances the glamor girls would be the centre of attraction, with Jean on the sidelines. But just half an hour later every man in the place would be round Jean."

"I kissed her only once—

and that was very much against my better judgment."

"All the time we went out together there was great danger of losing our wonderful companionship in just falling in love, and consequently demanding things of each other."

"I am in danger now of being forced into marriage."

"The particular girl I have—well, if it's the only way I can keep her I suppose I will have to marry her."

"But if we marry she will have to work and be prepared to contribute to the home. It will be just as though I were sharing a home with a man friend, with an equal division of payment and housework."

"If children come there will have to be a re-

shuffle of duties, and I will re-

arrange my life."

"But once the children have been educated they must get out and fend for themselves."

EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD John, a university student, has already met several girls he would have been prepared to marry if he had been older.

"Mostly they have been older than I am," he said, "and a girl older than a man is not a marrying proposition."

"I'm consistent in the girls I like. They have to be amiable and intellectual, interested in music and the theatre, as I am."

"When I say that girls should be attractive I mean personally attractive to me, not necessarily attractive according to the accepted beauty rules."

"Sympathetic response—not good looks—is of paramount importance."

"One girl I've taken out several times is a brunette with a dry sense of humor, rather short and slender and nicely moulded, with big hazel eyes, and much the same interests as I have."

"Just to see her or take her out, I've travelled about ten miles, getting home at heaven knows what hour in the morning after a long, cold wait for transport. It's worth it."

TONY, a New Australian, born in Austria 20 years ago, is tall and burly, tanned from his job as a builder's laborer.

"Back in my former home we have a song that says 'My heart is a beehive, and all the girls are bees. They fly in and they fly out again,'" he said.

"That's how I was when I was a boy."

"But I've grown up now, and I'm not a silly young dog any more."

"I've found my girl. Her name is Mary. She has black hair and blue eyes, and she's little, so little—just as tall as my heart. She comes to here," he added, slicing at his collarbone with a big hand.

Mary is a probationer at a hospital.

"She's not pretty," said Tony, "but I think she's beautiful. She's sentimental—like me—and she cries at the sad moments in the pictures and holds my hand."

"When I'm with her I feel ten feet tall and as smart as Einstein."

"She helps me with my English, and never once does she laugh at my silly mistakes."

"Her father is doubtful of me. He thinks I'm a no-good foreigner, but her mother and sister are different. They say it's the Irish in them."

"They know that I'm studying hard at night to get a better job so that we can get married."

"We're going to have lots of children—all of them having black hair and blue eyes."



New! Irresistible Radiance!

What radiant, youthful loveliness your complexion will have — when you use this finer-textured Three Flowers Powder. And how its smooth flattery lasts for hours — because of exclusive **Top-Tone Shade Control**, it is unaffected by skin secretions, won't streak, cake or change colour unevenly, whether your skin be oily or dry. Put re-powdering worries aside . . . let your skin glow with vibrant beauty . . . choose your "Three Flowers" fashion-perfect shade — it's your dream powder!

Companions in Glamour: Three Flowers Lipstick, Rouge, Perfume, Vanishing Cream, Talc Powder, Hand Cream, Brilliantine.

three flowers
face powder

Creation of **Richard Hudnut**
New York • London • Paris • Sydney

We must have
Reckitt's Blue

TO KEEP OUR WHITE
CLOTHES SPARKLING WHITE!



THE TOWN

Conrad Richter

A Prize-winning novel — a fine story of modern times.

18/6 From all Booksellers 18/6

A SHAKESPEARE HEAD PUBLICATION.

Make sure
YOU are safe from
COLD WEATHER B.O.!



**LIFEBUOY GUARANTEES YOU WILL
BE SAFE... MAKE THIS 10 DAY TEST**

For just 10 days use Lifebuoy in your daily bath or shower—then check the difference it has made to your personal freshness.

Tests show that, from the day you start to use Lifebuoy, you start to safeguard yourself against B.O., and as you go on using Lifebuoy you build up increasingly better protection. No other soap tested can match Lifebuoy because no other soap contains Lifebuoy's exclusive purifying ingredient.



W305WW 874



5/10 HANDBAG PHIALS OF 6 GNS. PERFUME

There is no finer perfume made than Goya—yet all you need pay for it is 5/10! The perfume in Goya handbag phials is the same as that in Goya's world-famous 6 gn. bottles—there is simply less of it. These phials were introduced by Goya so that a woman could carry perfume about with her, in her handbag; so that at any moment of the day, no matter where she was, she could renew and refresh her fragrance. Get a handbag phial of Goya perfume today!



Handbag Phials by

Goya

PARIS
LONDON
NEW YORK

GOYA'S GARDENIA: Fresh, bitter-sweet

...fragrant as true love.

GOYA'S GREAT EXPECTATIONS: Tantalizing and elusive as the moment before the curtain goes up.

In some fragrances: Gardenia, Great Expectations, Pink Mimosa, 'No. 5', Daisies, Viburnum, Goya Hints.

MADE IN HOLLAND

Sole Distributors: James Hare & Co. Pty. Ltd., 409 Collins St., Melbourne.



1 MARRIAGE of Marsh Williams (James Stewart) to boyhood sweetheart Maggie (Jean Hagen) takes place in spite of family objections that Marsh is irresponsible. Dissatisfied with railroad job, Marsh begins illegally distilling whisky.



2 DEFENDING his whisky distillery in a raid by Federal Revenue agents proves disastrous for Marsh. One of the agents is killed in the fight, and Marsh is wanted for the murder.

CARBINE WILLIAMS



THE story of David Marsh Williams, the man who was instrumental in perfecting the U.S. Army carbine rifle, is the subject of M.G.M.'s "Carbine Williams."

"Marsh" Williams refused to believe that a prison sentence handicaps a man for life.

At the age of 20, while serving a prison sentence for second-degree murder, Williams constructed his first rifle, which was to revolutionise gun-making.

After Williams had served eight years of the sentence, he received a full pardon.

3 PERSUADED by Maggie to give himself up, Marsh faces trial. At first the jury is unable to reach a decision.



5 ENCOUNTER between warden Peoples (Wendell Corey) and Marsh culminates in Marsh saving Peoples' life. In turn, Peoples protects Marsh from armed-prison guards, but the two men remain hostile.



6 DEMONSTRATION of Marsh's revolutionary type of rifle, on which he had been working secretly, convinces Peoples of its worth. After some hesitation the warden allows Marsh to continue his experiments.



7 AUTHORITIES discover that a convict is being permitted to manufacture a gun. Peoples, by this time confident of Marsh, declares that if Marsh escapes he will personally serve the rest of the convict's sentence.



8 REUNION with his devoted wife follows Marsh's pardon. Their happiness is made complete when Marsh's rifle proves successful and a prominent American arms company offers him a contract.

STAR ROLES FOR STUNT GIRLS

★ Hollywood's Betty Hutton (right) and England's Glynis Johns are in the spotlight as stunt stars in Cecil B. DeMille's "The Greatest Show on Earth" and Somerset Maugham's "Encore."



GLYNIS JOHNS (above) as the girl stunt diver in the "Gigolo and Gigolette" episode of Somerset Maugham's "Encore" (J. Arthur Rank). Her act involves an 80-foot dive into a small tank of water to thrill the clientele of an exclusive Riviera hotel.



BETTY HUTTON (right), the girl on the flying trapeze in Cecil B. DeMille's technicolor circus extravaganza, "The Greatest Show On Earth." It took four months of basic training with professional acrobats to put Betty in shape for the film.



Tests Published in Authoritative Dental Literature Show That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating With

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

Most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today.

Yes, and two years' research showed the Colgate way stopped more decay for more people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! No other dentifrice offers such proof—the most conclusive proof ever reported for a dentifrice of any type.

AMERICA'S LARGEST, AUSTRALIA'S LARGEST, THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING DENTAL CREAM



Buy the Big Family Economy Size

SLIM YOUR HIPS, WAIST

With gentle changing pressure, the FIGURE CONTROL CORSET slims your hips and waistline. Instantly tightens to any degree and is instantly released. It keeps you UP and keeps you IN with balanced support and control. Has an exclusive foldover front, and is individually fashioned to fit perfectly. No busts or lacing; no back opening.

7 DAYS' TRIAL

Try the FIGURE CONTROL CORSET for 7 days. AT MY RISK. Prove it gives comforting support and control, with slimmer unsmear. Supplied direct, or sent by post. Call for a free trial fitting, or write for free illustrated Brochure and Measurement Form. Mention this paper.

MISS FLORENCE BRADSHAW,
5th FLOOR, P.A. BUILDING,
245 ELIZABETH STREET, SYDNEY

ASTHMA COUGHS STOPPED WHILE YOU SLEEP

Don't let coughing, wheezing attacks of Asthma and Bronchitis poison your system, sap your energy, ruin your health, and weaken your heart. Mendozo, a new American scientific medicine, starts immediately to circulate through the blood, quickly curbing the attacks. The very first day the thick phlegm is dissolved, giving free, easy breathing and letting you sleep the night through in comfort. Get Mendozo from your chemist or store to-day under positive guarantee to stop your Asthma coughing and to give you free, easy breathing the first day or money back.



★★★ They Were Not Divided

BECAUSE the story of "They Were Not Divided" is true and because no effort has been spared to make the production as realistic as possible, the film is deeply moving.

It is "Two Cities" tribute to the Welsh Guards Armored Division's wartime European advance, and hence the picture is mainly concerned with scenes of action during the liberation of Europe.

However, a breath of feminine appeal is brought to the film by Helen Cherry, who plays the wife of Philip Hamilton, a Guards officer.

The performance of Edward Underdown, who handles this role and shares the male lead with American Ralph Clanton, leaves nothing to be desired.

True British humor comes up often in the story, which traces the lives of an Englishman and an American from the day they join the Welsh Guards just after Dunkirk until their deaths in action shortly after D-Day.

In Sydney—Victory.

Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★★★ Rancho Notorious

R. K. O.'s technicolor Western "Rancho Notorious" makes a prime bid for favor on two levels—its stars and the surprise element.

Marlene Dietrich, Arthur Kennedy, and Mel Ferrer put the story over earnestly.

Director Fritz Lang treats the subject—old-time morals, manners, and melodrama—with a touch of mockery.

The result is a fair Western with spice.

After his young sweetheart is raped and murdered by unidentified hold-up man, vengeful Arthur Kennedy pursues the trail to luxurious Rancho Notorious for the final kill.

En route he befriends intriguing outlaw Frenchy Fairmont (Mel Ferrer), who has a price on his greying head and the lady boss of "Rancho Notorious" on his mind.

As Altar Keane, ex-saloon entertainer of the rip-roaring

70's who is faithful in her fashion, Marlene Dietrich has the situation well in hand. In Sydney—Plaza.

★★★ Where No Vultures Fly

DIRECTOR Harry Watt's new adventure "Where No Vultures Fly" brings to filmgoers, in superb technicolor, the grandeur of African landscape and animal life.

The film was made entirely on African location two hundred miles south of Nairobi.

The story is based on the true experiences of an English game warden who strove against tremendous odds to establish an African national game-park in which animals of the country could roam freely in their natural state.

The role of the warden, Bob Payton, is played with infectious sincerity by handsome, up-and-coming British actor Anthony Steel; talented Dinah Sheridan, who enacts his wife, is the only woman in the cast.

With the help of faithful native followers, Payton ultimately wins his fight against officialdom and one native tribe that has been bribed to kill animals in the reserve by villainous ivory-poacher Harold Warrender.

Then blue skies above the national park are clear of those lurking scavengers of dead and injured game, the circling vultures.

Sequences in which the animals appear provide plenty of excitement, and natives of the territory give the necessary touch of authenticity and some humor to the film.

In Sydney—State.

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent
★★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.

★★★ The Glass Menagerie

THE depressing air of poverty and frustration that pervades "The Glass Menagerie" may prevent you from extracting pleasure out of the drama in American family life, but despite sombre subject matter and the retention of theatrical mannerisms it is an interesting film.

Several talents have gone into bringing to the screen this story of a possessive, widowed mother (Gertrude Lawrence), who tries to snare a husband for her crippled daughter (Jane Wyman) by hopeless efforts to re-create the opulent days of her own youth.

Events are seen through the eyes of the woman's son (Arthur Kennedy), a bleak, moody creature who longs to escape from his environment.

Gertrude Lawrence brings remarkable insight to the role of the nagging mother.

As inarticulate, repressed Laura, finding happiness in her collection of tiny glass animals, Jane Wyman manages to project inner radiance in spite of a wonderful artificial wig, a heavily booted foot, and early inference that she is not quite "all there" mentally.

Perhaps the surprise package of the film is Kirk Douglas as the gentleman caller who manages to escape with dignity the matrimonial net that is spread for him. Douglas is buoyantly in character.

In Sydney—Esquire.

HOW YOU FEEL TOMORROW



depends a lot on TODAY...

To be radiant, energetic and free from minor ailments which take the joy out of living you must avoid Constipation. If you want to enjoy perfect health the natural way take Beecham's Pills, the purely vegetable laxative, tonight. Then you'll be really fit and ready for work or play tomorrow.

TAKE
Beecham's Pills
THE PURELY VEGETABLE LAXATIVE
TONIGHT

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CAPITOL.—★★ "Guest in the House," drama starring Anne Baxter, Ralph Bellamy. Plus "The Great Guy," drama starring James Cagney. (Both re-releases.)

CENTURY.—★ "Close To My Heart," domestic drama starring Ray Milland, Gene Tierney, Fay Bainter. Plus featurettes.

EMBASSY.—★★★ "The Browning Version," drama starring Michael Redgrave, Jean Kent, Nigel Patrick. Plus featurettes.

ESQUIRE.—★★ "The Glass Menagerie," social drama starring Jane Wyman, Kirk Douglas, Gertrude Lawrence, Arthur Kennedy. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

LIBERTY.—★★★ "Singin' in the Rain," technicolor musical comedy starring Gene Kelly, Debbie Reynolds, Donald O'Connor, Jean Hagen. Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM.—★ "Boots Malone," racing drama starring William Holden, Johnny Stewart, Basil Ruysdael. Plus "Red Snow," war drama starring Guy Madison.

LYRIC.—★★★ "A Place in the Sun," drama starring Montgomery Clift, Shelley Winters, Elizabeth Taylor. Plus ★★ "Horsefeathers," comedy starring the Marx Brothers. (Both re-releases.)

MAYFAIR.—★★ "Strangers on a Train," mystery melodrama starring Farley Granger, Robert Walker, Ruth Roman. Plus featurettes.

PALACE.—★★ "Desert Fox," wartime story of Rommel starring James Mason, Jessica Tandy. Plus ★ "Elopement," romantic comedy starring Clifton Webb.

PARK.—★ "Pride of St. Louis," American baseball biography starring Dan Dailey, Joanne Dru. Plus "Night Wind," drama starring Charles Russell. (Re-release.)

PLAZA.—★★★ "Rancho Notorious," technicolor Western drama starring Marlene Dietrich, Arthur Kennedy, Mel Ferrer. (See review this page.) Plus "Chicago Calling," suspense drama starring Dan Duryea.

PRINCE EDWARD.—★ "Sailor Beware," comedy starring Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis, Corinne Calvet. Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—★★★ "A Streetcar Named Desire," social drama starring Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, Karl Malden. Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—★★ "La Ronde," sophisticated French comedy starring Danielle Darrieux, Anton Walbrook. Plus featurettes.

STATE.—★★ "Where No Vultures Fly," technicolor African adventure starring Anthony Steel, Dinah Sheridan. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

VARIETY.—★ "Submarine Command," wartime drama starring William Holden, Nancy Olson. Plus ★ "Atomic City," pseudo-scientific drama starring Gene Barry.

VICTORY.—★★★ "They Were Not Divided," British wartime drama starring Edward Underdown, Helen Cherry. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

Films not yet reviewed

CIVIC.—"Rose of Cimarron," Western starring Jack Buclet, Mala Powers, Bill Williams. Plus "Below the Deadline," drama starring Warren Douglas. (Re-release.)

ST. JAMES.—"The Girl in White," hospital drama starring June Allyson, Arthur Kennedy, Gary Merrill. Plus "Young Man With Ideas," romantic comedy starring Glenn Ford, Ruth Roman, Nina Foch.



FROM MELBOURNE. Mrs. Roche Myer, of Melbourne (left), was the guest of Mrs. Rhodes Smith and Mrs. Henry Hill at lunch at Princes. Mrs. Myer wore a Paquin model coat of reversible grey-and-gold flannel over a grey jersey frock.



CUTTING THE CAKE. David Clark, Cunnamulla, Queensland, and his bride, formerly Libbette Hughes, of "Ramornie," Grafton, at the reception at "Girraween," Grafton, after their wedding at Christ Church Cathedral.



SYDNEY VISITOR Shirley Pye (second from left) attended the Grand National with Mrs. Pope, Col. A. V. Pope (right), and James Russell, from Carnham, Western District. Warm winter overcoats were essential on the bleak day at Flemington Racecourse.

Social Gittings

A ROARING log fire will be crackling in the George Scates' woolshed at "Inverary," Cassilis, next Saturday night, July 26, when 250 young people will gather for the bachelors and spinners' "Woolshed Dance."

The party has been arranged by 16 young boys and girls in the Merriwa-Cassilis district. Carloads of guests will motor from Quirindi, Singleton, and Mudgee.

The energetic committee, headed by the George Scates' sons Tim and Doug, have hired a band for the night. The woolshed will be decorated with masses of golden wattle.

Secretaries for the dance are Margot Vincent, of "Pembroke,"

Cassilis, and Max Wurcker, of Merriwa.

Among those to have house parties will be Bev Woods, who will leave her job in Sydney for the week-end to stay with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. J. M. Woods, of Merriwa. Her guests will include Jill Hassall, of Braidwood, and Sue Latham, of Scone. Tim and Lesley Bailieu, of "Tongee," Cassilis, will also have friends to stay with them.

IT was a proud moment for Broken Hill girls Mildred Reece and Isobel Copley when they received their diplomas at the first graduation ceremony of the College of Nursing, Australia. The girls, who have just completed a post-graduate course in nursing administration, were two of the eight nurses to receive diplomas. The diplomas were presented by the Governor's daughter, Miss Elizabeth Northcott. Mildred is the deputy matron at the Canterbury District Hospital, and Isobel is the deputy matron at the Bathurst District Hospital.

NEWLYWEDS John and Stephanie Hole are staying with Stephanie's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Beresford Burge, of Edgecliff, until they can find a flat. But Stephanie will be able to practise her house-keeping when her parents and her brother Bill take off for America on August 7 for seven months.

TWINS who have announced their engagement are Shirley Hall, twin daughter of Mr. W. A. K. Hall, of Bellevue Hill, formerly of "Woodstock," Walgett, and Alan Harris, twin son of Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Harris, of Rose Bay. They are already mapping out wedding plans for their marriage at All Saints', Woollahra, next Easter. Shirley's twin sister, Mrs. Ken Robinson, of Bellevue Hill, will be matron of honor, and Alan's twin sister, Betty Harris, of Rose Bay, will be bridesmaid. Norman Bushman, who is now in London, will be best man.

SYDNEY friends of Mrs. Kenneth Kemble are hoping that she visits Sydney when she comes to Australia in October. Mrs. Kemble, before her marriage earlier this year, was the widow of former Australian Air Minister, the late J. V. Fairbairn. She will stay with her son, Geoffrey, and his wife at "Mt. Elephant," Derrinallum, Victoria.



HAPPY COUPLE. Dr. Colin Jennings, of Woollahra, and his bride, formerly Mimi Kennedy, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Kennedy, of Laura, leave St. Philip's, Church Hill.

A FORMER dean of Armidale Cathedral, the Rev. John Bell, officiated at the recent wedding of Judith Garde Wilson, of Armidale, and John Ennals, of Walsall, Staffordshire, at the parish church, Oddington, Gloucestershire. Judith is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Garde Wilson, of Armidale. Her mother is a well-known doctor, practising under the name of Dr. Kent Hughes.

The Rev. Bell is a close friend of the Garde Wilsons, and the reception was held at his rectory at Oddington. Judith went abroad in 1947, and, after working as a secretary for U.N.O. in Paris, joined the World Federation of United Nations Association, which has its headquarters at Geneva. Her husband is the director of the Federation.

A RECEPTION at the home of Sir Brian and Lady Freeston at Anse Vata, Noumea, followed the recent marriage of Judy Wright, of Mosman, and Pierra Dememe at the Noumea Cathedral. The two-tiered pink-iced wedding cake was made and sent by Judy's sister, Mrs. A. B. Higgs, of Mosman. Judy, who is the daughter of Mr. Ernest Wright, of Mosman, and the late Mrs. Wright, worked at the South Pacific Commission. Pierra is attached to the American Consulate in Noumea.



WEDDING ANNIVERSARY. Mr. and Mrs. Don Service celebrated their 16th wedding anniversary at Princes. Mrs. Service's mushroom-pink satin cocktail hat was embroidered in seed pearls and rhinestones and worn with a smart black cocktail suit.



OLD GIRLS' DANCE. Susan Powell (left), Margaret Trigg, and Hugh McClintock try the xylophone at P.L.C. Goulburn's dance at the Pickwick, arranged by the ex-students. Ribbons of the Gordon tartan, the college colors, decorated the official table.

CALGARY, Canada, is the new address of geologists Michael and Diana Waller. Recently married in Melbourne, the couple left Sydney aboard the Lakemba. Diana is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Wyville Field, of Lindfield.

FASHION NOTES . . . the fresh pink camellia worn by Mrs. John Sutor on her grey suit . . . Sheila Helpman's earrings of fragile petunia-pink French porcelain fashioned into bows and sprinkled with gold. They were sent by her famous brother, Robert, from Paris . . . Pat Hancock's Greta Garbo hat of winter-white felt worn when she lunched at Prince's.

BRIEFLY . . . Pamela Cameron, formerly of Orange, daughter of Mrs. E. Cameron, of Greenwich, has announced her engagement to Keith Hickey, of Pybble . . . Brian and Noreen Holt, who were married in Sydney recently, are settling into a flat at North Fitzroy, Melbourne. The bride, formerly Noreen Hicks, was a sister at Royal Prince Alfred Hospital . . . Mr. and Mrs. W. Horton Browne, of "Wirruna," Young, and their daughter Beverley will be in Sydney in August to welcome back their elder daughter, Frances, who will arrive in the Strathmore after a wonderful 18 months abroad.

Anne



FRENCH RECEPTION. Madame Jean Strauss, wife of the French Consul, greets Mrs. Fred Clement at the party to honor France's National Day on July 14.



AT SHORE CHAPEL. Roger Perry, only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Perry, of Roseville, and his bride, who was formerly Margaret McQuade, of Cremorne.

When it's *speed* you need - It's GAS indeed!

COOKING BY GAS *gives*

maximum heat...

in
minimum time...

at
lowest cost!



Beat "Old Man Time" when you're running against the clock. The high speed burners, quick cooking grillers and thermostatically operated oven can be regulated to an infinite degree—ensuring cooking perfection at minimum cost. See the display of modern Gas Ranges today at your Gas Showroom. Enquiries will be welcomed.

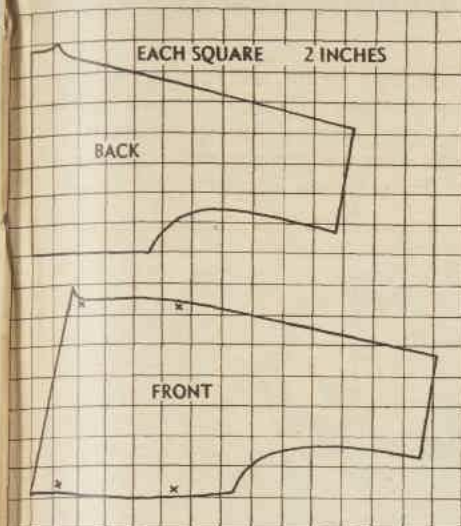
The National Gas Association of Australia

GAS

for the **4** BIG JOBS

- ✓ Automatic COOKING
- ✓ Silent REFRIGERATION
- ✓ Instant HOT WATER
- ✓ Healthful HEATING

Adaptable French blouse



THESE simple pattern pieces for a 34in. bust are for the fabric top of the blouse. Draw them to full size from the diagram above in which each square equals 2in., or adjust the pattern to your own size; place the pattern pieces on material as shown in the cutting diagram below, and make according to the instructions on this page.

CUTTING DIAGRAM

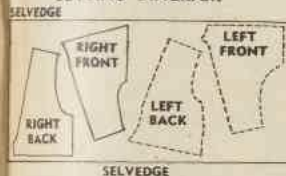


DIAGRAM showing how to place pattern pieces on material for cutting out. Be sure to allow turnings of $\frac{1}{2}$ in. or $\frac{3}{4}$ in. for seam allowance when cutting out, as no turnings are allowed in the pattern.

● This French-styled blouse with knitted midriff and cuffs is a useful addition to a business girl's wardrobe. Tapered cuffs and midriff give it a pencil-slim smartness for day wear, while for after-five elegance it can be worn with bracelet-length sleeves and a cuffed basque.

BOLOUSE TOP

The pattern is for a 34in. bust, and the material required is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yds. 36in. width.

Cut and place pattern pieces on material as shown in diagram and cut, allowing $\frac{1}{2}$ in. or $\frac{3}{4}$ in. turnings around the pattern for seams. Gather fronts between markings shown on the pattern, then stitch shoulder, sleeve, and side seams. Face raw neck edges and sew to knitted cuffs and basque as instructed below.

BASQUE AND CUFFS

Materials: 7oz. Patons "Beehive" 4-ply fingering wool (this is the only wool that should be used); 1 pair each of Nos. 10, 12, 13 knitting needles.

FRONT

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 130 sts.

1st Row: * K 1, p 1. Repeat from * to end of row. Repeat this row until the work measures 4in. from commencement.

Using No. 12 needles, continue in rib until work measures 7in.

Using No. 13 needles, continue in rib until work measures 9in.

Using No. 12 needles, continue in rib until work measures 11in. (or length required). Cast off loosely in rib.



VELVET OR JERSEY would be ideal for the top of this flattering blouse with knitted midriff and cuffs. Directions for the basque and cuffs and instructions for making up the blouse are given on this page.

BACK

Work as given for front.

CUFFS

Using No. 13 needles, cast on 70 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 until work measures 2in.

Using No. 12 needles, continue in rib until work measures 6in. Cast off loosely in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Sew front ribbing to back with a flat seam. Sew up cuffs

with a flat seam. Press seams very lightly with a damp cloth and warm iron. Sew cuffs and basque to blouse top, stretching the knitting to fit material and to allow for gathering.

STOP BACKACHE & RHEUMATISM PAINS PEP UP - FEEL YOUNGER AND STRONGER With Wonderful Kidney Cleaner

Do you or any of your family at times suffer from Backache, Rheumatism Pains, Neuritis or Fibrositis? Do your kidneys work too often either during the day or night? Are you nervous? Do your ankles swell? Do you have a lot of colds and do you get up in the morning almost as tired as when you went to bed the night before? Do you feel tired out a lot of the time and older than you should?

If you or any of your loved ones have suffered from symptoms such as these, have tried a lot of things and wonder just what to do, then read this message of hope and happiness. Yes, millions of Australian men and women have discovered the simple secret of feeling fit and ending many devastating symptoms by taking the wonderful kidney cleaner and refresher called CYSTEX.

CLEAN OUT ACIDS - FEEL FIT

There are a lot of things that can cause an excess of acids and impurities to accumulate in your blood. For instance, overwork, over-eating and overdrinking, nervous tension, germs that invade the body during colds and other infectious, loss of sleep, etc., may fill your system with irritating acids and impurities.

CYSTEX
Cleans the Kidneys
And Bladder -
Refreshes the System

Then you are bound to suffer from a lot of aches and pains, feel tired, rundown and unable to enjoy life as you should. This is particularly true if you are over 35 years old.

Naturally, the right way and the quick way to overcome these troubles is to get rid of the excess acids, impurities and germs. And millions of Australians have found that the right way to do this is with CYSTEX, which acts a good deal like a mild, gentle antiseptic bath to your kidneys and bladder. That gives your system a real cleaning which can not be accomplished with laxatives, because they merely act on the bowel and do nothing to clean and refresh two of the most important organs in the body.

3 HOUR ACTION

CYSTEX is scientifically designed to start working through your blood within three hours after you take the first dose. After just the first day or two you are certain to see a big improvement through the cleansing, refreshing action of CYSTEX. That's why thousands of people find CYSTEX wonderful during and after colds for that tired, achy feeling as well as for more serious pains and aches, such as Backache and Rheumatism Pain.

START TO RELIEVE TROUBLES IN 24 HOURS

Because CYSTEX is scientifically prepared to heal, soothe, tone and clean kidneys and bladder and remove acids and impurities from your system, it starts to work almost immediately. Within 24 hours after taking the first CYSTEX tablet you will feel decidedly better—pain will have eased or considerably

lessened, and within a few days you will feel and look a lot better than you have in a long time, because the impurities and excess acids have been washed away through your kidneys, and also many of those irritating germs destroyed. This gives a real foundation for feeling strong, healthy and fit.

Don't take chances with cheap, inferior or irritating drugs, but start your CYSTEX treatment today—the treatment that has been a sensational success throughout the world for over 25 years.

PRAISED BY MILLIONS

Wherever you go, you will find CYSTEX to be a favourite medicine, not only in Australia, but in 70 other countries throughout the world—England, Canada, South Africa, United States, Brazil, Mexico, Argentina, Portugal, etc.

Yes, CYSTEX is known and praised in more than 20 languages, and this has been true for over 25 years. Positive and convincing evidence of the outstanding success and merit of this scientific product.

Thousands have written of the wonderful help that CYSTEX has been to them. For instance, Mr. G. N. Williamson, Hurst Bridge, Victoria, says, "CYSTEX has saved me from going under an operation which may have meant death to a man of my age—nearly 80 years. Every night my sleep was disturbed. Now I sleep well. CYSTEX has set me up and I feel better right through."

And Mr. R. T. Townsville, Queensland, recently wrote: "My joints were all stiff, I had leg pains, my back used to ache day and night. My bladder was weak. I had headaches and no appetite. The first dose of CYSTEX helped me and before I finished three boxes my health and strength came back."

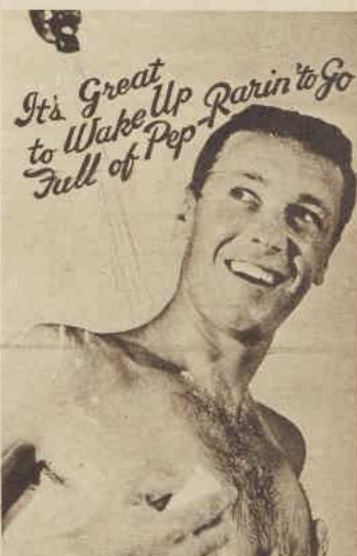


PHOTO BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

TRY IT OUT - CYSTEX IS
GUARANTEED
NO BENEFIT - NO PAY

Get CYSTEX from your chemist or store today under this fair-play plan. Give it what you consider to be a fair and thorough test. See for yourself how it drives away many pains and makes you feel younger, stronger and more healthful. See how it helps you enjoy a better night's rest so that you can get up feeling refreshed—full of pep and ready for the pleasures and activities of life. CYSTEX must satisfy you completely in every way, or you need merely return the empty packet and get your money back.

● Dior's classically tailored suit, right, has a double-breasted jacket with a wasp waist and long roll collar faced with black velvet. The skirt is box-pleated.

Suits and coats

● Inspired styling and perfect workmanship are shown in suits and coats designed for town, country, or travel wear. The eight versatile models were sketched in Paris by our fashion artist, Rene.



● Marcel Rochas used yellow alpaca for the all-enveloping travel coat, above. The snug, high rounded collar matches the rounded cuffs. Beret and coat buttons are doeskin.

● Marcel Rochas combines grey flannel and a wool plaid in the suit, above centre. The jacket buttons up to a peaked collar and has matching cuffs. The wool plaid skirt is stem slim.

● Jeanne Lafaurie designed the thick hairy wool all-purpose coat, right. The silhouette is voluminous, sleeves and revers wide. The coat is worn over a slimly tailored city suit.

in new moods

● Balenciaga's superbly feminine suit, right, looks equally chic in wool or silk. The basque of the jacket is draped on the left hip with a wide tie. The skirt is straight and slim.

● Dior's model, below, is made in soft super-fine flannel. The double-breasted cutaway jacket has a skilfully draped neckline. The hipline is moulded and the skirt narrow.

● Dior's heavy alpaca coat, below, has an unusual front-buttoned fastening in a deep box-pleat. The matching scarf stole is attached to the back of the neat Chinese collar. This versatile stole can be draped in many ways.



● Pierre Balmain's black cloth suit, left, has a matching velvet jacket trim on the collar and pockets. The skirt is draped up to one side with a fringed sash, which pulls through the pocket.

RENE

BIG

-that's the only word for

Kellogg's
CORN FLAKES
ORIGINAL
Nestlé

"One-third of your daily food needs here"

**Better Flavour!
Bigger Value!**

**Here's Today's
Breakfast
Bargain!**

There just isn't a breakfast cereal with a flavour to equal Kellogg's Corn Flakes. And as for freshness!—well, listen to those big, golden flakes as they rustle out of the packet!

It's the cereal everyone

**NUTRITION
EXPERTS say:**

"One plate of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with milk and sugar plus fresh fruit and bread and butter (or toast) gives you ONE-THIRD of your daily food needs. Another fact . . . you save real money when you serve Kellogg's Corn Flakes. Compare the cost with what you pay for meat, eggs, bacon, fish, etc., these days!"

wants. No "fussy" eaters when you serve these big, toasty-tasty corn flakes. Only 30 seconds to serve—no greasy washing up.

24 BIG
breakfasts in
every 16-oz. packet

Kellogg's
CORN FLAKES

IN THE BIG 14 OZ. TIN



OLD DUTCH
CLEANSER
★ CLEANS FASTER!
★ CLEANS EASIER!
★ TESTS PROVE IT!

ECHO MY TEARS

Jan Foster

A thriller in its most modern form—psychiatry, attempted murders, and, of course, a beautiful woman!

15/- SHAKESPEARE HEAD PRESS 15/-
Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide.



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 275.—NIGHTGOWN

This charming nightgown is available cut out ready for you to make in a lovely rayon crepe-de-chine. The color choice includes white, sky-blue, and pastel-pink. Lace trimming to finish is supplied. Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 39/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 41/9. Postage and registration, 2/9 extra.

No. 277.—BABY'S PILLOW-SLIP

This pillow-slip for baby is available traced ready to embroider in white organdie. Size, 11in. x 17in. (Finish with a narrow lace edging—this is not supplied.) Price, 4/11. Postage, 7d. extra.

No. 278.—LITTLE GIRL'S FROCK

Attractive style for the small girl; available cut out ready for you to make in cesora. The color choice includes green, pink, cream, and maize. Sizes, 17in., for 1yr., 25/6; 18in., for 2yrs., 26/9; 19in., for 3yrs., 27/11. Postage and registration, 1/8 extra.

No. 276.—HEART-SHAPED DUCHESSE SET

A heart-shaped duchesse set, traced ready to embroider on a heavy Irish cream linen or sheer linen in shades of pale blue, white, green, and pink; or a good-quality British cotton in shades of green, blue, lemon, and pink. Finish with a narrow lace edging (this is not supplied). Sizes: Centre mat measures 12in. x 14in. and the smaller mats 8in. x 8in. Prices: Linen, 7/11; cotton, 5/6. Postage, 7d. extra.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework notions over 4/11 sent by registered post. Send orders for Needlework Notions (note prices) to address given on this page.

Fashion PATTERNS

F2012.—Frock. Requires 4yds. 54in. material and 2yds. contrast braid. Sizes, 32in. to 42in. bust. Price, 3/6.

F2013.—Little girl's coat. Requires 2½yds. 54in. material. Sizes, 18in., 20in., 23in., and 27in. lengths, for 2, 4, 6, and 8 yrs. Price, 2/-.

F2014.—Boy's coat. Requires 1½yds. 54in. material. Sizes, 18in., 20in., 23in., and 27in. lengths, for 2, 4, 6, and 8 yrs. Price, 2/-.

F2015.—Two-piece lingerie set. Requires 3yds. 36in. material for the slip and 1½yds. 36in. material for scanties. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Price, 4/6.

F2016.—Suit. Requires 4yds. 54in. material and ½ yd. contrasting material. Sizes, 32in. to 42in. bust. Price, 3/6.

PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F2017.—Overall, beginners' pattern. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material and 9yds. contrasting braid. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Price, 2/-.



* Fashion Patterns may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 400, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 56-D, G.P.O., Hobart. New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland.

AFTERWARDS Voice of a Dove

Sarah knew she should have told someone where she was going. But Petunia's Jimmy would surely do that and Rachel would tell Tim and the police.

There just wasn't a moment in time. Jennie was the important thing. She knew now where she would be. At the man Haley's. And pray heaven she was still alive.

In the darkness of the taxi Sarah retained enough sense to try to clean up her earth-grimed hands, and also to feel thankful that earlier in the afternoon, from some meticulous sense of being prepared, she had changed into a suit and was carrying some money in her pocket.

She asked the driver to let her out at Hammersmith Bridge and inquired from him how to get on to the towpath by the river.

He seemed surprised, but pointed out the way willingly enough.

"Follow the road between those buildings, then you cross a green, an old burying ground it used to be. Don't trip over a tombstone in the dark—," he gave a short guffaw at his morbid humor—"then you come to the Rose and Crown and the towpath runs on from there."

Sarah found the track across the cemetery and hurried because although it wasn't very late there was no one about. A bomb had fallen in one end of the cemetery and there were slabs of ancient concrete torn up like the old whitened roots of trees, and one or two derelict buildings.

In contrast to the darkness of the green, the isolated lights in the windows of shabby houses and then, a hundred yards further in, the swinging sign of the Rose and Crown were as comforting as a warm fire.

Sarah decided to try the Rose and Crown first, because that was what Tim would have been doing had he not been out on a different search to-night.

Boldly, she went in and saw the typical inn parlor with its polished counter, dart board,

and piano. The patrons, a sprinkling of men and two women at a table in the corner, all looked at her. Ignoring them she went to the bar and ordered a glass of ale.

As the barman served her she leaned across and said casually, "Could you tell me if a man called Haley ever comes in here?"

"Haley?" said the barman. He was a young man with a pleasant face. He looked at Sarah curiously, no doubt puzzled by her wind-blown hair and haggard look. "Joe Haley?"

"I don't know his Christian name," Sarah answered, controlling her excitement.

"If it's Joe he's usually here of a night. You'd better wait." Somebody behind her spoke, "Joe Haley likely won't be in to-night. He's got visitors. I saw them arrive this afternoon."

Sarah swung round. "Do you know where he lives, then?" she asked the man who was her informant.

"Yes. A dozen or so houses past here by the river. The last house before the boatsheds. If you go down there you're bound to find him."

"But he has visitors?"

"Yes. A tall gentleman and a little girl. The gentleman went away but the kid's still there, far as I know. He's not quite the kind of chap to leave a child with, if you ask me."

Sarah was trembling. Her luck in getting information at the first attempt was incredible.

As she went out someone began to play the piano. The melody followed her into the dark and for a while kept away the sound of the wind whistling in a lonely way round the sharp corners of houses.

The street got narrower and finally came on to the river's side. Then she could smell the cool dark water and see it sliding past. Barges were anchored a little way out and scattered lights twinkled.

The houses grew more isolated, then she saw the large dark shape of the boatshed just

Continued from page 6

ting into the river. Just beside it was a tall, thin house with broken steps leading up to the front door.

Sarah climbed the uneven steps, found the knocker, and tapped loudly.

As she waited she could hear the slapping of water against the piles of the boatshed and again the faint weeping sound of the wind. She had a feeling of being completely in a nightmare, and had to force herself by a last effort of will to remain where she was.

There was a faint sound on the other side of the door. Sarah tried to get her breath.

If her heart thudded like this she wouldn't be able to speak, and how foolish it would be if she couldn't tell Joe Haley, exporter of Farnet Flats, that she had come to take Jennie home.

The door began to open. All at once, a light flashed in her face. She was dazzled. She couldn't see who stood there, enemy or friend, headless man or angel.

"Why, Sarah!" came Oliver's voice, raised a little in surprise. "How ever did you find your way here?"

After all Sarah found herself speechless. Why had it never occurred to her that Oliver might be here? Ostensibly he was out searching with the police, but of course she might have guessed he would slip away and come down here.

Tim had known the danger. Why, she thought in frantic anger, had he been so careless to allow Oliver to get away?

Oliver's big familiar figure standing there before her had the peculiar dual effect of both reassuring her and plunging her deeper into the nightmare.

In that instant, a vivid remembrance came to her of how she had first heard his voice over Aunt Florence's wall, deep and soothing as the doves in the trees, and in a queer way both past and present were one.

The danger she had sensed then had now come to fruition.

"But come in," she heard Oliver saying hospitably. "Don't stand out there in the cold."

When she obeyed, her legs moving automatically, it was as if she were doing what she had known instinctively she must do some time—stepping into the mystery and danger that lay the other side of the wall.

Oliver led the way down a narrow passage with an uneven floor to a living-room at the back of the house. Almost before she noticed the man on the couch. Sarah was aware of the unkempt air of the place. There was dust thick on the table, except where damp rings showed where glasses had stood.

Under the table and in the hearth there were empty bottles. The man on the couch, unshaven, small, with a face as sharp and pointed as a fox's, but with miserable apathetic eyes, was too drunk to speak.

That, thought Sarah contemptuously, was Joe Haley. The Rose and Crown wouldn't be seeing him to-night. Oddly enough, her contempt for his condition brought back her courage. Oliver, she told herself grimly, had got away with far too much, and he wasn't going to scare her!

Oliver had found a piece of cloth and was carefully dusting a chair.

"Sit down, Sarah," he said. "That's a fellow called Haley, but I'm afraid he's not in a condition to make conversation. Will you have a drink yourself?"

Sarah remained standing. "I've come for Jennie, as you know," she said. "Just show me where she is and I'll take her home."

Please turn to page 36

Bewitching beauty for your lips . . .



PATRICIA NEAL
of Warner Bros.

DRESS SENSE PATTERN

● Betty Keep, who conducts our weekly fashion feature Dress Sense, is on holiday, but she has chosen the weekly Dress Sense pattern for the four weeks she will be away. Her feature will be resumed when she returns.

WHEN ordering a paper pattern for the design illustrated, address your letter to Mrs. Betty Keep, "Dress Sense," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Enclose the illustration of the design and 3/6, cost of pattern.

BE SURE TO GIVE FULL ADDRESS, INCLUDING THE STATE YOU LIVE IN, AND ALSO SUFFICIENT SIZE.

I will be glad to advise you in my column on any fashion problem.



FROCK. — Requires 3yd. 34in. material and 1yd. 36in. contrasting material. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Price, 3/6.

... it's COLES for these budget prices ...



Starlet Nail Enamel	2/6
Propelling Lipstick	4/6
Slide Action Lipstick	2/9
Crepe Makeup	3/3
Compact Powder	4/3
Compact Rouge	2/9
Cuticle & Polish Remover	1/11

Throughout Australia at all **COLES** stores.

G. J. COLES & COY. LIMITED (INC. IN VIC.)

OLIVER smiled Voice of a Dove

Continued from page 35

ernally, "Ah, don't be in a hurry, my dear," he said. "Jennie's asleep. She's perfectly all right."

"She can be woken."

"I'm afraid that would be difficult."

Sarah's new courage almost vanished. She looked at Oliver with her question unspoken.

He gave his wide smile again. "You don't trust me now, do you, Sarah? That's a pity. But there's no need to be alarmed. I wouldn't have designs on Jennie's life. She's too precious."

"So that was it. His enormous ego had saved Jennie. The solitary descendant of the family must not die."

"She was in such a state, I've given her something to make her sleep," he announced blandly. "I was sorry I had to do this to-day, but it hadn't occurred to me that she knew more than she should. She's too sharp, the minx."

"And what were you going to do with her after she woke up?"

"I'm going to send her to the country out of harm's way. I know a woman who will take her." He turned his amiable smile on her. "Don't worry, Sarah. You won't know anything about it."

Sarah's relief that Jennie was all right turned to chilling horror. He still meant to go on with his intentions. Her arrival was simply a trifling annoyance to be brushed aside—how?

He picked up a bottle and took the cork out.

"You ought to have a drink, Sarah. You look frozen. And tired, too. You had quite a fight last night, didn't you? This is brandy. It will do you good."

Sarah said simply, "Take me to Jennie."

"But it's no use, my dear. He's dead to the world. Almost as dead as Haley over there."

The sound of his name stirred some recognition in Haley.

"No party to this," he muttered. "This is different."

"Have another drink, old man," said Oliver, handing him a glass.

"Kidnapping!" Haley said, with a glassy stare. He took

the glass, swallowed the brandy in one mouthful, then slumped again.

Oliver nodded towards him tolerantly.

"He's a useful fellow when he's sober. A little expensive, maybe, but it's been worth it."

His smugness and his profound pleasure in his cleverness suddenly made Sarah's fear and apprehension turn to contempt. So great was it that she became reckless. She would strip him of his conceit if it were the last thing she ever did.

"Not too expensive if it saves your life," she said.

He looked at her with interest. "What are you suggesting, my dear?"

"Why did you lie to me about the house in Pimlico?" she demanded. "Why have you deliberately left it empty? What's there that you're afraid someone will find out?"

It was a shot in the dark. But curiously his eyes seemed to darken with a queer kind of excitement as if her words had released something in him.

"You're too inquisitive, Sarah. And you're jumping to conclusions. You're thinking about Lexie Adams, aren't you? Don't worry, she's where no one will ever find her."

"No!" Sarah whispered. The suspicion as to what he meant was like a blow, taking her breath away, choking her with horror.

"And he knows—where she is, too?" she got out, indicating Haley.

"By no means. He's merely been useful in inventing a double life for her. There was no other man, of course."

Sarah remembered Jennie's story about the lady with violets coming to the house in Pimlico, and Oliver being there alone to receive her. Now she couldn't speak at all.

"It saved a lot of awkward inquiries," Oliver went on. "I always had much more forethought than Eliot. He shook his head regretfully. "Eliot had brains, but he wouldn't admit that I had the ingenuity and organising ability. He should

have worked in with me better."

He poured some more brandy into a glass and leaned across the table.

"This is wonderful, you know, having someone to talk to at last. I've had to keep this particular piece of cleverness to myself for so long that I must admit I enjoy boasting about it. As a boy I was always told I was so dull."

"But you enjoy power?"

"Yes. That was a compensation I discovered. It's the most intoxicating thing in the world. Manipulating people at one's will—"

"Venetia—too?"

He nodded. "Venetia knew too much. That was Eliot's fault. He told her our secret, told her deliberately as a sort of legacy to me, and then hanged himself. He thought that would make things just too difficult for me. But I found a way out even then. Only Venetia had to be kept quiet."

COLD horror kept Sarah silent. Oliver took a drink, savoring the brandy with enjoyment. Then he went on talking, obviously enjoying himself.

"Venetia's unfortunate tendency which I only discovered the night your aunt indiscreetly left her ring lying about gave me a lever, but I found later it wasn't enough. Do you know, she'd been doing that kind of thing since she was a school-girl? No wonder her family was anxious to get her married off, with a good slice of money as compensation for the unlucky husband, I suppose."

Then he laughed, pleased at his cleverness. "But as you can see I was able to turn the whole thing to my own advantage. A pity last night didn't turn out quite successfully."

"And Jennie?" Sarah said, little above a whisper.

"Ah, Jennie." His face became soft and affectionate.

"She's a sharp one. She was even wary when I suggested this afternoon that we should slip down to Kensington High Street for ten minutes and buy a present that she could take back to the party."

"I'd been wondering how I could get her alone, and then I found her carrying that cat of your aunt's into the house. The opportunity couldn't have been better."

He gave his terrible laugh. "I made good time over that little errand, too, because I was back before she was found to be missing. I was smart, too—took her frock so she couldn't run away, and buried it so it couldn't be seen. It was all quite amusing, really."

"You can't possibly hope to get away with all this," Sarah gasped.

"Why not?" His eyes were on her. "You're the only person who knows anything. I'm sorry, but if you would poke your nose in—"

"Mine won't be the only one poked in," Sarah said, succeeding with a tremendous effort in keeping her voice calm. Why, why had she been so foolhardy as to come down here alone?

"Yes," said Oliver thoughtfully. "I realise now it wasn't a wise thing to take Jennie away. I should merely have talked to her and held her by the power of fear as I did Eliot and Venetia. I shall probably have to take her home saying I found her sleeping in an empty allotment. But you, my dear, have unfortunately slipped into the river during your search. Too bad, isn't it?"

Sarah turned her head jerkily towards Haley, who was staring rigidly at the wall.

"Oh, don't depend on him. He's unconscious when he gets to that stage. I know of old." Oliver crossed over and touched the man on the shoulder and he subsided on to the couch.

"You see?" he said. "There's really no escape for you. The doors are locked and the windows are too small for you to get through quickly. I'd be

As I read the Stars

By EVE HILLIARD

ARIES (March 21-April 20): High jinks for the Aries crowd. Love affairs flourish, party-going is in the news, and Lady Luck is standing by. July 20 and 25 tops; July 23 expensive.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20): Stay home and like it, Mrs. Taurus. July 22 favors refurbishing the wardrobe or rearranging furniture. July 24 a milestone for home-seekers.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): Racing round in ever-wider circles? Right now favors mixing with the crowd as spectator or participant. On July 24 you may hear news to your advantage.

CANCER (June 22-July 22): It's never easy for Cancer folk to let the head rule the heart, but you must be practical on July 21 and stay solvent. Then on July 25 it's primroses for you.

LEO (July 23-August 22): July 21 begins a brand-new chapter, with Lions spotlighted. If personal relations are unsatisfactory, July 21 and 25 bring a showdown and plain speaking.

VIRGO (August 23-September 23): Should July 19 fall a little flat, you can't expect to live at high pitch always, and July 24 is likely to mean a wish granted.

LIBRA (September 24-October 23): Most of you should find July 22 excellent for any business proposition or for club meetings. Young Librans go all romantic on July 24.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22): Take pencil and paper and draw up a plan of campaign on July 20. Carry out any enterprise in regard to career or social prestige on July 23.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20): Journeys, long or short, undertaken on July 20 are likely to exceed expectations. Be cautious in traffic or where accidents are possible on July 23.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): Guard health, particularly where colds are concerned, on July 20, taking all the rest possible. July 22 favors all business affairs.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): If young, you may fall in or out of love on July 20. If older, you may decide to join a different social group. Happy hours on July 25.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): Don't have a run-in with the boss of your home or office on July 21. July 23 is inclined to delightful extravagance.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]

bound to catch you and I'm very much stronger than you are. But don't be afraid, my dear. I'll make it as painless as possible. All you have to do is drink a sleeping draught I'm going to give you. It's Lionel's prescription for Venetia, you've been pouring it into her often enough."

"You are mad," Sarah said between dry lips.

Oliver smiled. "Have it your

own way." He was dissolving some tablets in water. Then he poured a little brandy into the mixture.

"Just to make it tasty," he said. "That's really a very fine drink and it will have an effect quite quickly because I've used a generous amount. Is there anything else you want to say while your mind's clear?"

Please turn to page 37



DOES WHAT IT CLAIMS!

ON ONE of Sydney's sunniest days Miss Lois Morrart became Mrs. John Olson of Ocean Beach, Manly. It was in Manly's blue surf that Lois first met John—the surf that showed her lovely clear complexion in all its natural beauty, and played cupid to this lovely Pears Bride.



That clear, smooth

Pears skin

can be yours!

Babies have it . . . Brides have it
You can have it too!

No matter what your mirror tells you now, you can begin to see improvement in your skin in just a few days. Gentle Pears Soap, preferred by generations of beautiful women, can help you discover your greatest natural asset—the appeal of a clear, smooth skin.



From clear, pure PEARS Soap—a clear smooth PEARS Skin

PS.50a.W122g

FOOT ITCH HELPED 1st DAY

Do your feet itch so badly that they nearly drive you crazy? Does the skin crack and peel? Are there blisters between your toes and on the soles of your feet? The real cause is a germ or fungus which you must kill to get rid of the trouble. At last it is possible to end these foot troubles with 42. American Hospital Discovery relief. Nisaderm kills germs and fungi, and in 24 hours the skin begins to heal clear and smooth. Get Nisaderm from your chemist. To-day wider positive guarantee to heal! 100¢ foot itch or money back.

All the goodness of
4 great grain foods!

Granola



Four great grain foods in one! Delicious! Easy to serve! All grocers!

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—July 23, 1952

Voice of a Dove

Continued from page 36

SARAH held out her hand for the glass, but Oliver shook his head.

"Oh, no, my dear, don't be so anxious. You might spill it, mightn't you? I shall hold the glass myself while you drink."

With the glass in his hand he advanced towards her.

"I'd rather you didn't scream, Sarah. It's distressing, but if you must it will be quite all right. The house next door is empty and there's a boatshed on the other side. Nobody's around there at this time of night."

He was still smiling in a kind, gentle manner, but now his eyes glittered in a way that reduced her all at once to complete panic. The nightmare she had been fighting assumed gigantic proportions and swept over her like a dark wave.

"No!" she screamed. She shrank back, staring in horror at the tumbler. "No! You can't make me drink it!"

When the window behind her was thrown up with such a jerk that the glass shattered she hardly heard it. Glass tinkled in staccato sounds on the floor, the blind was wrenched aside, and Sergeant Jackson's face appeared.

"All right, that's enough," he said. "Don't drink that little mixture, miss. I'll just be keeping it for a curiosity."

After that Sarah's mind couldn't take in very much. She was aware of Oliver drawing himself up haughtily and say-

ing with devastating confidence, "And on what charges do you arrest me?"

"Well, there's a little matter of a hit-and-run driver charge, to begin with. Your car answers to the description of the one that knocked Mr. Tim Royle down last night."

Sarah, in a peculiar, blurred way, saw Tim come in at the door. She noticed that his face was taut with anxiety, and that when he saw her it went blank with relief.

She stumbled towards him and felt his arm, his one good arm, go tightly round her.

"Is that all?" she heard Oliver saying contemptuously.

"By no means. If you want the rest you can have it. We'll be asking you to explain how the body of a woman came to be buried in an air-raid shelter at 57 Birchell Street, Pimlico, a shelter that is now converted into a tool shed with a fine new concrete floor."

And then at last the jig-saw puzzle was complete and Sarah, watching Oliver's eyes becoming curiously blank and unfocused, knew why Eliot had hated the sound of doves.

Because they had been crooning in the old pear tree the afternoon he had helped Oliver to dig the grave in the disused air-raid shelter, and they had become mixed forever in his mind with the bland, compelling voice of his brother.

Please turn to page 38

Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear
or cut out
ready to make



"SHAN."—Nightgown: A dainty nightgown style for the small lass. Available in a pretty floral winceyette on grounds of blue, lemon, green, pink, and white.

Ready To Wear.—Sizes, 1yr., 19/3; 2yrs., 20/9; 3yrs., 21/9; 4yrs., 22/11. Postage and registration, 1/10 extra.

Cut Out Only.—Sizes, 1yr., 13/3; 2yrs., 14/9; 3yrs., 15/11; 4yrs., 16/11. Postage and registration, 1/10 extra.

"FIONA."—Nightgown: Attractive style in good quality floral flannelette on grounds of blue, lemon, green, pink, and white.

Ready To Wear.—Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 49/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, 52/9. Postage and registration, 3/6 extra.

Cut Out Only.—Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 34/9; 36in. and 38in. bust, 37/6. Postage and registration, 3/6 extra.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 34. Frocks may be inspected or obtained immediately at Fashion Frocks, Stoddart's Building, 21 Pier Street, Sydney.

Amazing new discovery kills indoor smells

It's the wick that does the trick!



Air-wick

the ONLY air freshener available containing

Chlorophyll

Something wonderfully new for the home and office. Air-wick, the marvellous new discovery that kills smells as if by magic. Just unscrew the cap, pull up the wick, and all disagreeable smells vanish. And Air-wick is not a disinfectant, it doesn't merely cover up one smell with another, because . . . Air-wick contains Chlorophyll, the miracle-working substance nature uses to keep grass and trees fresh and green. It actually kills smells in the air—boiling cabbage, burning fat, stale tobacco. It freshens the air in stuffy halls, bathrooms, musty, uninvited rooms.

Money-back guarantee. If, after using Air-wick according to instructions, you are not satisfied, return the partly used bottle and you will be reimbursed.

Air-wick is the ONLY air-freshener sold in Australia which is also sold in the U.S.A. and England. It is regularly used in over 11,000,000 American homes.

Air-wick

Costs less than one penny per day to use
At all chemists, grocers, hardware & general stores.

CORNBREAD ARISTOCRAT

Claud Garner

Toby Giles, go-getter and fortune-hunter, was wise in business but foolish with women.

A red-blooded, well-told story which will enthral the reader.

18/9

From all Booksellers.

SHAKESPEARE HEAD PRESS
Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide.

WHEN Sarah awoke it was daylight. Instinctively she looked at her bedroom clock and saw that it was a quarter past ten. She started up, half dazed, not knowing whether the blurred memory of the previous night was real or part of a disordered sleep.

Then she heard Tim's voice, "And high time, too, my pet. You've slept the clock round." Sarah sank back on the pillow with an exquisite sensation of relief.

"You're here," she murmured. "Rachel said I was in love with you. What nonsense!" "What nonsense, indeed," Tim agreed cheerfully. "You'd sweep the floor with me, wouldn't you?"

"And don't call me names when I'm half asleep." "Then wake up. You've got a lot to hear."

At that Sarah began to come completely back to reality.

"Tim, your arm. How is it?" "It's fine. I can tie my own shoelaces now. I believe I've chipped several seconds off the record for a one-armed man."

"Where's Jennie?" "She's downstairs with Mrs. Hopkins and she's none the worse for her experience. She was fortunately put to sleep yesterday before she had time to get really frightened, so she doesn't remember much now. Mrs. Hopkins is spoiling her shamefully and Petunia's very smugly flashing a diamond ring.

The element of danger seemed to bring Jimmy up to scratch."

"Yes, Jimmy," said Sarah, repressing a shudder. "If it hadn't been for him—"

"If you hadn't rushed off like a mad thing, my sweet. You might have known we had Oliver covered. The only reason we let him come out was because we guessed he'd eventually lead us to his hide-out."

"You mean you were there all the time?"

"No, not all the time. He gave us the slip for a while. By the time we got on his trail again you were there."

Tim reached out to touch her hand. "It was horrible. As much as we heard and what you must have gone through."

"It wasn't real," Sarah said. "It was a nightmare. But, Tim, in telling me everything else he didn't tell me why he started all this—this orgy of deaths and accidents."

"It's perfectly simple, of course," Tim answered. "I began to get it when the old lady said how jealous Oliver had always been of Eliot's ability."

"And he was also jealous of Eliot's lady friends?"

"He would have been had Eliot had them. But Lexie Adams wasn't Eliot's friend in that sense. She was an actress. She was a very talented person and also very kind. She was helping him with his first play which she considered exceptionally promising. The play's name was 'Meadowsweet'."

"Eliot's!" Sarah gasped. "Not Oliver's."

"But that was what Venetia was trying to tell me last night. I didn't understand."

"At first," Tim went on, "Lexie was the only person who knew that. When Oliver found she wasn't going to play in his little scheme there was only one thing to do according to his reasoning. That was to remove her. So he asked her to the house in Pimlico on an afternoon when he knew Mary and Eliot would be out, and strangled her."

"He had meant to shoot her, but after standing over her with a gun while she wrote that note he was afraid of the sound of the shot."

Sarah thought of Oliver's broad, strong hands and shuddered deeply.

"And then he went on blackmailing Eliot into writing for him?"

"Yes. The shock of finding Lexie dead and her body hidden in the air-raid shelter, and then Oliver forcing him into assisting with the burial was more than Eliot could recover from. It sounds hard to believe that he would spinelessly let a thing like that happen, but as you know from their mother Oliver had always browbeaten Eliot."

"Tim, your arm. How is it?" "It's fine. I can tie my own shoelaces now. I believe I've chipped several seconds off the record for a one-armed man."

"Where's Jennie?" "She's downstairs with Mrs. Hopkins and she's none the worse for her experience. She was fortunately put to sleep yesterday before she had time to get really frightened, so she doesn't remember much now. Mrs. Hopkins is spoiling her shamefully and Petunia's very smugly flashing a diamond ring.

The element of danger seemed to bring Jimmy up to scratch."

"Yes, Jimmy," said Sarah, repressing a shudder. "If it hadn't been for him—"

"If you hadn't rushed off like a mad thing, my sweet. You might have known we had Oliver covered. The only reason we let him come out was because we guessed he'd eventually lead us to his hide-out."

"You mean you were there all the time?"

"No, not all the time. He gave us the slip for a while. By the time we got on his trail again you were there."

Voice of a Dove

Continued from page 37

"And Mary?"

"I don't know," said Tim. "I can only guess. She'd hate coming to live here. I think she and Eliot were happy before. Then she wouldn't believe that Eliot had been having an affair with Lexie Adams because she knew he loved her."

His face was grim and sadly reminiscent. "She was an intelligent girl. She would discover the truth. And that, as you know, was the first snag Oliver had to encounter."

"Poor Mary!"

Tim was silent a moment. "Oliver's first real difficulty," he went on, "arose when something he hadn't foreseen happened. Eliot's spirit, for a variety of reasons, broke. He committed suicide, and that I like to think deliberately before the second play was finished. It put Oliver on a spot."

SARAH remembered with distressing vividness the day Oliver had wept in his study after Burgess Reid had visited him. So his tears hadn't been from grief at all, but from fury and frustration at his inability to realise something so nearly in his grasp.

"But he cheered up after that," she said. "He was confident the play would be finished."

"Ah, yes. That was when Brian Page came on the scene. A promising young writer eager to earn a little money without talking about it. He was going to complete the play. I shouldn't be surprised if Oliver had much darker schemes afoot there. I'm quite sure he thought he had found a successor to Eliot."

Sarah put her hands over her face in horror. "Tim—at first I liked him."

"Why not? He was an attractive fellow. He went out of his way to make people like him. It was all right at the beginning when no one suspected anything, but when the pressure

was on he definitely panicked. His actions lost coherence and he did incredibly stupid things, like Jennie's abduction—the drama of the moment, sneaking her away, burying her dress, appealed to him without working out the consequences."

"And you last night—he was living completely in the moment, not thinking of what would happen when the young woman's body fished out of the Thames had been identified. Sorry, darling, I don't mean to be brutal."

"I can take it now," Sarah answered. Then she said, "What's going to happen?"

"He'll be tried for murder, but it's almost certain insanity will be proved. At the moment he doesn't mind, you know. He's enjoying having headlines in the newspapers."

"He's like his mother," Sarah said, remembering the chess game yesterday, "vociferously turning his defeat to a sham victory." After a moment she asked, "What about Venetia?"

"She's much better now she knows it's all over. Poor thing, she's had a ghastly time since Eliot's death. She's going home to her people. They've agreed to be responsible for her."

"And Jennie?"

Sarah was surprised to see Tim suddenly look self-conscious and almost shy.

"Well, that cottage of mine in Cornwall has quite a lot of room."

"Are you taking her there, Tim? She'll be head over heels with delight."

But even while she spoke wholeheartedly Sarah had a feeling of sadness. She had grown very fond of Jennie.

"She won't want to say goodbye to you, Sarah."

"Oh, she'll get over that. When are you leaving?"

"In a day or so. I just have a lunch appointment to keep."

"The important one you talked about? You knew almost to the day when this mystery would clear up, didn't you?"

"Yes, I calculated rather nicely. I'm not so sure about the lunch calculations, though."

Beauty in brief:

Winter Beauty Rules

By CAROLYN EARLE

● Winter well-being comes from an overflow of physical and nervous energy; this energy is not a special gift—it has to be built up and then guarded.

ADEQUATE rest, exercise, sensible eating habits, and warmth are the building stones of pep and charm during this season of the year.

Sleep will do much for health and beauty. You are in the market for a cold when you are overtired, and, although you may seemingly get by on less sleep, eight hours or more of rest every night is the given figure to help ward off this tiresome complaint.

Next to sleep, an ounce of exercise is worth pounds of vitamin pills. Remember to breathe through the nostrils when you exercise and follow your daily dosing with a tepid shower and a brisk rubdown.

Sudden chills are responsible for many a winter ache. Wear warm, protective clothing when you are out of doors and try to keep indoor temperatures at medium warm point.

On the diet front, eat as many green vegetables and citrus fruits as you can manage. Avoid too many starches. Keep your water intake at the maximum.

"Why? Is it Rachel, Tim?" Sarah was proud of the non-chalance of her voice.

"Rachel! Good heavens, no. She's going straight back to the States now this thing's been cleared up."

"Is she? I didn't know. I thought—"

"Sarah, for a person of your intelligence you think the greatest amount of distorted nonsense. Just what goes on in that charming head of yours—"

Before he could finish he was interrupted by the door opening sufficiently for Jennie to insert her neat dark head. Her cheeks were pink, her eyes sparkling with excitement.

"Sarah, Mrs. Hopkins is reading her cup again," she announced excitedly. "Just for me, she said. And she's seen a bride's veil."

"Fancy!" said Sarah. "Tim,

please go. I want to get dressed."

Tim sighed heavily. "Dash it all, I do have to go back on my word after all! I swore I'd never ask you to lunch with me again."

Sarah stared at him. She saw the mocking twinkle in his eyes, but beneath it the tenderness, the longing, the sincerity that was not to be doubted. Color began to rise in her cheeks. All at once she felt peaceful, and deeply happy.

"Oh, Tim, you ass," she said gruffly. "All right, I suppose I must come. I'll meet you in Trafalgar Square under Nelson's Column at a quarter to one. And don't be late."

"Me late!" Tim ejaculated indignantly. "Me!"

"But, Sarah, listen!" Jennie implored. "The bride's veil is for you!"

(Copyright)

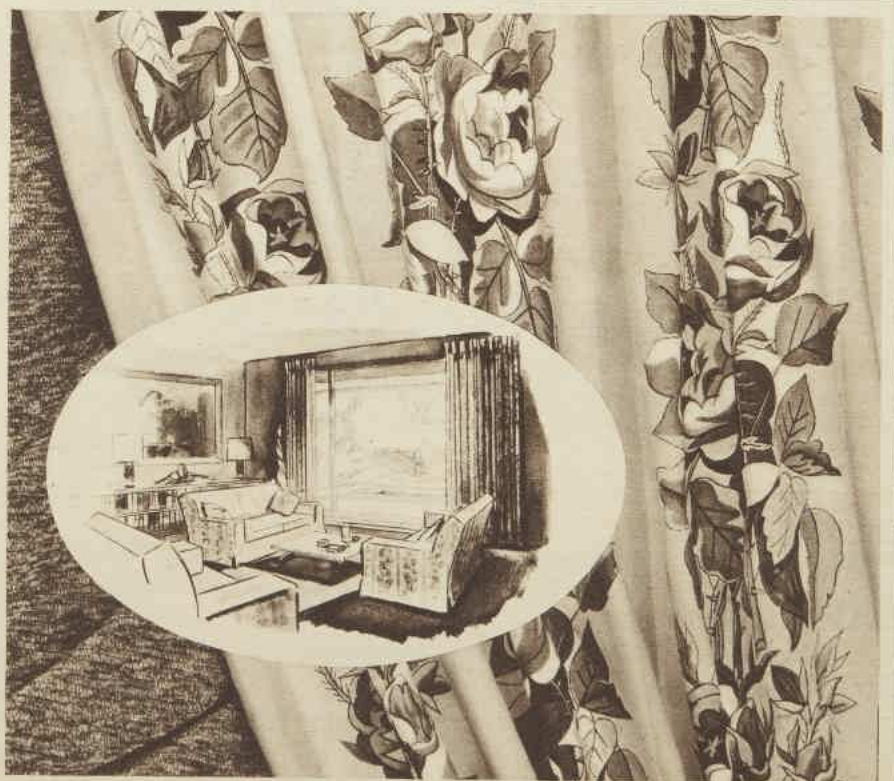
SUNDOUR

FINE FURNISHING FABRICS

There are so many places in a home where Sundour fabrics are needed. Windows just ask to be transformed with Sundour nets or muslins, and sumptuous curtains of velvet or brocade. Chairs and couches cry out for lovely new Sundour covers of chintz or repp. Give your house the beauty-treatment it deserves—let there be Sundour in every room! These fine furnishing fabrics are obtainable at good stores everywhere.

All Sundour fabrics are guaranteed against fading—most of them for the whole of their life

MORTON SUNDOUR FABRICS LIMITED
CARLISLE ENGLAND



Family recipes win prizes

● A basic bread pudding which can be varied by the addition of one of two delicious sauces wins the main prize of £5 in this week's cookery contest.

ONE sauce is richly flavored with chocolate, the other tangy with lemon.

Any other sauce of similar consistency, such as orange, caramel, or passionfruit, can be used in place of those suggested.

All spoon measurements are level.

TWO-WAY QUEEN PUDDING

Four oz. fine, stale bread-crumbs, 1 pint milk, 2 eggs, grated rind of 1 lemon, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2oz. castor sugar, few drops vanilla or lemon essence.

Boil milk, pour over crumbs, add lemon rind. Beat egg-yolks with sugar, add to milk and crumbs. Flavor and pour into greased ovenproof dish. Stand in dish of cold water, bake in moderate oven until set. When

pudding is cooked and cooled, cover top with lemon or chocolate sauce. Beat egg-whites to meringue consistency with castor sugar. Pile on to pudding, return to very moderate oven until meringue is browned.

Lemon Sauce: Blend 3 dessertspoons cornflour with a little water, stir into 1 cup hot water. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute, and juice and grated rind of 1 lemon. Stir over gentle heat until boiling and thickened.

Chocolate Sauce: Blend 3 dessertspoons cornflour and 2 tablespoons cocoa with a little water, stir into 1 cup hot water. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar and 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute. Stir over gentle heat until boiling and thickened. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla essence.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. M. I. Blackstock, Private Bag 92, Warracknabeal, Vic.

HOT MARMALADE SCONES

Eight oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk, marmalade, 1 dessertspoon honey, extra teaspoon grated orange rind.

Sift flour and salt, rub in margarine or butter. Add sugar, grated orange and lemon rind. Beat egg, add milk, fold into dry ingredients, mixing to a soft dough. Knead lightly on floured board, roll to $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thickness, divide in two. Spread one portion thinly with marmalade, place second portion on top. Cut into $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. squares with floured sharp knife, place on greased tray. Bake in hot oven 15 minutes. Turn on to cake-cooler. Heat honey, add extra orange rind, glaze tops of scones. Serve immediately with marmalade if desired.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. A. Curran, 38 Gould St., Canterbury, N.S.W.

BANANAS AND BACON

Two slices toast, 2 bananas, 2 rashers bacon, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, salt and pepper, little bacon fat.

Remove rind from bacon, drop into boiling water, stand few minutes, drain. Fry gently in pan until crisp, remove.

Slide bananas lengthwise, place in pan with little extra bacon fat, sprinkle with salt and pepper. Cook one or two minutes on one side, turn. Sprinkle each slice with cheese, cook about 1 minute longer, place carefully on lightly buttered toast slices. Top with bacon, garnish with parsley, serve hot. Serves two.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss D. E. Ballinger, 11 Ray St., Gympie, Qld.



TWO-WAY QUEEN PUDDING has a thick layer of chocolate sauce under the meringue. The pudding requires two eggs, but serves approximately five. See prize-winning recipe.

For the girl who doesn't like a heavy make-up...

The soft-toned flattery of this greaseless base

If yours is a delicate skin — pamper it, glamorise it with this beautifully sheer foundation! A touch of Pond's Vanishing Cream smoothed on under powder flatters and protects your skin's natural beauty! This greaseless cream disappears on your skin — leaves only a smooth, adherent base for powder. Suits every skin tone! Gives an enchantingly delicate make-up that stays flower-fresh for hours!

Beauty Mask . . .

1-Minute Quick

When your skin takes on a drawn look, smooth and brighten it with a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream! So quick! Cover face, except eyes, with lavish fingerfuls of the cream. Its "keratolytic" action loosens particles of dirt and dead skin that dull your complexion. Dissolves them off! Leave on 1 minute — tissue off! Your face looks refreshed, clearer, dewy-soft!



The Marchioness of Milford Haven

"A powder base of Pond's Vanishing Cream is just right for my complexion — makes my skin feel so free and look so natural. And I can go for hours without having to re-touch."

PV25



HOT MARMALADE SCONES are especially popular for midwinter morning or afternoon teas. See the recipe on this page.

Basic recipe No. 12

KITCHEN CUT-OUTS

THIS is the twelfth of the basic recipes which are being published each week. Cut them out as they appear and keep them for future use.

SWEET BISCUITS

Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 2 tablespoons cornflour, pinch salt, 1 egg-yolk.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar. Add beaten egg-yolk, then work in sifted dry ingredients, making a very stiff mixture. Roll half at a time to $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thickness, cut into rounds with floured cutter, or cut into finger lengths with a floured knife, or roll a teaspoonful at a time into small balls with lightly floured fingers. Bake on greased tray in moderate oven approximately

12 minutes. Ice tops and decorate as desired or join with any sweet filling.

Variations

Join and top with coffee-flavored mock cream, sprinkle with chopped walnuts.

Make a meringue from 1 egg-white and 1 tablespoon sugar. Add 3 tablespoons marzipan meal and a few drops of almond essence. Spread thinly on cooked and cooled biscuits, top with an almond. Allow to set and dry out in very moderate oven.

Work finely chopped peel, grated lemon rind, and a few chopped raisins or sultanas into the mixture; roll into balls, press down with a fork when placing on tin.

Flavor mixture with grated orange rind, brush with egg-white, and sprinkle with hundreds and thousands or chopped nuts before cooking.

-but they LOOK so well!



Appearances are deceiving and however well youngsters look they often lack vital elements necessary for sturdy growth and resistance to disease. These special elements are scientifically combined in Scott's Emulsion — Vitamins A. & D., Tonic Hypophosphites and pure cod liver oil. Scott's is 'nice' to take, easy to digest, and quickly shows results. It is the natural way to keep winter's ills and chills at bay. Get the whole family, young and old, started on Scott's to-day.



Trusted by Mothers for over 70 years

SCOTT'S Emulsion
Nature's Own Food Tonic

ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

Page



Take these home today ...



...give him this tonight



POINTERS FOR PASTRY MAKERS !

Spice is nice — baked right in the pastry! Instead of adding it to the apple, try putting it in the pie crust. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of cinnamon and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon of nutmeg to the Bakeo.

To prevent pastry from shrinking, never stretch it on the pie dish.



Here's a tip to make crisp tart shells. Bake them in inverted patty tins!

To prevent the juice boiling out of fruit pies, sprinkle a little flour on the fruit.

To prevent Custard Tarts becoming soggy, brush the pastry with egg before adding the custard.



Give the rim a scissors trim! Form the top crust one inch larger than the dish, then tuck it under the bottom crust to form a standup rim. Seals in precious juices, keeps your oven clean.

To keep the edges of a pie from burning, put a strip of damp cotton around the rim.



Give your pies a professional look — glaze the top with milk, melted shortening or beaten egg. Apply with a pastry brush.

Say goodbye to soggy fruit pies — add a little tapioca to the filling.

For improved flavour, use BROWN sugar to sweeten the apples in your apple pies.

Cold pastry plus a hot oven adds up to a shapely pie crust! Pies will keep their shape in the oven if you chill them before baking.

Even if you've never made pastry before you'll be a success the first time you use clever Maxam Bakeo! To make delicious short crust pastry for a mouth-watering apple pie, all you do is add just enough water (or milk) to the Bakeo to make a stiff dough. Roll out thinly, add the filling — and bake! (Hot oven for 10 minutes — then reduce to moderate; if you use pre-cooked apples, the pie will be perfectly baked in 30-40 minutes; made with thinly sliced raw apple it will take 50-60 minutes.)

Maxam Bakeo means perfect pastry every time — the secret is in the blending! Bakeo is a carefully measured blend of finely sifted pastry flour, pure light shortening, rising and salt, blended by machine more thoroughly than ever possible by hand. And just think of the saving in time and trouble! No tedious cutting in shortening, no measuring, mixing or mess — never a failure! Besides pastry, you can make all kinds of other things with Maxam Bakeo, with such a saving in time and trouble. Recipes on every packet.



Perfect Pastry straight from the Packet — Add Water, roll out, and bake!

FROM THE SAME MAKERS AS FAMOUS MAXAM PACKET CHEESE



BY OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS

• A platter laden with hot vegetables is a decorative addition to any dinner table. It is easy to have the separate dishes cooked ready for simultaneous serving by following the directions given on this page.

GRAT care should be taken to preserve the color and flavor of vegetables and to avoid overcooking.

Select vegetables which are young and fresh and conserve food value, flavor, and color by cooking quickly in a small amount of water in a lidded saucepan or by using a pressure-cooker.

In preparing vegetables in a pressure-cooker it is wise to combine vegetables which take about the same time to cook, or to prepare them so that they all cook as quickly as the one which takes the shortest time.

The following vegetable combinations can be cooked successfully in a pressure-cooker: Potatoes cut into 1/2 in. slices, French beans cut into 1/2 in. lengths, medium-sized carrots cut into quarters. Three to four minutes' cooking time should be sufficient.

Allow about 8 minutes for medium-sized potatoes cut in halves, pumpkin cut the same size as the potatoes, and for medium-sized parsnips cut in halves.

Cauliflower flowerets, sliced carrots, and potatoes cut into 1/2 in. slices may be cooked to-

gether in 2 1/2 to 3 minutes, according to type of cooker.

CAULIFLOWER AU GRATIN

One medium-sized cauliflower cooked whole, 1/2 pint medium-thickness white sauce, 1 cup grated cheese, parsley to garnish.

Cook cauliflower in usual way, allow to drain well. Place in greased ovenware tart-plate. Mix half the cheese into freshly made hot white sauce, spoon carefully over top of cauliflower. Sprinkle with balance of cheese, place in hot oven 5 to 6 minutes or until cheese melts on top. Garnish with parsley. If desired, soft breadcrumbs may be mixed with the cheese which is sprinkled on top, then generous dabs of butter added before placing in oven to melt cheese on top. Allow whole top to brown.

SPINACH AND CHEESE SAVORIES

Six circles of day-old bread, cut with a 3 in. cutter, 3 dessertspoons butter or substitute, 6 tablespoons grated cheese, 6 thick slices tomato, salt, pepper, 1 cup finely shredded cooked spinach, 2 rashers chopped bacon.

Spread bread with butter, top with grated cheese, reserving about 1-3rd of the cheese

for the top. Place on greased tray in moderate oven and bake until crisp and lightly browned on top. Cover each piece with a tomato slice, dust with salt and pepper. Top with a spoonful of cooked spinach and chopped bacon. Sprinkle with balance of cheese. Return to oven until thoroughly reheated and until bacon on top is cooked and cheese melted and browned.

CAULIFLOWER AND TOMATO RAREBIT

Six slices toast, 3 cups cooked cauliflower sprigs, 2 large tomatoes, nut of butter, 1 egg, 1/2 cup grated cheese, salt, pepper, chopped parsley, 1 dessertspoon grated onion.

Chop skinned sliced tomatoes and place in saucepan with salt and pepper, onion, and nut of butter. Simmer until soft and pulpy. Stir in beaten egg and grated cheese. Stir over very low heat until thickened. Pile hot cauliflower sprigs on hot buttered toast, spoon tomato rarebit mixture over, and sprinkle with chopped parsley.

SPINACH PUFFS

Two cups cooked spinach, well drained and finely chopped, 2 or 3 tablespoons thick white sauce, squeeze lemon juice, pinch nutmeg, 1 egg, 1/2 cup soft breadcrumbs, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, extra breadcrumbs.

Mix spinach with sauce, lemon juice, cheese, nutmeg, beaten egg-yolk, and breadcrumbs. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-white. Dip a spoonful at a time in extra crumbs and deep fry in fuming fat. Serve piping hot with grilled bacon rolls or with any cooked vegetables.

CABBAGE AU GRATIN

Three cups finely shredded cabbage, 1 to 1 1/2 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped or grated onion, 1 rasher finely chopped bacon (rind removed), 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 1/2 cups milk, salt and pepper to taste, 1/2 teaspoon sugar, 1 egg, grated cheese.

Place shredded cabbage in saucepan with nut of good shortening and sufficient water to cover base of pan. Cover closely and cook 8 minutes. Pour off any surplus water, place cabbage in greased ovenware dish with the crumbs, onion, bacon, parsley, salt, pepper, and sugar. Beat egg, add milk, and pour over cabbage mixture. Bake in moderate oven 20 minutes, sprinkle thickly with grated cheese, and cook a further 10 to 12 minutes.

UPSIDE-DOWN VEGETABLE SHORTCAKE

One large tomato, 1 medium onion, nut of butter, salt, pepper, 1 cup diced cooked vegetables (carrots, parsnips, turnips, celery, and a few cooked peas), 1 cup good thick brown gravy or concentrated tomato soup (diluted with milk and thickened), 4oz. self-raising flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 cup milk.

Skin and chop tomato, chop onion finely. Cook tomato and onion with nut of butter, salt, and pepper until onion is soft. Place in bottom of greased 8 in. or 9 in. sandwich-tin. Add cooked vegetables and gravy or tomato soup. Sift flour, salt, and cayenne pepper. Rub in butter or substitute. Mix to a scone-dough consistency with milk. Knead lightly on floured board, press or roll to fit tin. Place gently on top of vegetables and bake in hot oven 25 minutes. Turn out and serve hot.

**YOU NEED
A TONIC?**

THEN GET

**Clements
TONIC**

AND KNOW THE BENEFIT OF

**BETTER
SLEEP
BETTER
NERVES
BETTER
APPETITE
BETTER
HEALTH**

START ON

**Clements Trial Size 4L
TONIC Family Size 6'3**

FROM YOUR CHEMIST OR STORE



**loveliness at your
fingertips**



Peggy Sage

offers you
20 BEWITCHING COLOURS
PLUS the gay, new "shimmering"
shades that have swept America.

Bring new loveliness to your hands with
Peggy Sage—proud aristocrat of
nail polishes. The range of lovely
Peggy Sage colours now includes six new
and exciting "shimmering" shades.
Ask to see the Peggy Sage range
for complete hand loveliness.

Peggy Sage

LOVELIEST THAT MONEY CAN BUY



Gentle Star

Continued from page 10

THERE were many happy years in front of Stuart, and they provided him with two entrancing grandchildren; but no single occasion in his life ever gave him more pleasure than that film premiere. He had taken Rupert into his confidence, but not Shelagh. He knew that as long as she didn't know what part she was supposed to be acting, she would act it superbly. And she did.

The real excitement began when the three of them got out of the car and walked up the red carpet between the largest policemen London could muster. The crowd behind them was a hundred deep on either side and there were cries of "Oo-er!" as they caught sight of Shelagh. This was something more than they had been promised.

Stuart had come early on purpose. He wanted to be there when Sylvia made her entrance—which he knew would be carefully timed. Women with orchids. Photographers with flashlights. Journalists with notebooks.

The flashlights kept popping as Stuart moved around nodding, shaking hands, introducing Shelagh. People always looked after them as they passed and then started whispering; and whenever there was an opportunity some news-scout would sidle up and question him. Who was she? What kind of part did he have for her? Where had he found such a lovely girl? Stuart replied quite casually that she was just a friend of his son's; but, of course, nobody believed him.

Then Sylvia Lake was coming in with four men in her train. She was radiant, on top of the world. She was quite close to Stuart before she saw him, and she addressed him as "Stuart darling!" and kissed him on the cheek. It wasn't till she was kissing him that she caught sight of Shelagh, and Stuart felt that he was extremely lucky not to be bitten. However, Sylvia carried it off. She was a good actress. She demanded to be introduced to Shelagh, and Stuart made the presentation. Sylvia said, "Charming! Quite charming!" also as though she meant it.

It was then time to take their seats, which were in the stalls. Stuart could see Sylvia glaring down at him from the stage box on the left.

Stuart's mind began to wander as the film went on. He knew every sequence of it and every trick of Sylvia's acting. Shelagh was between him and Rupert, and Rupert occasionally bent down and whispered something to her. He couldn't hear her reply or see her expression; but he could imagine.

The question was whether he was imagining rightly. Was it possible? Was it even credible? A girl as beautiful and sweet as all that! Then he remembered the scene in the train and decided that he hadn't been exaggerating when he thought of Shelagh as a cripple.

Her beauty was a stumbling block to her just as much as Rupert's leg was to him. That was a bond between them, and the devotion that he had to give might uncripple her just as well as her love would certainly uncripple him.

By this time Stuart was seeing a very different film on the screen. The well-worn scenes of old Vienna had given place to a farm somewhere with soft white clouds in the sky. There was a woman in it who was extraordinarily beautiful and a man who hardly limped at all. And there were thousands and thousands of pigs there. Big pigs. Little pigs. And they all had labels round their necks saying what their proper price was.

Stuart was enjoying it very much; but then before he knew what was happening the lights were going up and he realised that he had slept peacefully all through his own film. He wondered rather nervously what the public was going to do; but now Sylvia, instead of glaring at him from the box, was throwing kisses towards him.

The flashlights were popping again in the foyer when they came out, and an attendant came and handed Stuart a note. It was from Sylvia. Would he and his son come and join her supper party and bring his charming young friend with him? Stuart thought that he would! But he also thought that it would give the show away if he brought Shelagh.

So he bent down and whispered to Rupert. He himself would have to wait for the presentations, so would Rupert like to take Shelagh away while the going was good? Rupert thought it a good idea, and they slipped out by a side door and went off in the car. They didn't come home till three in the morning.

Stuart himself stayed on and was presented, and then took a taxi on to the supper party. Sylvia obviously hadn't slept through the film. She had been wide awake, watching her performance breathlessly, and thought it stupendous. The next day she signed on the dotted line just as eagerly as Rupert and Shelagh signed the marriage register six weeks later.

(Copyright)



**THE
DEPENDABLE
CIGARETTE**

★ CAPSTAN Special Mild
RED PACK
CAPSTAN Medium
PALE BLUE PACK
CAPSTAN Medium
Cork-Tipped
NAVY BLUE PACK

XY380.6.52

**"My Doctor
told me
about ANACIN"**



**BEAT COLDS AND 'FLU
with ANACIN**

**Not only faster action—but
extra ingredient reduces fever**



Stop colds and 'flu this winter—keep Anacin handy. Here is an anti-pain remedy which is completely different from all others. Anacin is just like a doctor's prescription because it contains not one, two or three ingredients—but is a scientific combination of FOUR medically proven ingredients.

That alone is a very

good reason for buying Anacin, but when you realize that the FOURTH ingredient is Quinine—which reduces fever—then you can see why no other anti-pain remedy can give you both the protection and relief you get from Anacin. Anacin is the largest-selling anti-pain remedy in the United States of America, and many other countries.

A3-2

TAKE YOUR CHOICE



POWDERS



TABLETS

ANACIN
REGISTERED
TRADE MARK

OUR GARDENING SERVICE

READERS may obtain leaflets on subjects of current interest to home gardeners by sending this coupon with a stamped, addressed envelope to Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Any ONE of the following titles may be selected:

- How to Plant, Prune, and Spray Roses.
- Winter Vegetable Culture.
- How to Grow Good Spring Flowers.
- Planting, Pruning, and Spraying Fruit Trees.

Name of leaflet (one only)

Stamped (3d.), addressed envelope is enclosed.



The Great Gatsby

By F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

IN my younger and more vulnerable years my father gave me some advice that I've been turning over in my mind ever since. "Whenever you feel like criticising anyone," he told me, "just remember that all the people in this world haven't had the advantages that you've had."

He didn't say any more, but we've always been unusually communicative in a reserved way, and I understood that he meant a great deal more than that.

In consequence, I'm inclined to reserve all judgments, a habit that has opened up many curious natures to me and also made me the victim of not a few veteran bores.

The abnormal mind is quick to detect and attach itself to this quality when it appears in a normal person, and so it came about that in college I was unjustly accused of being a politician, because I was privy to the secret griefs of wild, unknown men.

Reserving judgments is a matter of infinite hope. I am still a little afraid of missing something if I forget that, as my father snobbishly suggested, and I snobbishly repeat, a sense of the fundamental decencies is parcelled out unequally at birth.

And, after boasting this way of

my tolerance, I come to the admission that it has a limit. Conduct may be founded on the hard rock or the wet marshes, but after a certain point I don't care what it's founded on.

When I came back from the East last autumn I felt that I wanted the world to be in uniform and at a sort of moral attention for ever; I wanted no more riotous excursions with privileged glimpses into the human heart. Only Gatsby, the man who gives his name to this book, was exempt from my reaction — Gatsby, who represented everything for which I have an unaffected scorn.

If personality is an unbroken series of successful gestures, then there was something gorgeous about him, some heightened sensitivity to the promises of life, as if he were related to one of those intricate machines that register earthquakes ten thousand miles away.

Gatsby turned out all right at the end; it is what preyed on Gatsby, what foul dust floated in the wake of his dreams that temporarily closed out my interest in the abortive sorrows and short-winded elations of men.

Please turn to page 44

A COMPLETE NOVEL

THE GREAT GATSBY

My family have been prominent, well-to-do people in this Middle Western city for three generations. The Carraways are something of a clan, and we have a tradition that we're descended from the Dukes of Buccleuch, but the actual founder of my line was my grandfather's brother who came here in 'fifty-one, sent a substitute to the Civil War, and started the wholesale hardware business that my father carries on to-day.

I never saw this great uncle, but I'm supposed to look like him—with special reference to the rather hard-boiled painting that hangs in father's office. I graduated from New Haven in 1915, just a quarter of a century after my father, and a little later I participated in that delayed Teutonic migration known as the Great War.

I enjoyed the counter-raid so thoroughly that I came back restless. Instead of being the warm centre of the world, the Middle West now seemed like the ragged edge of the universe—so I decided to go East and learn the bond business. Father agreed to finance me for a year, and after various delays I came East, permanently, I thought, in the spring of 'twenty-two.

The practical thing was to find rooms in the city, but it was a warm season, and I had just left a country of wide lawns and friendly trees, so when a young man at the office suggested that we take a house together in a commuting town, it sounded like a great idea. He found the house, a weather-beaten cardboard bungalow at eighty a month, but at the last minute the firm ordered him to Washington, and I went out to the country alone.

I had a dog—at least I had him for a few days until he ran away—and an old car and a Finnish woman, who made my bed and cooked breakfast and muttered Finnish wisdom to herself over the electric stove.

It was a matter of chance that I should have rented a house in one of the strangest communities in North America. It was on that slender riotous island which extends itself due east of New York—and where there are, among other natural curiosities, two unusual formations of land.

Twenty miles from the city a pair of enormous eggs, identical in contour and separated only by a courtesy bay, jut out into the most domesticated body of salt water in the Western Hemisphere, the great wet barnyard of Long Island Sound.

I lived at West Egg, the—well, the less fashionable of the two, though this is a most superficial tag to express the bizarre and not a little sinister contrast between them. My house was at the very tip of the egg, only fifty yards from the Sound, and squeezed between two huge places that rented for twelve to fifteen thousand a season.

The one on my right was a colossal affair by any standard—it was a factual imitation of some Hotel de Ville in Normandy, with a tower on one side, spanning new under a thin beard of raw ivy, and a marble swimming pool, and

more than forty acres of lawn and garden.

It was Gatsby's mansion. Or, rather, as I didn't know Mr. Gatsby, it was a mansion inhabited by a gentleman of that name. My own house was an eyesore, but it was a small eyesore, and it had been overlooked, so I had a view of the water, a partial view of my neighbor's lawn, and the consoling proximity of millionaires—all for eighty dollars a month.

Across the courtesy bay the white palaces of fashionable East Egg glittered along the water, and the history of the summer really begins on the evening I drove over there to have dinner with the Tom Buchanans. Daisy was my second cousin once removed, and I'd known Tom in college. And just after the war I spent two days with them in Chicago.

Her husband, among various physical accomplishments, had been one of the most powerful ends that ever played football at New Haven—a national figure in a way, one of those men who reach such an acute limited excellence at twenty-one that everything afterwards savors of anticlimax.

His family were enormously wealthy—even in college his freedom with money was a matter for reproach—but now he'd left Chicago and come East in a fashion that rather took your breath away; for instance, he'd brought down a string of polo ponies from Lake Forest. It was hard to realise that a man in my own generation was wealthy enough to do that.

Why they came East I don't know. They had spent a year in France for no particular reason, and then drifted here and there, unrested wherever people played polo and were rich together. This was a permanent move, said Daisy over the telephone, but I didn't believe it—I had no sight into Daisy's heart, but I felt that Tom would drift on for ever seeking, a little wistfully, for the dramatic turbulence of some irrecoverable football game.

So it happened that on a warm, windy evening I drove over to East Egg to see two old friends whom I scarcely knew at all. Their house was even more elaborate than I expected, a cheerful red-and-white Georgian Colonial mansion, overlooking the bay. The lawn started at the beach and ran toward the front door for a quarter of a mile, jumping over sun-dials and brick walks and burning gardens—finally when it reached the house drifting up the side in bright vines as though from a momentum of its run. The front was broken by a line of french windows, glowing now with reflected gold and wide open to the warm windy afternoon.

Tom Buchanan in riding clothes was standing with his legs apart on the front porch. He had changed since his New Haven years. Now he was a sturdy straw-haired man of thirty with a hard mouth and a supercilious manner. Two shining arrogant eyes had established domin-

ance over his face and gave him the appearance of always leaning aggressively forward.

Not even the effeminate swank of his riding clothes could hide the enormous power of that body—he seemed to fill those glistening boots until he strained the top lacing, and you could see a great pack of muscle shifting when his shoulder moved under his thin coat. It was a body capable of enormous leverage—a cruel body.

His speaking voice, a gruff husky tenor, added to the impression of fractiousness he conveyed. There was a touch of paternal contempt in it, even toward people he liked—and there were men at New Haven who had hated his guts.

"Now, don't think my opinion on these matters is final," he seemed to say, "just because I'm stronger and more of a man than you are." We were in the same senior society, and while we were never intimate I always had the impression that he approved of me and wanted me to like him with some harsh, defiant wistfulness of his own.

We talked for a few minutes on the sunny porch.

"I've got a nice place here," he said, his eyes flashing about restlessly.

Turning me around by one arm, he moved a broad flat hand along the front vista, including in its sweep a sunken Italian garden, a half acre of deep, pungent roses, and a snub-nosed motor-boat that bumped the tide offshore.

"It belonged to Demaine, the oil man." He turned me around again, politely and abruptly. "We'll go inside."

We walked through a high hallway into a bright rosy-colored space, fragily bound into the house by french windows at either end. The windows were ajar and gleaming white against the fresh grass outside that seemed to grow a little way into the house. A breeze blew through the room, blew curtains in at one end and out at the other like pale flags, twisting them up toward the frosted wedding-cake of the ceiling, and then rippled over the wine-colored rug, making a shadow on it as wind does on the sea.

The only completely stationary object in the room was an enormous couch on which two young women were buoyed up as though upon an anchored balloon.

They were both in white, and their dresses were rippling and fluttering as if they had just been blown back after a short flight around the house. I must have stood for a few moments listening to the whip and snap of the curtains and the groan of a picture on the wall.

Then there was a boom as Tom Buchanan shut the rear windows and the caught wind died out about the room, and the curtains and the rugs and the two young women ballooned slowly to the floor.

The younger of the two was a stranger to me. She was extended full length at her end of the divan, completely motionless, and with her chin raised a little, as if she were balancing something on it, which was quite likely to fall. If she saw me out of the corner

of her eye she gave no hint of it—indeed, I was almost surprised into murmuring an apology for having disturbed her by coming in.

The other girl, Daisy, made an attempt to rise—she leaned slightly forward with a conscientious expression—then she laughed, an absurd charming little laugh, and I laughed too and came forward into the room.

"I'm p-paralysed with happiness."

She laughed again, as if she said something very witty, and held my hand for a moment, looking up into my face, promising that there was no one in the world she so much wanted to see. That was a way she had. She hinted in a murmur that the surname of the balancing girl was Baker. (I've heard it said that Daisy's murmur was only to make people lean toward her; an irrelevant criticism that made it no less charming.)

At any rate, Miss Baker's lips fluttered, she nodded at me almost imperceptibly, and then quickly tipped her head back again—the object that was balancing had obviously tottered a little and given her something of a fright. Again a sort of apology arose to my lips. Almost any exhibition of complete self-sufficiency draws a stunned tribute from me.

I LOOKED back at my cousin, who began to ask me questions in her low, thrilling voice. It was the kind of voice that the ear follows up and down, as if each speech is an arrangement of notes that will never be played again. Her face was sad and lovely with bright things in it, bright eyes and a bright passionate mouth, but there was an excitement in her voice that men who had cared for her found difficult to forget; a singing compulsion, a whispered "Listen," a promise that she had done gay, exciting things just a while since and that there were gay, exciting things hovering in the next hour.

I told her how I had stopped off in Chicago for a day on my way East, and how a dozen people had sent their love through me.

"Do they miss me?" she cried ecstatically.

"The whole town is desolate. All the cars have the left rear wheel painted black as a mourning wreath, and there's a persistent wail all night along the north shore."

"How gorgeous! Let's go back, Tom. To-morrow!" Then she said irrelevantly: "You ought to see the baby."

"I'd like to."

"She's asleep. She's three years old. Haven't you ever seen her?"

"Never."

"Well, you ought to see her. She's—"

Tom Buchanan, who had been hovering restlessly about the room, stopped and rested his hand on my shoulder.

"What you doing, Nick?"

"I'm a bond man."

"Who with?"

I told him.

"Never heard of them," he remarked decisively.

This annoyed me.

"You will," I answered shortly. "You will if you stay in the East."

"Oh, I'll stay in the East, don't you worry," he said, glancing at Daisy, and then back at me, as if he were alert

for something more. "I'd be a fool to live anywhere else."

At this point Miss Baker said: "Absolutely!" with such suddenness that I started—it was the first word she had uttered since I came into the room. Evidently it surprised her as much as it did me, for she yawned and, with a series of rapid, deft movements, stood up into the room.

"I'm stiff," she complained. "I've been lying on that sofa for as long as I can remember."

"Don't look at me," Daisy retorted. "I've been trying to get you to New York all afternoon."

"No, thanks," said Miss Baker to the four cocktails just in from the pantry. "I'm absolutely in training."

Her host looked at her incredulously.

"You are!" He took down his drink as if it were a drop in the bottom of a glass. "How you ever get anything done is beyond me."

I looked at Miss Baker, wondering what it was she "got done." I enjoyed looking at her. She was a slender girl, with an erect carriage, which she accentuated by throwing her body backward at the shoulders like a young cadet. Her grey sun-strained eyes looked back at me with polite reciprocal curiosity out of a wan, charming, discontented face. It occurred to me now that I had seen her, or a picture of her, somewhere before.

"You live in West Egg," she remarked contemptuously. "I know somebody there."

"I don't know a single—"

"You must know Gatsby."

"Gatsby?" demanded Daisy.

"What Gatsby?"

Before I could reply that he was my neighbor dinner was announced; wedging his tense arm imperatively under mine, Tom Buchanan compelled me from the room as though he were moving a checker to another square.

Slenderly, languidly, their hands set lightly on their hips, the two women preceded us out on to a rose-colored porch, open toward the sunset, where four candles flickered on the table in a diminished wind.

"Why candles?" objected Daisy. "In two weeks it'll be the longest day in the year." She looked at us all radiantly. "Do you always watch for the longest day of the year and then miss it? I always watch for the longest day in the year and then miss it."

"We ought to plan something," yawned Miss Baker, sitting down at the table as if she were getting into bed.

"All right," said Daisy.

"What'll we plan?" She turned to me helplessly. "What do people plan?"

Before I could answer, her eyes fastened with an awed expression on her little finger.

"Look!" she complained, "I hurt it."

We all looked—the knuckle was black and blue.

"You did it, Tom," she said accusingly. "I know you didn't mean to, but you did do it. That's what I get for marrying a brute of a man, a great, big, hulking physical specimen of a—"

"I hate that word hulking," objected Tom crossly, "even in kidding."

"Hulking," insisted Daisy. Sometimes she and Miss Baker talked at once, unobtrusively and with a bantering inconsequence that was never quite chatter, that was as cool as their white dresses and

their impersonal eyes in the absence of all desire. They were here, and they accepted Tom and me, making only a polite pleasant effort to entertain or to be entertained. They knew that presently dinner would be over and a little later the evening, too, would be over and casually put away. It was sharply different from the West, where an evening was hurried from phase to phase towards its close, in a continually disappointed anticipation or else in sheer nervous dread of the moment itself.

"You make me feel uncivilised, Daisy," I confessed on my second glass of corky but rather impressive claret. "Can't you talk about crops or something?"

I meant nothing in particular by this remark but it was taken up in an unexpected way.

"Civilisation's going to pieces," broke out Tom violently. "I've gotten to be a terrible pessimist about things. Have you read 'The Rise of the Colored Empires' by this man Coddard?"

"Why, no," I answered, rather surprised by his tone.

"Well, it's a fine book, and everybody ought to read it. The idea is if we don't look out the white race will be—will be utterly submerged. It's all scientific stuff; it's been proved."

Tom's getting very profound," said Daisy, with an expression of unthoughtful sadness. "He reads deep books with long words in them. What was that word we—"

"Well, these books are all scientific," insisted Tom, glancing at her impatiently. "This fellow has worked out the whole thing. It's up to us, who are the dominant race, to watch out or these other races will have control of things."

"We've got to beat them down," whispered Daisy, winking ferociously toward the fervent sun.

"You ought to live in California," began Miss Baker, but Tom interrupted her by shifting heavily in his chair.

"This idea is that we're Nordics. I am, and you are, and you are, and—" After an infinitesimal hesitation he included Daisy with a slight nod, and she winked at me again.

"—And we've produced all the things that go to make civilisation—oh, science and art, and all that. Do you see?"

There was something pathetic in his concentration, as if his complacency, more acute than of old, was not enough to him any more. When, almost immediately, the telephone rang inside and the butler left the porch Daisy seized upon the momentary interruption and leaned toward me.

"I'll tell you a family secret," she whispered enthusiastically. "It's about the butler's nose. Do you want to hear about the butler's nose?"

"That's why I came over tonight."

"Well, he wasn't always a butler; he used to be the silver polisher for some people in New York that had a silver service for two hundred people. He had to polish it from morning till night, until finally it began to affect his nose—"

"Things went from bad to worse," suggested Miss Baker.

"Yes. Things went from bad to worse, until finally he had to give up his position."

For a moment the last sunshine fell with romantic affection upon her glowing face; her voice compelled me forward breathlessly as I listened—then the glow faded, each light deserting her with lingering regret, like children leaving a pleasant street at dusk.

The butler came back and murmured something close to Tom's ear, whereupon Tom frowned, pushed back his chair, and without a word went inside. As if his absence quickened something within her, Daisy leaned forward again, her voice glowing and singing.

"I love to see you at my table, Nick. You remind me of a—of a rose, an absolute rose. Doesn't he?" She turned to Miss Baker for confirmation: "An absolute rose?"

This was untrue. I am not even faintly like a rose. She was only extemporising, but a stirring warmth flowed from her, as if her heart were trying to come out to you concealed in one of those breathless, thrilling words. Then suddenly she threw her napkin on the table and excused herself and went into the house.

Miss Baker and I exchanged a short glance consciously devoid of meaning. I was about to speak when she sat up alertly and said "Sh!" in a warning voice. A subdued impassioned murmur was audible in the room beyond, and Miss Baker leaned forward unashamed, trying to hear. The murmur trembled on the verge of coherence, sank down, mounted excitedly, and then ceased altogether.

THEN I began, "This Mr. Gatsby you spoke of is my neighbor—"

"Don't talk. I want to hear what happens."

"Is something happening?" I inquired innocently.

"You mean to say you don't know?" said Miss Baker, honestly surprised. "I thought everybody knew."

"I don't."

"Why—" she said hesitantly. "Tom's got some woman in New York."

"Got some woman?" I repeated blankly.

Miss Baker nodded.

"She might have the decency not to telephone him at dinner time. Don't you think?"

Almost before I had grasped her meaning there was the flutter of a dress and the crunch of leather boots, and Tom and Daisy were back at the table.

"It couldn't be helped!" cried Daisy with tense gaiety.

She sat down, glanced searchingly at Miss Baker and then at me, and continued: "I looked outdoors for a minute, and it's very romantic outdoors. There's a bird on the lawn that I think must be a nightingale come over on the Cunard or White Star Line. He's singing away—" Her voice sang: "It's romantic, isn't it, Tom?"

"Very romantic," he said, and then miserably to me: "If it's light enough after dinner, I want to take you down to the stables."

The telephone rang inside, startlingly, and, as Daisy shook her head decisively at Tom, the subject of the stables, in fact all subjects, vanished into air. Among the broken fragments of the last five minutes at table I remember the candles being lit again, pointlessly, and I was conscious of wanting to

COMPLETE FIRESIDE NOVEL

look squarely at every one, and yet to avoid all eyes. I couldn't guess what Daisy and Tom were thinking, but I doubt if even Miss Baker, who seemed to have mastered a certain hardy scepticism, was able utterly to put this fifth guest's shrill metallic urgency out of mind. To a certain temperament the situation might have seemed intriguing—my own instinct was to telephone immediately for the police.

The horses, needless to say, were not mentioned again. Tom and Miss Baker, with several feet of twilight between them, strolled back into the library, as if to a vigil beside a perfectly tangible body, while, trying to look pleasantly interested and a little deaf, I followed Daisy around a chain of connecting verandahs to a porch in front. In its deep gloom we sat down side by side on a wicker settee.

Daisy took her face in her hands as if feeling its lovely shape, and her eyes moved gradually out into the velvet dusk. I saw that turbulent emotions possessed her, so I asked what I thought would be some sedative questions about her little girl.

"We don't know each other very well, Nick," she said suddenly. "Even if we are cousins. You didn't come to my wedding."

"I wasn't back from the war."

"That's true." She hesitated. "Well, I've had a very bad time, Nick, and I'm pretty cynical about everything."

Evidently she had reason to be. I waited but she didn't say any more, and after a moment I returned rather feebly to the subject of her daughter.

"I suppose she talks, and—eats, and everything."

"Oh, yes." She looked at me absently. "Listen, Nick; let me tell you what I said when she was born. Would you like to hear?"

"Very much."

"It'll show you how I've gotten to feel about—things. Well she was less than an hour old and Tom was God knows where. I woke up out of the ether with an utterly abandoned feeling, and asked the nurse right away if it was a boy or a girl. She told me it was a girl, and so I turned my head away and wept. 'All right,' I said, 'I'm glad it's a girl. And I hope she'll be a fool—that's the best thing a girl can be in this world, a beautiful little fool.'"

"You see I think everything's terrible anyhow," she went on in a convinced way. "Everybody thinks so—the most advanced people. And I know. I've been everywhere and seen everything and done everything." Her eyes flashed around her in a defiant way, rather like Tom's, and she laughed with thrilling scorn. "Sophisticated—I'm sophisticated!"

The instant her voice broke off, ceasing to compel my attention, my belief, I felt the basic insincerity of what she had said. It made me uneasy, as though the whole evening had been a trick of some sort to exact a contributory emotion from me. I waited, and sure enough, in a moment she looked at me with an absolute smirk on her lovely face, as if she had asserted her

membership in a rather distinguished secret society to which she and Tom belonged.

Inside, the crimson room bloomed with light. Tom and Miss Baker sat at either end of the long couch and she read aloud to him—the words, murmurous and uninflected, running together in a soothing tune. The lamp-light, bright on his boots and dull on the autumn-leaf yellow of her hair, glinted along the paper as she turned a page with a flutter of slender muscles in her arms.

When we came in she held us silent for a moment with a lifted hand.

"To be continued," she said, tossing the magazine on the table, "in our very next issue."

Her body asserted itself with a restless movement of her knee, and she stood up.

"Ten o'clock," she remarked, apparently finding the time on the ceiling. "Time for this good girl to go to bed."

"Jordan's going to play in the tournament to-morrow," explained Daisy, "over at Westchester."

"Oh—you're Jordan Baker."

I knew now why her face was familiar—its pleasing contemptuous expression had looked out at me from many rotogravure pictures of the sporting life at Asheville and Hot Springs and Palm Beach. I had heard some story of her too, a critical, unpleasant story, but what it was I had forgotten long ago.

"Good-night," she said softly. "Wake me at eight, won't you?"

"If you'll get up."

"I will. Good-night, Mr. Carraway. See you anon."

"Of course you will," confirmed Daisy. "In fact, I think I'll arrange a marriage. Come over often, Nick, and I'll sort of—oh—fling you together. You know—lock you up accidentally in linen closets and push you out to sea in a boat, and all that sort of thing—"

"Good-night," called Miss Baker from the stairs. "I haven't heard a word."

"She's a nice girl," said Tom after a moment. "They oughtn't to let her run around the country this way."

"Who oughtn't to?" inquired Daisy coldly.

"Her family."

"Her family is one aunt about a thousand years old. Besides, Nick's going to look after her, aren't you, Nick? She's going to spend lots of week-ends out here this summer. I think the home influence will be very good for her."

DAISY and Tom looked at each other for a moment in silence.

"Is she from New York?" I asked quickly.

"From Louisville. Our white girlhood was passed together there. Our beautiful white—"

"Did you give Nick a little heart-to-heart talk on the verandah?" demanded Tom suddenly.

"Did I?" She looked at me. "I can't seem to remember, but I think we talked about the Nordic race. Yes, I'm sure we did. It sort of crept up on us and first thing you know—"

"Don't believe everything you hear, Nick," he advised me.

I said lightly that I had heard nothing at all, and a few minutes later I got up to go home. They came to the door with me and stood side by side in a cheerful square of light. As I started my motor Daisy peremptorily called: "Wait!"

"I forgot to ask you something, and it's important. We heard you were engaged to a girl out West."

"That's right," corroborated Tom kindly. "We heard that you were engaged."

"It's a libel. I'm too poor."

"But we heard it," insisted Daisy, surprising me by opening up again in a flower-like way. "We heard it from three people, so it must be true."

Of course I knew what they were referring to, but I wasn't even vaguely engaged. The fact that gossip had published the banns was one of the reasons I had come East. You can't stop going with an old friend on account of rumors, and on the other hand I had no intentions of being rumored into marriage.

Their interest rather touched me and made them less remotely rich—nevertheless, I was confused and a little disgusted as I drove away. It seemed to me that the thing for Daisy to do was to rush out of the house, child in arms—but apparently there were no such intentions in her head.

As for Tom, the fact that he "had some woman in New York" was really less surprising than that he had been depressed by a book. Something was making him nibble at the edge of stale ideas as if his sturdy physical egotism no longer nourished his peremptory heart.

Already it was deep summer on roadhouse roofs and in front of wayside garages, where new red gas-pumps sat out in pools of light, and when I reached my estate at West Egg I ran the car under its shed and sat for a while on an abandoned grass roller in the yard. The wind had blown off, leaving a loud, bright night, with wings beating in the trees and a persistent organ sound as the full bellows of the earth blew the frogs full of life.

The silhouette of a moving cat wavered across the moonlight, and turning my head to watch it, I saw that I was not alone—fifty feet away a figure had emerged from the shadow of my neighbor's mansion and was standing with his hands in his pockets regarding the silver pepper of the stars.

Something in his leisurely movements and the secure position of his feet upon the lawn suggested that it was Mr. Gatsby himself, come out to determine what share was his of our local heavens.

I decided to call to him. Miss Baker had mentioned him at dinner, and that would do for an introduction. But I didn't call to him, for he gave a sudden imitation that he was content to be alone—he stretched out his arms toward the dark water in a curious way, and, far as I was from him, I could have sworn he was trembling.

Involuntarily I glanced seaward—and distinguished nothing except a single green light, minute and far away, that might have been the end of a dock. When I looked once

THE GREAT GATSBY

more for Gatsby he had vanished, and I was alone again in the unquiet darkness.

About halfway between West Egg and New York the motor road hastily joins the railroad and runs beside it for a quarter of a mile, so as to shrink away from a certain desolate area of land. This is a valley of ashes—a fantastic farm where ashes grow like wheat into ridges and hills and grotesque gardens; where ashes take the forms of houses and chimneys and rising transcendent effort, of ash-grey men who move dimly and already crumbling through the powdery air.

Occasionally a line of grey cars crawls along an invisible track, gives out a ghastly creak, and comes to rest, and immediately the ash-grey men swarm up with leaden spades and stir up an impenetrable cloud, which screens their obscure operations from your sight.

But above the grey and the spasms of bleak dust which drift endlessly over it, you perceive, after a moment, the eyes of Doctor T. J. Eckleburg. The eyes of Doctor T. J. Eckleburg are blue and gigantic—their retinas are one yard high. They look out of no face, but, instead, from a pair of enormous yellow spectacles which pass over a non-existent nose.

Evidently some wild way of an oculist set them there to fatten his practice in the borough of Queens, and then sank down himself into eternal blindness, or forgot them and moved away. But his eyes, dimmed a little by many painless days, under sun and rain, brood on over the solemn dumping ground.

The valley of ashes is bounded on one side by a small foul river, and, when the drawbridge is up to let barges through, the passengers on waiting trains can stare at the dismal scene for as long as half an hour. There is always a halt there of at least a minute, and it was because of this that I first met Tom Buchanan's mistress.

The fact that he had one was insisted upon wherever he was known. His acquaintances resented the fact that he turned up in popular cafes with her and, leaving her at a table, sauntered about, chatting with whomsoever he knew.

Though I was curious to see her, I had no desire to meet her—but I did. I went up to New York with Tom on the train one afternoon, and when we stopped by the ash-heaps he jumped to his feet and, taking hold of my elbow, literally forced me from the car.

"We're getting off," he insisted. "I want you to meet my girl."

I think he'd tanked up a good deal at luncheon, and his determination to have my company bordered on violence. The supercilious assumption was that on Sunday afternoon I had nothing better to do.

I followed him over a low whitewashed railroad fence, and we walked back a hundred yards along the road under Doctor Eckleburg's persistent stare. The only building in sight was a small block of yellow brick sitting on the edge of the waste land, a sort of compact Main Street min-

istering to it, and contiguous to absolutely nothing.

One of the three shops it contained was for rent and another was an all-night restaurant, approached by a trail of ashes; the third was a garage—"Repairs. George B. Wilson. Cars bought and sold."—I followed Tom inside.

The interior was unprosperous and bare; the only car visible was the dust-covered wreck of a Ford which crouched in a dim corner. It had occurred to me that this shadow of a garage must be a blind, and that sumptuous romantic apartments were concealed overhead, when the proprietor himself appeared in the door of an office, wiping his hands on a piece of waste. He was a blond, spiritless man, anaemic, and faintly handsome. When he saw us a damp gleam of hope sprang into his light blue eyes.

"Hello, Wilson, old man," said Tom, slapping him jovially on the shoulder. "How's business?"

"I can't complain," answered Wilson unconvincingly. "When are you going to sell me that car?"

"Next week; I've got my man working on it now."

"Works pretty slow, don't he?"

"No, he doesn't," said Tom coldly. "And if you feel that way about it, maybe I'd better sell it somewhere else after all."

"I don't mean that," explained Wilson quickly. "I just meant—"

His voice faded off and Tom glanced impatiently around the garage. Then I heard footsteps on stairs, and in a moment the thickish figure of a woman blocked out the light from the office door. She was in the middle thirties, and faintly stout, but she carried her flesh sensuously as some women can. Her face, above a spotted dress of dark blue crepe-de-chine, contained no facet or gleam of beauty, but there was an immediately perceptible vitality about her as if the nerves of her body were continually smouldering. She smiled slowly and, walking through her husband as if he were a ghost, shook hands with Tom, looking him flush in the eyes.

SHE wet her lips, and without turning around spoke to her husband in a soft, coarse voice:

"Get some chairs, why don't you, so somebody can sit down."

"Oh, sure," agreed Wilson hurriedly, and went toward the little office mingling immediately with the cement color of the walls. A white ash-tray dusted his dark suit and his pale hair as it veiled everything in the vicinity except his wife, who moved close to Tom.

"I want to see you," said Tom intently. "Get on the next train."

"All right."

"I'll meet you by the news stand on the lower level."

She nodded and moved away from him just as George Wilson emerged with two chairs from his office door.

We waited for her down the road and out of sight. It was a few days before the Fourth of July, and a grey, scrawny

Italian child was setting torpedoes in a row along the railroad track.

"Awful."

"It does her good to get away."

"Terrible place, isn't it," said Tom exchanging a frown with Doctor Eckleburg.

"Doesn't her husband object?"

"Wilson? He thinks she goes to see her sister in New York. He's so dumb he doesn't know he's alive."

So Tom Buchanan and his girl and I went up together to New York—or not quite together, for Mrs. Wilson sat discreetly in another car. Tom deferred that much to the sensibilities of those East Eggers who might be on the train.

She had changed her dress to a brown figured muslin, which stretched tight over her rather wide hips as Tom helped her to the platform in New York. At the news stand she bought a copy of "Town Tattle" and a moving picture magazine, and in the station drugstore some cold cream and a flask of perfume.

She let four taxicabs drive away before she selected a new one, lavender-colored with grey upholstery, and in this we slid out from the mass of the station into the glowing sunshine. But immediately she turned sharply from the window and, leaning forward, tapped on the front glass.

"I want to get one of those dogs," she said earnestly. "I want to get one for the apartment. They're nice to have—a dog."

We backed up to a grey old man who bore an absurd resemblance to John D. Rockefeller. In a basket swung from his neck cowered a dozen very recent puppies of an indeterminate breed.

"What kind are they?" asked Mrs. Wilson eagerly, as he came to the taxi-window.

"All kinds. What kind do you want, lady?"

"I'd like to get one of those police dogs; I don't suppose you got that kind?"

The man peered doubtfully into the basket, plunged in his hand and drew one up by the back of the neck.

"That's no police dog," said Tom.

"No, it's not exactly a police dog," said the man with disappointment in his voice. "It's more of an Airedale." He passed his hand over the brown washrag of a back. "Look at that coat. Some coat. That's a dog that'll never bother you with itching cold."

"I think it's cute," said Mrs. Wilson enthusiastically. "How much is it?"

"That dog?" He looked at it admiringly. "That dog will cost you ten dollars."

The Airedale—undoubtedly there was an Airedale concerned in it somewhere, though its feet were startlingly white—changed hands and settled down into Mrs. Wilson's lap, where she fondled the weatherproof coat with rapture.

"Is it a boy or a girl?" she asked delicately.

"That dog? That dog's a boy."

"It's a bitch," said Tom decisively. "Here's your money. Go and buy ten more dogs with it."

We drove over to Fifth Av-

enue, warm and soft, almost pastoral, on the summer Sunday afternoon. I wouldn't have been surprised to see a great flock of white sheep turn the corner.

"Hold on," I said, "I have to leave you here."

"No, you don't," interposed Tom quickly. "Myrtle'll be hurt if you don't come up to the apartment. W o n ' t y o u, Myrtle?"

"Come on," she urged. "I'll telephone my sister Catherine. She's said to be very beautiful by people who ought to know."

"Well, I'd like to, but—"

We went on, cutting back again over the Park toward the West Hundreds. At 158th Street the cab stopped at one slice in a long white cake of apartment-houses. Throwing a regal homecoming glance around the neighborhood, Mrs. Wilson gathered up her dog and her other purchases, and went haughtily in.

"I'm going to have the McKees come up," she announced as we rose in the elevator. "And, of course, I got to call up my sister, too."

THE apartment was on the top floor—a small living-room, a small dining-room, a small bedroom, and a bath. The living-room was crowded to the doors with a set of tapestried furniture entirely too large for it, so that to move about was to stumble continually over scenes of ladies swinging in the gardens of Versailles. The only picture was an over-enlarged photograph, apparently a hen sitting on a blurred rock. Looked at from a distance, however, the hen resolved itself into a bonnet, and the countenance of a stout old lady beamed down into the room.

Several old copies of "Town Tattle" lay on the table together with a copy of a popular novel and some of the small scandal magazines of Broadway. Mrs. Wilson was first concerned with the dog. A reluctant elevator-boy went for a box full of straw and some milk, to which he added on his own initiative a tin of large, hard dog-biscuits—one of which decomposed apathetically in the saucer of milk all afternoon. Meanwhile Tom brought out a bottle of whisky from a locked bureau drawer.

I have been drunk twice in my life, and the second time was that afternoon; so everything that happened has a dim, hazy cast over it, although until after eight o'clock the apartment was full of cheerful sun.

Sitting on Tom's lap Mrs. Wilson called up several people on the telephone.

Just as Tom and Myrtle (after the first drink Mrs. Wilson and I called each other by our first names) ceased telephoning, company commenced to arrive at the door.

The sister, Catherine, was a slender, worldly girl of about thirty, with a solid, sticky bob of red hair, and a complexion powdered milky white. Her eyebrows had been plucked and then drawn on again at a more rakish angle, but the efforts of nature towards the restoration of the old alignment gave a blurred air to her face. When she moved there was an incessant clicking as innumerable pottery bracelets jingled up and down upon her arms.

She came in with such a

proprietary haste and looked around so possessively at the furniture that I wondered if she lived here. But when I asked her she laughed immoderately, repeated my question aloud, and told me she lived with a girl-friend at a hotel.

Mr. McKee was a pale, feminine man from the flat below. He had just shaved, for there was a white spot of lather on his cheekbone, and he was most respectful in his greeting to everyone in the room. He informed me that he was in the "artistic game," and I gathered later that he was a photographer and had made the dim enlargement of Mrs. Wilson's mother which hovered like an ectoplasm on the wall.

His wife was shrill, languid, handsome, and horrible. She told me with pride that her husband had photographed her a hundred and twenty-seven times since they had been married.

Mrs. Wilson had changed her costume some time before, and was now attired in an elaborate afternoon dress of cream-colored chiffon, which gave out a continual rustle as she swept about the room. With an influence of the dress her personality had also undergone a change. The intense vitality that had been so remarkable in the garage was converted into impressive hauteur. Her laughter, her gestures, her assertions became more violently affected moment by moment, and as she expanded the room grew smaller around her, until she seemed to be revolving on a noisy, creaking pivot through the smoky air.

"My dear," she told her sister in a high, mincing shout, "most of these fellas will cheat you every time. All they think of is money. I had a woman up here last week to look at my feet, and when she gave me the bill you'd of thought she had my appendicitis out."

"What was the name of the woman?" asked Mrs. McKee.

"Mrs. Eberhardt. She goes around looking at people's feet in their own homes."

"I like your dress," remarked Mrs. McKee. "I think it's adorable."

Mrs. Wilson rejected the compliment by raising her eyebrows in disdain.

"It's just a crazy old thing," she said. "I just slip it on sometimes when I don't care what I look like."

"But it looks wonderful on you, if you know what I mean," pursued Mrs. McKee. "If Chester could only get you in that pose, I think he could make something of it."

We all looked in silence at Mrs. Wilson, who removed a strand of hair from over her eyes and looked back at us with a brilliant smile. Mr. McKee regarded her intently with his head on one side, and then moved his hand back and forth slowly in front of his face.

"I should change the light," he said after a moment. "I'd try to get hold of all the black hair."

"I wouldn't think of changing the light," cried Mrs. McKee. "I think it's—"

Her husband said "Sh!" and we all looked at the subject again, whereupon Tom Buchanan yawned audibly and got to his feet.

"You McKees have something to drink," he said. "Get some more ice and mineral water, Myrtle, before everybody goes to sleep."

"I told that boy about the ice," Myrtle raised her eyebrows in despair at the shiftlessness of the lower orders. "These people! You have to keep after them all the time."

She looked at me and laughed pointlessly. Then she frowned over to the dog, kissed it with ecstasy, and swept into the kitchen, implying that a dozen chefs awaited her orders there.

"I've done some nice things out on Long Island," asserted Mr. McKee.

Tom looked at him blankly. "Two of them we have framed downstairs."

"Two what?" demanded Tom.

"Two studies. One of them I call 'Montauk Point—The Gulls,' and the other I call 'Montauk Point—The Sea.'"

The sister Catherine sat down beside me on the couch.

"Do you live down on Long Island, too?" she inquired.

"I live at West Egg."

"Really? I was down there at a party about a month ago. At a man named Gatsby's. Do you know him?"

"I live next door to him."

"Well, they say he's a nephew or a cousin of Kaiser Wilhelm's. That's where all his money comes from."

"Really?"

She nodded.

"I'm scared of him. I'd hate to have him get anything on me."

This absorbing information about my neighbor was interrupted by Mrs. McKee's pointing suddenly at Catherine:

"Chester, I think you could do something with her," she broke out, but Mr. McKee only nodded in a bored way, and turned his attention to Tom.

"I'd like to do more work on Long Island, if I could get the entry. All I ask is that they should give me a start."

"Ask Myrtle," said Tom, breaking into a short shout of laughter as Mrs. Wilson entered with a tray. "She'll give you a letter of introduction, won't you, Myrtle?"

"Do what?" she asked, startled.

"You'll give McKee a letter of introduction to your husband, so he can do some studies of him." His lips moved silently for a moment as he invented. "George B. Wilson at the Gasoline Pump, or something like that."

Catherine leaned close to me and whispered in my ear.

"Neither of them can stand the person they're married to."

"Can't they?"

"Can't stand them." She looked at Myrtle and then at Tom. "What I say is, why go on living with them if they can't stand them? If I was them I'd get a divorce and get married to each other right away."

"Doesn't she like Wilson either?"

The answer to this was unexpected. It came from Myrtle, who had overheard the question, and it was violent and obscene.

"You see," cried Catherine triumphantly. She lowered her voice again. "It's really his wife that's keeping them apart. She's a Catholic, and they don't believe in divorce."

Daisy was not a Catholic, and I was a little shocked at the elaborateness of the lie.

"When they do get married," continued Catherine, "they're going West to live for a while until it blows over."

"It'd be more discreet to go to Europe."

"Oh, do you like Europe?" she exclaimed surprisingly. "I just got back from Monte Carlo."

"Really?"

"Just last year. I went over there with another girl."

"Stay long?"

"No, we just went to Monte Carlo and back. We went by way of Marseilles. We had over twelve hundred dollars when we started, but we got gyped out of it all in two days in the private rooms. We had an awful time getting back, I can tell you. How I hated that town!"

The late afternoon sky boomed in the window for a moment like the blue honey of the Mediterranean—then the shrill voice of Mrs. McKee called me back into the room.

"I almost made a mistake, too," she declared vigorously. "I almost married a little kike who'd been after me for years. I knew he was below me. Everybody kept saying to me: 'Lucille, that man's way below you!' But if I hadn't met Chester, he'd of got me sure."

MYRTLE WILSON, nodding her head up and down, said, "Yes, but listen, at least you didn't marry him."

"I know I didn't."

"Well, I married him," said Myrtle, ambiguously. "And that's the difference between your case and mine."

"Why did you, Myrtle?" demanded Catherine. "Nobody forced you."

Myrtle considered.

"I married him because I thought he was a gentleman," she said finally. "I thought he knew something about breeding, but he wasn't fit to lick my shoe."

"You were crazy about him for a while," said Catherine.

"Crazy about him!" cried Myrtle incredulously. "Who said I was crazy about him? I never was any more crazy about him any more than I was about that man there."

She pointed suddenly at me, and everyone looked at me accusingly. I tried to show by my expression that I expected no affection.

"The only crazy I was was when I married him. I knew right away I made a mistake. He borrowed somebody's best suit to get married in, and never even told me about it, and the man came after it one day when he was out: 'Oh, is that your suit?' I said. 'This is the first I ever heard about it.' But I gave it to him and then I lay down and cried to beat the band all afternoon."

"She really ought to get away from him," resumed Catherine to me. "They've been living over that garage for eleven years. And Tom's the first sweetie she ever had."

The bottle of whisky—a second one—was now in constant demand by all present, excepting Catherine, who "felt just as good on nothing at all." Tom rang for the janitor and sent him for some celebrated sandwiches, which were a complete supper in themselves.

I wanted to get out and walk eastward toward the park through the soft twilight, but each time I tried to go I became entangled in some wild, strident argument which pulled me back, as if with ropes, into my chair. Yet high over the city our line of yellow windows must have contributed their share of human secrecy to the casual watcher in the darkening streets, and

I saw him, too, looking up and wondering. I was within and without simultaneously enchanted and repelled by the inexhaustible variety of life.

Myrtle pulled her chair close to mine, and suddenly her warm breath poured over me the story of her first meeting with Tom.

"It was on the two little seats facing each other that are always the last ones left on the train. I was going up to New York to see my sister and spend the night. He had on a dress suit and patent leather shoes, and I couldn't keep my eyes off him, but every time he looked at me I had to pretend to be looking at the advertisement over his head. When we came into the station he was next to me, and his white shirt—front pressed against my arm, and so I told him I'd have to call a policeman, but he knew I lied. I was so excited that when I got into a taxi with him I didn't hardly know I wasn't getting into a subway train. All I kept thinking about, over and over, was 'You can't live for ever; you can't live for ever.'"

She turned to Mrs. McKee and the room rang full of her artificial laughter.

"My dear," she cried, "I'm going to give you this dress as soon as I'm through with it. I've got to get another one tomorrow. I'm going to make a list of all the things I've got to get. A massage and a wave, and a collar for the dog, and one of those cute little ash-trays where you touch a spring, and a wreath with a black silk bow for mother's grave that'll last all summer. I got to write down a list so I won't forget all the things I got to do."

It was nine o'clock—almost immediately afterward I looked at my watch and found it was ten. Mr. McKee was asleep on a chair with his fists clenched in his lap, like a photograph of a man of action. Taking out my handkerchief I wiped from his cheek the spot of dried lather that had worried me all the afternoon.

The little dog was sitting on the table looking with blind eyes through the smoke, and from time to time groaning faintly. People disappeared, reappeared, made plans to go somewhere, and then lost each other, searched for each other, found each other a few feet away. Some time toward midnight Tom Buchanan and Mrs. Wilson stood face to face discussing in impassioned voices whether Mrs. Wilson had any right to mention Daisy's name.

"Daisy! Daisy! Daisy!" shouted Mrs. Wilson. "I'll say it whenever I want to! Daisy! Daisy!"

Making a short deft movement, Tom Buchanan broke her nose with his open hand.

Then there were bloody towels upon the bathroom floor, and women's voices scolding, and high over the confusion a long broken wall of pain. Mr. McKee awoke from his doze and started in a daze toward the door. When he had gone half-way he turned around and stared at the scene—his wife and Catherine scolding and consoling as they stumbled here and there among the crowded furniture with articles of aid, and the despairing figure on the couch bleeding fluently, and trying

to spread a copy of "Town Tattle" over the tapestry scenes of Versailles. Then Mr. McKee turned and continued on out the door. Taking my hat from the chandelier, I followed.

"Come to lunch some day," he suggested, as we groaned down in the elevator.

"Where?"

"Anywhere."

"Keep your hands off the lever," snapped the elevator boy.

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. McKee with dignity. "I didn't know I was touching it."

"All right," I agreed, "I'll be glad to."

I was standing beside his bed and he was sitting up between the sheets, clad in his underwear, with a great portfolio in his hands.

"Beauty and the Beast . . . Loneliness . . . Old Grocery Horse . . . Brok'n Bridge . . ."

Then I was lying half asleep in the cold lower level of the Pennsylvania Station, staring at the morning "Tribune," and waiting for the four o'clock train.

There was music from my neighbor's house through the summer nights. In his blue gardens men and girls came and went like moths among the whisperings and the champagne and the stars.

At high tide in the afternoon I watched his guests diving from the tower of his raft, or taking the sun on the hot sand of his beach while his two motor-boats slit the waters of the Sound, drawing aquaplanes over cataracts of foam.

On week-ends his luxury car became an omnibus, bearing parties to and from the city between nine in the morning and long past midnight, while his station wagon scampered like a brisk yellow bug to meet all trains. And on Mondays eight servants, including an extra gardener, toiled all day with mops and scrubbing-brushes and hammers and garden-shears, repairing the ravages of the night before.

Every Friday five crates of oranges and lemons arrived from a fruiterer in New York—every Monday these same oranges and lemons left his back door in a pyramid of pulpless halves. There was a machine in the kitchen which could extract the juice of two hundred oranges in half an hour if a little button was pressed two hundred times by a butler's thumb.

At least once a fortnight a corps of caterers came down with several hundred feet of canvas and enough colored lights to make a Christmas tree of Gatsby's enormous garden. On buffet tables, garnished with glistening hors-d'oeuvre, spiced baked hams crowded against salads of harlequin designs and pastry pigs and turkeys bewitched to a dark gold. In the main hall a bar with a real brass rail was set up, and stocked with gins and liquors and with cordials so long forgotten that most of his female guests were too young to know one from another.

By seven o'clock the orchestra had arrived, no thin five-piece affair, but a whole pitful

of oboes and trombones and saxophones and viols and cornets and piccolos, and low and high drums. The last swimmers have come in from the beach now and are dressing upstairs: the cars from New York are parked five deep in the drive, and already the halls and salons and verandas are gaudy with primary colors, and hair bobbed in strange new ways, and shawls beyond the dreams of Castile.

The bar is in full swing, and floating rounds of cocktails permeate the garden outside, until the air is alive with chatter and laughter, and casual innuendo and introductions forgotten on the spot, and enthusiastic meetings between women who never knew each other's names.

The lights grow brighter as the earth lurches away from the sun, and now the orchestra is playing yellow cocktail music, and the opera of voices pitches a key higher. Laughter is easier minute by minute, spilled with prodigality, tipped out at a cheerful word.

The groups change more swiftly, swell with new arrivals, dissolve and form in the same breath; already there are wanderers, confident girls who weave here and there among the stouter and more stable, become for a sharp, joyous moment the centre of a group, and then excited with triumph glide on through the sea-change of faces and voices and color under the constantly changing light.

Suddenly one of these gypsies, in trembling opal, seizes a cocktail out of the air, dumps it down for courage and, moving her hands like Frisco, dances out alone on the canvas platform. A momentary hush; the orchestra leader varies his rhythm obligingly for her, and there is a burst of chatter as the erroneous news goes around that she is Gilda Gray's understudy from the Follies. The party has begun.

I believe that on the first night I went to Gatsby's house I was one of the few guests who had actually been invited. People were not invited—they went there. They got into automobiles which bore them out to Long Island, and somehow they ended up at Gatsby's door. Once there they were introduced by somebody who knew Gatsby, and after that they conducted themselves according to the rules of behaviour associated with an amusement park. Sometimes they came and went without having met Gatsby at all, came for the party with the simplicity of heart that was its own ticket of admission.

I had been actually invited. A chauffeur in a uniform of robin-egg blue crossed my lawn early that Saturday morning with a surprisingly formal note from his employer: the honor would be entirely Gatsby's, it said, if I would attend his "little party" that night. He had seen me several times, and had intended to call on me long before, but a peculiar combination of circumstances had prevented it—signed Jay Gatsby, in a majestic hand.

Dressed up in white flannels I went over to his lawn a little after seven, and wandered around rather ill at ease

THE GREAT GATSBY

among swirls and eddies of people I didn't know—though here and there was a face I had noticed on the commuting train. I was immediately struck by the number of young Englishmen dotted about; all well dressed, all looking a little hungry, and all talking in low, earnest voices to solid and prosperous Americans. I was sure that they were selling something: bonds or insurance or automobiles. They were at least agonisingly aware of the easy money in the vicinity and convinced that it was theirs for a few words in the right key.

As soon as I arrived I made an attempt to find my host, but the two or three people of whom I asked his whereabouts stared at me in such an amazed way, and denied so vehemently any knowledge of his movements, that I slunk off in the direction of the cocktail table—the only place in the garden where a single man could linger without looking purposeless and alone.

I was on my way to the bar from sheer embarrassment when Jordan Baker came out of the house and stood at the head of the marble steps, leaning a little backward and looking with contemptuous interest down into the garden.

Welcome or not, I found it necessary to attach myself to someone before I should begin to address cordial remarks to the passers-by.

"Hello!" I roared, advancing toward her. My voice seemed unnaturally loud across the garden.

"I thought you might be here," she responded absently as I came up. "I remembered you lived next door to—"

She held my hand impersonally, as a promise that she'd take care of me in a minute, and gave ear to two girls in twin yellow dresses, who stopped at the foot of the steps.

"Hello!" they cried together. "Sorry you didn't win."

That was for the golf tournament. She had lost in the finals the week before.

"You don't know who we are," said one of the girls in yellow, "but we met you here about a month ago."

"You've dyed your hair since then," remarked Jordan and I started, but the girls had moved casually on and her remark was addressed to the premature moon, produced like the supper, no doubt, out of a caterer's basket. With Jordan's slender golden arm resting in mine, we descended the steps and sauntered about the garden. A tray of cocktails floated at us through the twilight, and we sat down at a table with the two girls in yellow and three men, each one introduced to us as Mr. Mumble.

"Do you come to these parties often?" inquired Jordan of the girl beside her.

"The last one was the one I met you at," answered the girl, in an alert confident voice. She turned to her companion: "Wasn't it for you, Lucille?"

It was for Lucille, too. "I like to come," Lucille said. "I never care what I do, so I always have a good time. When I was here last I tore my gown on a chair, and he asked me my name and address—in-

side of a week I got a package from Crozier's with a new evening gown in it."

"Did you keep it?" asked Jordan.

"Sure I did. I was going to wear it to-night, but it was too big in the bust and had to be altered. It was gas-blue with lavender beads. Two hundred and sixty-five dollars."

"There's something funny about a fellow that'll do a thing like that," said the other girl eagerly. "He doesn't want any trouble with anybody."

"Who doesn't?" I inquired. "Gatsby. Somebody told me—"

The two girls and Jordan leaned together confidentially. "Somebody told me they thought he killed a man once."

A thrill passed over all of us. The three Mr. Mumbles bent forward and listened eagerly.

"I don't think it's so much that," argued Lucille sceptically; "it's more that he was a German spy during the war."

One of the men nodded in confirmation.

"I heard that from a man who knew all about him, grew up with him in Germany," he assured us positively.

"Oh, no," said the first girl, "it couldn't be that, because he was in the American army during the war." As our credulity switched back to her she leaned forward with enthusiasm. "You look at him sometimes when he thinks nobody's looking at him. I'll bet he killed a man."

She narrowed her eyes and shivered. Lucille shivered. We all turned and looked around for Gatsby. It was testimony to the romantic speculation he inspired that there were whispers about him from those who had found little that it was necessary to whisper about in this world.

The first supper—there would be another one after midnight—was now being served, and Jordan invited me to join her own party, who were spread around a table on the other side of the garden. There were three married couples and Jordan's escort, a persistent undergraduate given to violent innuendo, and obviously under the impression that sooner or later Jordan was going to yield him up her person to a greater or lesser degree. Instead of rambling, this party had preserved a dignified homogeneity, and assumed to itself the function of representing the staid nobility of the countryside—East Egg condescending to West Egg, and carefully on guard against its spectroscopic galeity.

JORDAN, after a somehow wasteful and inappropriate half-hour, whispered, "Let's go out, this is much too polite for me."

We got up, and she explained that we were going to find the host: I had never met him, she said, and it was making me uneasy. The undergraduate nodded in a cynical, melancholy way.

The bar, where we glanced first, was crowded, but Gatsby was not there. She couldn't find him from the top of the steps, and he wasn't on the

verandah. On a chance we tried an important-looking door, and walked into a high Gothic library, paneled with carved English oak, and probably transported complete from some ruin overseas.

A stout, middle-aged man, with enormous owl-eyed spectacles, was sitting somewhat drunk on the edge of a great table, staring with unsteady concentration at the shelves of books. As we entered he wheeled excitedly around and examined Jordan from head to foot.

"What do you think?" he demanded impetuously.

"About what?" He waved his hand toward the book-shelves.

"About that. As a matter of fact you needn't bother to ascertain. I ascertained. They're real?"

"The books?" He nodded.

"Absolutely real—have pages and everything. I thought they'd be a nice durable cardboard. Matter of fact, they're absolutely real. Pages and—Here! Lemme show you."

Taking our scepticism for granted, he rushed to the bookcase and returned with Volume One of the Stoddard Lectures.

"See!" he cried triumphantly. "It's a bona-fide piece of printed matter. It fooled me. This fellow's a regular Belasco. It's a triumph. What realism! Knew when to stop, too—didn't cut the pages. But what do you want? What do you expect?"

He snatched the book from me and replaced it hastily on its shelf, muttering that if one brick was removed the whole library was liable to collapse.

"Who brought you?" he demanded. "Or did you just come? I was brought. Most people were brought."

Jordan looked at him alertly, cheerfully, without answering. "I was brought by a woman named Roosevelt," he continued. "Mrs. Claude Roosevelt. Do you know her? I met her somewhere last night. I've been drunk for about a week now, and I thought it might sober me up to sit in a library."

"Has it?" "A little bit, I think. I can't tell yet. I've only been here an hour. Did I tell you about the books? They're real. They're—"

"You told us." We shook hands with him gravely and went back outdoors.

There was dancing now on the canvas in the garden; old men pushing young girls backward in eternal graceless circles, superior couples holding each other tortuously, fashionably, and keeping in the corners—and a great number of single girls dancing individually or relieving the orchestra for a moment of the burden of the banjo or the traps. By midnight the hilarity had increased. A celebrated tenor had sung in Italian, and a notorious contralto had sung in jazz, and between the numbers people were doing "stunts" all over the garden, while happy, vacuous bursts of laughter rose toward the summer sky.

I was still with Jordan Baker. We were sitting at a

table with a man of about my age and a rowdy little girl, who gave way upon the slightest provocation to uncontrollable laughter. I was enjoying myself now. I had taken two finger-bowls of champagne, and the scene had changed before my eyes into something significant, elemental, and profound.

At a lull in the entertainment the man looked at me and smiled.

"Your face is familiar," he said, politely. "Weren't you in the First Division during the war?"

"Why, yes. I was in the Twenty-eighth Infantry."

"I was in the Sixteenth until June nineteen-eighteen. I knew I'd seen you somewhere before."

We talked for a moment about some wet, grey little villages in France. Evidently he lived in this vicinity, for he told me that he had just bought a hydroplane, and was going to try it out in the morning.

HE said, "Want to go with me, old sport? Just near the shore along the Sound."

"What time?" "Any time that suits you best."

It was on the tip of my tongue to ask his name when Jordan looked around and smiled.

"Having a gay time now?" she inquired.

"Much better." I turned again to my new acquaintance. "This is an unusual party for me. I haven't even seen the host. I live over there—" I waved my hand at the invisible hedge in the distance, "and this man Gatsby sent over his chauffeur with an invitation."

For a moment he looked at me as if he failed to understand.

"I'm Gatsby," he said suddenly.

"What!" I exclaimed. "Oh, I beg your pardon."

"I thought you knew, old sport. I'm afraid I'm not a very good host."

He smiled understandingly—much more than understandingly. It was one of those rare smiles with a quality of eternal reassurance in it that you may come across four or five times in life. It faced—or seemed to face—the whole eternal world for an instant, and then concentrated on you with an irresistible prejudice in your favor. It understood you just as far as you wanted to be understood, believed in you as you would like to believe in yourself, and assured you that it had precisely the impression of you that, at your best, you hoped to convey.

Precisely at that point it vanished—and I was looking at an elegant young rough-neck, a year or two over thirty, whose elaborate formality of speech just missed being absurd. Some time before he introduced himself I'd got a strong impression that he was picking his words with care.

Almost at the moment when Mr. Gatsby identified himself, a butler hurried toward him with the information that Chicago was calling him on the wire. He excused himself with a small bow that included each of us in turn.

"If you want anything just ask for it, old sport," he urged me. "Excuse me, I will rejoin you later."

When he was gone I turned immediately to Jordan—constrained to assure her of my surprise. I had expected that Mr. Gatsby would be a florid and corpulent person in his middle years.

"Who is he?" I demanded. "Do you know?"

"He's just a man named Gatsby."

"Where is he from, I mean? And what does he do?"

"Now you're started on the subject," she answered with a wan smile. "Well, he told me once he was an Oxford man."

A dim background started to take shape behind him, but at her next remark it faded away.

"However, I don't believe it."

"Why not?" "I don't know," she insisted. "I just don't think he went there."

Something in her tone reminded me of the other girls: "I think he killed a man," and had the effect of stimulating my curiosity. I would have accepted without question the information that Gatsby sprang from the swamps of Louisiana or from the lower East Side of New York. That was comprehensible. But young men didn't—at least in my provincial inexperience I believed they didn't—drift coolly out of nowhere and buy a palace on Long Island Sound.

"Anyhow, he gives large parties," said Jordan, changing the subject with an urban distaste for the concrete. "And I like large parties. They're so intimate. At small parties there isn't any privacy."

There was the boom of a bass drum, and the voice of the orchestra leader rang out suddenly above the echolalia of the garden.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he cried. "At the request of Mr. Gatsby we are going to play for you Mr. Vladimir Tostoff's latest work, which attracted so much attention at Carnegie Hall last May. If you read the papers, you know there was a big sensation." He smiled with jovial condescension, and added: "Some sensation!"

Whereupon everybody laughed.

"The piece is known," he concluded lustily, "as Vladimir Tostoff's Jazz History of the World."

The nature of Mr. Tostoff's composition eluded me, because just as it began my eyes fell on Gatsby, standing alone on the marble steps and looking from one group to another with approving eyes. His tanned skin was drawn attractively tight on his face and his short hair looked as though it were trimmed every day. I could see nothing sinister about him.

I wondered if the fact that he was not drinking helped to set him off from his guests, for it seemed to me that he grew more correct as the fraternal hilarity increased. When the Jazz History of the World was over, girls were putting their heads on men's shoulders in a puppyish, convivial way, girls were swooning backward playfully into men's arms, even into groups, knowing that someone would arrest their falls—but no one swooned backward on Gatsby, and no French bob touched Gatsby's shoulder, and no singing quartets were formed for Gatsby's head for one link.

"I beg your pardon." Gatsby's butler was suddenly standing beside us.

"Miss Baker?" he inquired.

"I beg your pardon, but Mr. Gatsby would like to speak to you alone."

"With me?" she exclaimed in surprise.

"Yes, madame."

She got up slowly, raising her eyebrows at me in astonishment, and followed the butler toward the house. I noticed that she wore her evening dress, all her dresses, like sports clothes—there was a jauntiness about her movements as if she had first learnt to walk upon golf courses on clean, crisp mornings.

I was alone and it was almost two. For some time confused and intriguing sounds had issued from a long, many-windowed room which overhung the terrace. Eluding Jordan's undergraduate, who was now engaged in an obstetric conversation with two chorus girls, and who implored me to join him, I went inside.

The large room was full of people. One of the girls in yellow was playing the piano, and beside her stood a tall, red-haired young lady from a famous chorus, engaged in song. She had drunk a quantity of champagne, and during the course of her song she had decided, ineptly, that everything was very, very sad—she was not only singing, she was weeping too. Whenever there was a pause in the song she filled it with gasping broken sobs, and then took up the lyric again in a quavering soprano. The tears coursed down her cheeks—not freely, however, for when they came into contact with her heavily beaded eyelashes they assumed an inky color, and pursued the rest of their way in slow black rivulets.

A humorous suggestion was made that she sing the notes on her face, whereupon she threw up her hands, sank into a chair, and went off into a deep vinous sleep.

"She had a fight with a man who says he's her husband," explained a girl at my elbow.

I looked around. Most of the remaining women were now having fights with men said to be their husbands. Even Jordan's party, the quartet from East Egg, were rent asunder by dissension. One of the men was talking with curious intensity to a young actress, and his wife, after attempting to laugh at the situation in a dignified and indifferent way, broke down entirely and resorted to flank attacks—at intervals she appeared suddenly at his side like an angry diamond, and hissed: "You promised!" into his ear.

The reluctance to go home was not confined to wayward men. The hall was at present occupied by two deplorably sober men and their highly indignant wives. The wives were sympathizing with each other in slightly raised voices.

"Whenever he sees I'm having a good time he wants to go home."

"Never heard anything so selfish in my life."

"We're always the first ones to leave."

"So are we."

"Well, we're almost the last to-night," said one of the men sheepishly. The orchestra left half an hour ago.

In spite of the wives' agreement that such malevolence was beyond credibility, the dispute ended in a short struggle, and both wives were lifted, kicking, into the night.

As I waited for my hat in the hall the door of the library opened and Jordan Baker and Gatsby came out together. He was saying some last words to her, but the eagerness in his manner tightened abruptly into formality as several people approached him to say good-bye.

Jordan's party were calling impatiently to her from the porch, but she lingered for a moment to shake hands.

"I've just heard the most amazing thing," she whispered. "How long were we in there?"

"Why, about an hour."

"It was . . . simply amazing," she repeated abstractedly. "But I swore I wouldn't tell it and here I am tantalizing you." She yawned gracefully in my face. "Please come and see me . . . Phone book . . . Under the name of Mrs. Sigourney Howard . . . My aunt . . ." She was hurrying off as she talked—her brown hand waved a jaunty salute as she melted into her party at the door.

RATHER ashamed that on my first appearance I had stayed so late, I joined the last of Gatsby's guests, who were clustered around him. I wanted to explain that I'd hunted for him early in the evening and to apologise for not having known him in the garden.

"Don't mention it," he enjoined me eagerly. "Don't give it another thought, old sport." The familiar expression held no more familiarity than the hand which reassuringly brushed my shoulder. "And don't forget we're going up in the hydroplane to-morrow morning, at nine o'clock."

Then the butler, behind his shoulder:

"Philadelphia wants you on the phone, sir."

"All right, in a minute. Tell them I'll be right there . . . Good-night."

"Good-night."

"Good-night." He smiled—and suddenly there seemed to be a pleasant significance in having been among the last to go, as if he had desired it all the time. "Good-night, old sport . . . Good-night."

But as I walked down the steps I saw that the evening was not quite over. Fifty feet from the door a dozen headlights illuminated a bizarre and tumultuous scene. In the ditch beside the road, right side up, but violently shorn of one wheel, rested a new coupe which had left Gatsby's drive not two minutes before. The sharp jut of a wall accounted for the detachment of the wheel, which was now getting considerable attention from half a dozen curious chauffeurs. However, as they had left their cars blocking the road, a harsh, discordant din from those in the rear had been audible for some time, and added to the already violent confusion of the scene.

A man in a long duster had dismounted from the wreck and now stood in the middle of the road, looking from the car to the tyre and from the tyre to the observers in a pleasant, puzzled way.

"See!" he explained. "It went into the ditch."

The fact was infinitely astonishing to him, and I recognised first the unusual quality of wonder, and then the man—

it was the late patron of Gatsby's library.

"How'd it happen?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "I know nothing whatever about mechanics," he said decisively.

"But how did it happen? Did you run into the wall?"

"Don't ask me," said Owl Eyes, washing his hands of the whole matter. "I know very little about driving—next to nothing. It happened, and that's all I know."

"Well, if you're a poor driver you oughtn't to try driving at night."

"But I wasn't even trying," he explained indignantly. "I wasn't even trying."

An awed hush fell upon the bystanders.

"Do you want to commit suicide?"

"You're lucky it was just a wheel! A bad driver and not even trying."

"You don't understand," explained the criminal. "I wasn't driving. There's another man in the car."

The shock that followed this declaration found voice in a sustained "Ah-h-h!" as the door of the coupe swung slowly open. The crowd—it was now a crowd—stepped back involuntarily, and when the door had opened wide there was a ghostly pause. Then, very gradually, part by part, a pale, dangling individual stepped out of the wreck, pawing tentatively at the ground with a large uncertain dancing shoe.

Blinded by the glare of the headlights and confused by the incessant groaning of the horns, the apparition stood swaying for a moment before he perceived the man in the duster.

"What's matter?" he inquired calmly. "Did we run outa gas?"

"Look!"

Half a dozen fingers pointed at the amputated wheel—he stared at it for a moment, and then looked upward as though he suspected that it had dropped from the sky.

"It came off," someone explained.

He nodded.

"At first I din' notice we'd stopped."

A pause. Then, taking a long breath and straightening his shoulders, he remarked in a determined voice:

"Wonder if tell me where there's a gas-line station?"

At least a dozen men, some of them a little better off than he was, explained to him that wheel and car were no longer joined by any physical bond.

"Back out," he suggested after a moment. "Put her in reverse."

"But the wheel's off!"

He hesitated.

"No harm in trying," he said.

The caterwauling horns had reached a crescendo and I turned away and cut across the lawn toward home. I glanced back once. A wafer of a moon was shining over Gatsby's house, making the night fine as before, and surviving the laughter and the sound of his still glowing garden. A sudden emptiness seemed to flow now from the windows and the great doors, endowing with complete isolation the figure of the host,

who stood on the porch, his hand up in a formal gesture of farewell.

Reading over what I have written so far, I see I have given the impression that the events of three nights several weeks apart were all that absorbed me. On the contrary, they were merely casual events in a crowded summer, and, until much later, they absorbed me infinitely less than my personal affairs.

Most of the time I worked. In the early morning the sun threw shadows westward as I hurried down the white chasms of lower New York to the Probity Trust. I knew the other clerks and young bond-salesmen by their first names, and lunched with them in dark, crowded restaurants on little pig sausages and mashed potatoes and coffee. I even had had a short affair with a girl who lived in Jersey City and worked in the accounting department, but her brother began throwing mean looks in my direction, so when she went on her vacation in July I let it blow quietly away.

I took dinner usually at the Yale Club—for some reason it was the gloomiest event of my day—and then I went upstairs to the library and studied investments and securities for a conscientious hour. There were generally a few rioters around, but they never came into the library, so it was a good place to work. After that, if the night was mellow, I strolled down Madison Avenue past the old Murray Hill Hotel, and over 33rd Street to the Pennsylvania Station.

I began to like New York, the racy, adventurous feel of it at night, and the satisfaction that the constant flicker of men and women and machines gives to the restless eye. I liked to walk up Fifth Avenue and pick out romantic women from the crowd and imagine that in a few minutes I was going to enter into their lives, and no one would ever know or disapprove. Sometimes, in my mind, I followed them to their apartments on the corners of hidden streets, and they turned and smiled back at me before they faded through the door into warm darkness.

AT the enchanted metropolitan twilight I felt a haunting loneliness sometimes, and felt it in others—poor young clerks who loitered in front of windows waiting until it was time for a solitary restaurant dinner—young clerks in the dusk, wasting the most poignant moments of night and life.

Again at eight o'clock, when the dark lanes of the Forties were lined five deep with throbbing taxicabs, bound for the theatre district, I felt a sinking in my heart. Forms leaned together in the taxis as they waited, and voices sang and there was laughter from unheard jokes, and lighted cigarettes made unintelligible circles inside. Imagining that I, too, was hurrying toward gaiety and sharing their intimate excitement, I wished them well.

For a while I lost sight of Jordan Baker, and then in midsummer I found her again. At first I was flattered to go

places with her, because she was a golf champion, and everyone knew her name. Then it was something more. I wasn't actually in love, but I felt a sort of tender curiosity. The bored haughty face that she turned to the world concealed something—most affectations conceal something eventually, even though they don't in the beginning—and one day I found what it was.

When we were on a house-party together up in Warwick, she left a borrowed car out in the rain with the top down, and then lied about it—and suddenly I remembered the story about her that had eluded me that night at Daisy's. At her first big golf tournament there was a row that nearly reached the newspapers—a suggestion that she had moved her ball from a bad lie in the semi-final round. The thing approached the proportions of a scandal—then died away. A caddy retracted his statement, and the only other witness admitted that he might have been mistaken. The incident and the name had remained together in my mind.

Jordan Baker instinctively avoided clever, shrewd men, and now I saw that this was because she felt safer on a plane where any divergence from code would be thought impossible. She was incurably dishonest. She wasn't able to endure being at a disadvantage and, given this unwillingness, I suppose she had begun dealing in subterfuges when she was very young in order to keep that cool, insolent smile turned to the world and yet satisfy the demands of her hard, jaunty body.

It made no difference to me. Dishonesty in a woman is a thing you never blame deeply—I was casually sorry, and then I forgot. It was on that house-party that we had a curious conversation about driving a car. It started because she passed so close to some workmen that our fender flicked a button on one man's coat.

"You're a rotten driver," I protested. "Either you ought to be more careful, or you oughtn't to drive at all."

"I am careful."

"No, you're not."

"Well, other people are," she said lightly.

"What's that got to do with it?"

"They'll keep out of my way," she insisted. "It takes two to make an accident."

"Suppose you met somebody just as careless as yourself."

"I hope I never will," she answered. "I hate careless people. That's why I like you."

Her grey, sun-trained eyes stared straight ahead, but she had deliberately shifted our relations, and for a moment I thought I loved her. But I am slow-thinking and full of interior rules that act as brakes on my desires, and I knew that first I had to get myself definitely out of that tangle back home. I'd been writing letters once a week and signing them: "Love, Nick," and all I could think of was how, when that certain girl played tennis, a faint moustache of perspiration appeared on her upper lip. Nevertheless there was a vague understanding that had

THE GREAT GATSBY

to be tactfully broken off before I was free.

Everyone suspects himself of at least one of the cardinal virtues, and this is mine: I am one of the few honest people that I have ever known.

On Sunday morning while church bells rang in the villages alongshore, the world and its mistress returned to Gatsby's house and twinkled hilariously on his lawn.

"He's a bootlegger," said the young ladies, moving somewhere between his cocktails and his flowers. "One time he killed a man who had found out that he was nephew to Von Hindenburg and second cousin to the devil. Reach me a rose, honey, and pour me a last drop into that there crystal glass."

Once I wrote down on the empty spaces of a timetable the names of those who came to Gatsby's house that summer. It is an old timetable now, disintegrating at its folds, and headed "This schedule in effect July 5th, 1922." But I can still read the grey names, and they will give you a better impression than my generalities of those who accepted Gatsby's hospitality and paid him the subtle tribute of knowing nothing whatever about him.

From East Egg, then, came the Chester Beckers and the Leeches, and a man named Bunsen, whom I knew at Yale, and Doctor Webster Civet, who was drowned last summer up in Maine. And the Hornbeams and the Willie Voltaires, and a whole clan named Blackbuck, who always gathered in a corner and flipped their noses like goats at whosoever came near. And the Ismays and the Chrysties (or rather Hubert Auerbach and Mr. Chrystie's wife), and Edgar Beaver, whose hair, they say, turned cotton-white one winter afternoon for no good reason at all.

Clarence Endive was from East Egg, as I remember. He came only once, in white knickerbockers, and had a fight with a man named Etty in the garden. From farther out on the Island came the Cheadies and the O. R. P. Schraeders, and the Stonewall Jackson Abrams of Georgia, and the Fishguards and the Ripley Snells. Snell was there three days before he went to the penitentiary, so drunk out on the gravel drive that Mrs. Ulysses Swett's automobile ran over his right hand. The Dancies came, too, and S. B. Whitebait, who was well over sixty, and Maurice A. Flink, and the Hammerheads, and Beluga the tobacco importer, and Beluga's girls.

From West Egg came the Poles and the Mulreadys and Cecil Roebuck and Cecil Schoen and Gulick the State senator and Newton Orchid, who controlled Films Par Excellence, and Eckhaust and Clyde Cohen and Don S. Schwartz (the son) and Arthur McCarty, all connected with the movies in one way or another. And the Catlips and the Bembergs and G. Earl Muldoon, brother to that Muldoon who afterwards strangled his wife, Da Fontano the promoter came there, and Ed Legros and James B. ("Rot-Gut") Ferret and the De Jongs and Ernest Lilly—they came

to gamble, and when Ferret wandered into the garden it meant he was cleaned out and Associated Traction would have to fluctuate profitably next day.

A man named Klipspringer was there so often and so long that he became known as "the boarder"—I doubt if he had any other home. Of theatrical people there were Gus Waize and Horace O'Donovan and Lester Myer and George Duckweed and Francis Bull. Also from New York were the Chromes and the Backhyssons and the Dennickers and Russell Betty and the Corrigan and the Kellehers and the Dewers and the Scullys and S. W. Belcher and the Smirkes and the young Quinns, divorced now, and Henry L. Palmetto, who killed himself by jumping in front of a subway train in Times Square.

Benny McClenahan arrived always with four girls. They were never quite the same ones in physical person, but they were so identical one with another that it inevitably seemed they had been there before.

In addition to all these I can remember that Faustina O'Brien came there at least once and the Baedeker girls and young Brewer, who had his nose shot off in the war, and Mr. Albrucksburger and Miss Haag, his fiancée, and Ardita Fitz-Peters and Mr. P. Jewett, once head of the American Legion, and Miss Claudia Hip, with a man reputed to be her chauffeur, and a prince of something whom we called Duke, and whose name, if I ever knew it, I have forgotten.

All these people came to Gatsby's house in the summer.

At nine o'clock, one morning late in July, Gatsby's gorgeous car lurched up the rocky drive to my door and gave out a burst of melody from its three-noted horn. It was the first time he had called on me, though I had gone to two of his parties, mounted in his hydroplane, and at his urgent invitation, made frequent use of his beach.

"Good morning, old sport. You're having lunch with me to-day and I thought we'd ride up together."

HE was balancing himself on the running-board of his car with that resourcefulness of movement that is so peculiarly American—that comes, I suppose, with the absence of lifting work in youth, and, even more, with the formless grace of our nervous, sporadic games. This quality was continually breaking through his punctilious manner in the shape of restlessness. He was never quite still; there was always a tapping foot somewhere or the impatient opening and closing of a hand.

He saw me looking with admiration at his car.

"It's pretty, isn't it, old sport?" He jumped off to give me a better view. "Haven't you ever seen it before?"

I'd seen it. Everybody had seen it. It was a rich cream color, bright with nickel, swollen here and there in its monstrous length with triumphant hat-boxes and supper-boxes, and tool-boxes, and terraced with a labyrinth

of wind-shields that mirrored a dozen suns. Sitting down behind many layers of glass in a sort of green leather conservatory, we started to town.

I had talked with him perhaps half a dozen times in the past month and found, to my disappointment, that he had little to say. So my first impression, that he was a person of some undefined consequence, had gradually faded and he had become simply the proprietor of an elaborate roadhouse next door.

And then came that disconcerting ride. We hadn't reached West Egg Village before Gatsby began leaving his elegant sentences unfinished and slapping himself ineffectively on the knee of his caramel-colored suit.

"Look here, old sport," he broke out surprisingly, "what's your opinion of me, anyhow?"

A little overwhelmed, I began the generalised evasions which that question deserves.

"Well, I'm going to tell you something about my life," he interrupted. "I don't want you to get a wrong idea of me from all these stories you hear."

So he was aware of the bizarre accusations that flavored conversation in his halls.

"I'll tell you God's truth." His right hand suddenly ordered divine retribution to stand by. "I am the son of some wealthy people in the Middle West—all dead now. I was brought up in America but educated at Oxford, because all my ancestors have been educated there for many years. It is a family tradition."

He looked at me sideways—and I knew why Jordan Baker had believed he was lying. He hurried the phrase "educated at Oxford," or swallowed it, or choked on it, as though it had bothered him before. And with this doubt, his whole statement fell to pieces, and I wondered if there wasn't something a little sinister about him, after all.

"What part of the Middle West?" I inquired casually.

"San Francisco."

"I see."

"My family all died and I came into a good deal of money."

His voice was solemn, as if the memory of that sudden extinction of a clan still haunted him. For a moment I suspected that he was pulling my leg, but a glance at him convinced me otherwise.

"After that I lived like a young rajah in all the capitals of Europe—Paris, Venice, Rome—collecting jewels, chiefly rubies, hunting big game, painting a little, things for myself only, and trying to forget something very sad that had happened to me long ago."

With an effort I managed to restrain my incredulous laughter. The very phrases were worn so threadbare that they evoked no image except that of a turbaned "character" leaking sawdust at every pore as he pursued a tiger through the Bois de Boulogne.

"Then came the war, old sport. It was a great relief, and I tried very hard to die, but I seemed to bear an enchanted life. I accepted a commission as first lieutenant when it began. In the Argonne Forest I took the remains of

my machine-gun battalion so far forward that there was a half-mile gap on either side of us where the infantry couldn't advance. We stayed there two days and two nights, a hundred and thirty men with sixteen Lewis guns, and when the infantry came up at last they found the insignia of three German divisions among the piles of dead. I was promoted to be a major, and every Allied government gave me a decoration—even Montenegro, little Montenegro down on the Adriatic Sea!"

Little Montenegro! He lifted up the words and nodded at them—with his smile. The smile comprehended Montenegro's troubled history and sympathised with the brave struggles of the Montenegrin people. It appreciated fully the chain of national circumstances which had elicited this tribute from Montenegro's warm little heart. My incredulity was submerged in fascination now; it was like skimming hastily through a dozen magazines.

GATSBY reached in his pocket, and a piece of metal, on a ribbon, fell into my palm.

"That's the one from Montenegro."

To my astonishment, the thing had an authentic look. "Orderi de Danilo," ran the circular legend, "Montenegro, Nicolas Rex."

"Turn it."

"Major Jay Gatsby," I read, "For Valor Extraordinary."

"Here's another thing I always carry. A souvenir of Oxford days. It was taken in Trinity Quad—the man on my left is now the Earl of Doncaster."

It was a photograph of half a dozen young men in blazers loafing in an archway through which were visible a host of spires. There was Gatsby, looking a little, not much, younger—with a cricket bat in his hand.

Then it was all true. I saw the skins of tigers flaming in his palace on the Grand Canal; I saw him opening a chest of rubies to ease with their crimson-lighted depths the gnawings of his broken heart.

"I'm going to make a big racket of you to-day," he said, pocketing his souvenirs with satisfaction, "so I thought you ought to know something about me. I didn't want you to think I was just some nobody. You see, I usually find myself among strangers because I drift here and there trying to forget the sad thing that happened to me." He hesitated. "You'll hear about it this afternoon."

"At lunch?"

"No, this afternoon. I happened to find out that you're taking Miss Baker to tea."

"Do you mean you're in love with Miss Baker?"

"No, old sport, I'm not. But Miss Baker has kindly consented to speak to you about this matter."

I hadn't the faintest idea what "this matter" was, but I was more annoyed than interested. I hadn't asked Jordan to tea in order to discuss Mr. Jay Gatsby. I was sure the request would be something utterly fantastic, and for a moment I was sorry I'd ever set foot upon his over-populated lawn.

He wouldn't say another

word. His correctness grew on him as we neared the city. We passed Port Roosevelt, where there was a glimpse of red-belted ocean-going ships, and sped along a cobbled slum lined with the dark, under-asserted saloons of the faded-gilt nineteen-hundreds. Then the valley of ashes opened out on both sides of us, and I had a glimpse of Mrs. Wilson straining at the garage pump with panting vitality as we went by.

With fenders spread like wings we scattered light through half Astoria—only half, for as we twisted among the pillars of the elevated I heard the familiar "jug-jug-spat!" of a motor-cycle, and a frantic policeman rode alongside.

"All right, old sport," called Gatsby. We slowed down. Taking a white card from his wallet, he waved it before the man's eyes.

"Right you are," agreed the policeman, tipping his cap. "Know you next time, Mr. Gatsby. Excuse me!"

"What was that?" I inquired. "The picture of Oxford?"

"I was able to do the commissioner a favor once, and he sends me a Christmas card every year."

Over the great bridge, with the sunlight through the girders making a constant flicker upon the moving cars, with the city rising up across the river in white heaps and sugar lumps all built up with a wish out of non-olfactory money. The city seen from the Queensborough Bridge is always the city seen for the first time, in its first wild promise of all the mystery and the beauty in the world.

A dead man passed us in a hearse heaped with blooms, followed by two carriages with drawn blinds, and by more cheerful carriages for friends. The friends looked out at us with the tragic eyes and short upper lips of south-eastern Europe, and I was glad that the sight of Gatsby's splendid car was included in their sombre holiday.

Roaring noon. In a well-fanned Forty-second Street cellar I met Gatsby for lunch. Blinking away the brightness of the street outside, my eyes picked him out obscurely in the ante-room, talking to another man.

"Mr. Carraway, this is my friend Mr. Wolfsheim."

A small, flat-nosed Jew raised his large head and regarded me with two fine growths of hair which luxuriated in either nostril. After a moment I discovered his tiny eyes in the half-darkness.

"—So I took one look at him," said Mr. Wolfsheim, shaking my hand earnestly, "and what do you think I did?"

"What?" I inquired politely.

But evidently he was not addressing me, for he dropped my hand and covered Gatsby with his expressive nose.

"I handed the money to Katspaugh and I said: 'All right, Katspaugh, don't pay him a penny till he shuts his mouth.' He shut it then and there."

Gatsby took an arm of each of us and moved forward into the restaurant, whereupon Mr. Wolfsheim swallowed a new sentence he was starting and lapsed into a somnambulatory abstraction.

"Highballs?" asked the head waiter.

"This is a nice restaurant here," said Mr. Wolfsheim, looking at the Presbyterian nymphs on the ceiling. "But I like across the street better!"

"Yes, highballs," agreed Gatsby, and then to Mr. Wolfsheim: "It's too hot over there."

"Hot and small—yes," said Wolfsheim, "but full of memories."

"What place is that?" I asked.

"The old Metropole."

"The old Metropole," brooded Mr. Wolfsheim gloomily. "Filled with faces dead and gone. Filled with friends gone now for ever. I can't forget so long as I live the night they shot Rosy Rosenthal there. It was six of us at the table, and Rosy had eat and drunk a lot all evening. When it was almost morning the waiter came up to him with a funny look and says somebody wants to speak to him outside. 'All right,' says Rosy, and begins to get up, and I pulled him down in his chair."

"Let him come in here if he wants you, Rosy, but don't you, so help me, move outside this room."

"It was four o'clock in the morning then, and if we'd of raised the blinds we'd of seen daylight."

"Did he go?" I asked innocently.

"Sure he went," Mr. Wolfsheim's nose flashed at me indignantly. "He turned around in the door and says: 'Don't let that waiter take away my coffee!' Then he went out on the sidewalk, and they shot him three times and drove away."

"Four of them were electrocuted," I said, remembering. "Five, with Becker." His nostrils turned to me in an interested way. "I understand you're looking for a business connegtion."

The juxtaposition of these two remarks was startling. Gatsby answered for me:

"Oh, no," he exclaimed, "this isn't the man."

"No?" Mr. Wolfsheim seemed disappointed.

"This is just a friend. I told you we'd talk about that some other time."

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Wolfsheim, "I had a wrong man."

A succulent hash arrived, and Mr. Wolfsheim, forgetting the more sentimental atmosphere of the old Metropole, began to eat with ferocious delicacy. His eyes, meanwhile, roved very slowly all around the room—he completed the arc by turning to inspect the people directly behind. I think that, except for my presence, he would have taken one short glance beneath our own table.

"Look here, old sport," said Gatsby leaning toward me, "I'm afraid I made you a little angry this morning in the car."

There was the smile again, but this time I held out against it.

"I don't like mysteries," I answered, "and I don't understand why you won't come out frankly and tell me what you want. Why has it all got to come through Miss Baker?"

"Oh, it's nothing underhand," he assured me. "Miss Baker's a great sportswoman, you know, and she'd never do anything that wasn't all right."

Suddenly he looked at his watch, jumped up, and hurried from the room, leaving me

with Mr. Wolfsheim at the table.

"He has to telephone," said Mr. Wolfsheim, following him with his eyes. "Fine fellow, isn't he? Handsome to look at and a perfect gentleman."

"Yes."

"He's an Oggstford man."

"Oh!"

He went to Oggstford College in England. You know Oggstford College?"

"I've heard of it."

"It's one of the most famous colleges in the world."

"Have you known Gatsby for a long time?" I inquired.

"Several years," he answered in a gratified way. "I made the pleasure of his acquaintance just after the war. But I knew I had discovered a man of fine breeding after I talked with him an hour. I said to myself: 'There's the kind of man you'd like to take home and introduce to your mother and sister.' He paused. 'I see you're looking at my cuff buttons.'"

I HADN'T been looking at them, but I did now. They were composed of oddly familiar pieces of ivory.

"Finest specimens of human molars," he informed me.

"Well!" I inspected them. "That's a very interesting idea."

"Yeah." He flipped his sleeves up under his coat. "Yeah. Gatsby's very careful about women. He would never so much as look at a friend's wife."

When the subject of this trust returned to the table and sat down Mr. Wolfsheim drank his coffee with a jerk and got to his feet.

"I have enjoyed my lunch," he said, "and I'm going to run off from you two young men before I outstay my welcome."

"Don't hurry, Meyer," said Gatsby, without enthusiasm. Mr. Wolfsheim raised his hand in a sort of benediction.

"You're very polite, but I belong to another generation," he announced solemnly. "You sit here and discuss your sports and your young ladies and your—" He supplied an imaginary noun with another wave of his hand. "As for me, I am fifty years old, and I won't impose myself on you any longer."

As he shook hands and turned away his tragic nose was trembling. I wondered if I had said anything to offend him.

"He becomes very sentimental sometimes," explained Gatsby. "This is one of his sentimental days. He's quite a character around New York—a denizen of Broadway."

"Who is he, anyhow, an actor?"

"No."

"A dentist?"

"Meyer Wolfsheim? No, he's a gambler," Gatsby hesitated, then added coolly: "He's the man who fixed the World Series back in 1919."

"Fixed the World's Series?" I repeated.

The idea staggered me. I remembered, of course, that the World's Series had been fixed in 1919, but if I had thought of it at all I would have thought of it as a thing that merely happened, the end of some inevitable chain. It never occurred to me that one man could start to play

with the faith of fifty million people—with the single-mindedness of a burglar blowing a safe.

"How did he happen to do that?" I asked after a minute.

"He just saw the opportunity."

"Why isn't he in gaol?"

"They can't get him, old sport. He's a smart man."

I insisted on paying the check. As the waiter brought my change I caught sight of Tom Buchanan across the crowded room.

"Come along with me for a minute," I said, "I've got to say hello to someone."

When he saw us Tom jumped up and took half a dozen steps in our direction.

"Where've you been?" he demanded eagerly. "Daisy's furious because you haven't called up."

"This is Mr. Gatsby, Mr. Buchanan."

They shook hands briefly, and a strained, unfamiliar look of embarrassment came over Gatsby's face.

"How've you been, anyhow?" demanded Tom of me. "How'd you happen to come up this far to eat?"

"I've been having lunch with Mr. Gatsby."

I turned toward Mr. Gatsby, but he was no longer there.

* * *

One October day in nineteen-seventeen—said Jordan Baker that afternoon, sitting up very straight on a straight chair in the tea-garden at the Plaza Hotel—I was walking along from one place to another, half on the sidewalks and half on the lawns. I was happier on the lawns because I had on shoes from England with rubber nobs on the soles that bit into the soft ground. I had on a new plaid skirt also that blew a little in the wind, and whenever this happened the red, white, and blue banners in front of all the houses stretched out stiff and said tut-tut-tut in a disapproving way.

The largest of the banners and the largest of the lawns belonged to Daisy Fay's house. She was just eighteen, two years older than me, and by far the most popular of all the young girls in Louisville. She dressed in white, and had a little white roadster, and all day long the telephone rang in her house and excited young officers from Camp Taylor demanded the privilege of monopolising her that night. "Anyways, for an hour!"

When I came opposite her house that morning her white roadster was beside the kerb, and she was sitting in it with a lieutenant I had never seen before. They were so engrossed in each other that she didn't see me until I was five feet away.

"Hello, Jordan," she called unexpectedly. "Please come here."

I was flattered that she wanted to speak to me, because of all the older girls I admired her most. She asked me if I was going to the Red Cross to make bandages. I was. Well, then, would I tell them she couldn't come that day? The officer looked at Daisy while she was speaking, in a way that every young girl

wants to be looked at some time, and because it seemed romantic to me I have remembered the incident ever since. His name was Jay Gatsby, and I didn't lay eyes on him again for over four years—even after I'd met him on Long Island I didn't realise it was the same man.

That was nineteen-seventeen. By the next year I had a few beaux myself, and I began to play in tournaments, so I didn't see Daisy very often. She went with a slightly older crowd—when she went with anyone at all. Wild rumors were circulating about her—how her mother had found her packing her bag one winter night to go to New York and say good-bye to a soldier who was going overseas. She was effectively prevented, but she wasn't on speaking terms with her family for several weeks. After that she didn't play around with the soldiers any more, but only with a few flat-footed, short-sighted young men in town, who couldn't get into the army at all.

By the next autumn she was gay again, gay as ever. She had a debut after the Armistice and in February she was presumably engaged to a man from New Orleans. In June she married Tom Buchanan, of Chicago, with more pomp and circumstance than Louisville ever knew before. He came down with a hundred people in four private cars, and hired a whole floor of the Muhlbach Hotel, and the day before the wedding he gave her a string of pearls valued at three hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

I was a bridesmaid. I came into her room half an hour before the bridal dinner, and found her lying on her bed as lovely as the June night in her flowered dress—and as drunk as a monkey. She had a bottle of sauterne in one hand and a letter in the other.

"Gratulate me," she muttered. "Never had a drink before, but oh how I do enjoy it."

"What's the matter, Daisy?" I was scared, I can tell you. I'd never seen a girl like that before.

"Here, dearest." She groped around in a waste-basket she had with her on the bed and pulled out the string of pearls.

"Take 'em downstairs and give 'em back to whoever they belong to. Tell 'em all Daisy's change' her mine. Say: 'Daisy's change' her mine!"

SHE began to cry—she cried and cried. I rushed out and found her mother's maid, and we locked the door and got her into a cold bath. She wouldn't let go of the letter. She took it into the tub with her and squeezed it up into a wet ball, and only let me leave it in the soap-dish when she saw that it was coming to pieces like snow.

But she didn't say another word. We gave her spirits of ammonia and put ice on her forehead and hooked her back into her dress, and half an hour later, when we walked out of the room, the pearls were around her neck and the incident was over. Next day at five o'clock she married Tom Buchanan without so much as a shiver, and started off on a

three months' trip to the South Seas.

I saw them in Santa Barbara when they came back, and I thought I'd never seen a girl so mad about her husband. If he left the room for a minute she'd look around uneasily, and say: "Where's Tom gone?" and wear the most abstracted expression until she saw him coming in the door. She used to sit on the sand with his head in her lap by the hour, rubbing her fingers over his eyes and looking at him with unfathomable delight. It was touching to see them together—it made you laugh in a hushed, fascinated way. That was in August. A week after I left Santa Barbara Tom ran into a waggon on the Ventura road one night, and ripped a front wheel off his car. The girl who was with him got into the papers, too, because her arm was broken—she was one of the chambermaids in the Santa Barbara Hotel.

The next April Daisy had her little girl, and they went to France for a year. I saw them one spring in Cannes, and later in Deauville, and then they came back to Chicago to settle down. Daisy was popular in Chicago, as you know. They moved with a fast crowd, all of them young and rich and wild, but she came out with an absolutely perfect reputation. Perhaps because she doesn't drink. It's a great advantage not to drink among hard-drinking people. You can hold your tongue, and, moreover, you can time any little irregularity of your own so that everybody else is so blind that they don't see or care. Perhaps Daisy never went in for amour at all—and yet there's something in that voice of hers...

Well, about six weeks ago, she heard the name Gatsby for the first time in years. It was when I asked you—do you remember?—if you knew Gatsby in West Egg. After you had gone home she came into my room and woke me up, and said: "What Gatsby?" and when I described him—I was half asleep—she said in the strangest voice that it must be the man she used to know. It wasn't until then that I connected this Gatsby with the officer in her white car.

When Jordan Baker had finished telling all this we had left the Plaza for half an hour and were driving in a victoria through Central Park. The sun had gone down behind the tall apartments of the movie stars in the West Fifties, and the clear voices of children, already gathered like crickets on the grass, rose through the hot twilight: "I'm the Sheikh of Araby."

Your love belongs to me. At night when you're asleep into your tent I'll creep—"It was a strange coincidence," I said.

"But it wasn't a coincidence at all."

"Why not?" "Gatsby bought that house so that Daisy would be just across the bay."

Then it had not been merely the stars to which he had aspired on that June night. He came alive to me, delivered suddenly from the womb of his purposeless splendor.

"He wants to know," continued Jordan, "if you'll invite

THE GREAT GATSBY

Daisy to your house some afternoon and let him come over."

The modesty of the demand shook me. He had waited five years and bought a mansion where he dispensed starlight to casual moths—so that he could "come over" some afternoon to a stranger's garden.

"Did I have to know all this before he could ask such a little thing?"

"He's afraid, he's waited so long. He thought you might be offended. You see, he's regular tough underneath it all."

Something worried me. "Why didn't he ask you to arrange a meeting?"

"He wants her to see his house," she explained. "And your house is right next door."

"Oh!"

"I think he half expected her to wander into one of his parties, some night," went on Jordan, "but she never did. Then he began asking people casually if they knew her, and I was the first one he found. It was that night he sent for me at his dance, and you should have heard the elaborate way he worked up to it. Of course, I immediately suggested a luncheon in New York—and I thought he'd go mad."

"I don't want to do anything out of the way!" he kept saying. "I want to see her right next door."

"When I said you were a particular friend of Tom's, he started to abandon the whole idea. He doesn't know very much about Tom, although he says he's read a Chicago paper for years just on the chance of catching a glimpse of Daisy's name."

It was dark now, and as we dipped under a little bridge I put my arm around Jordan's golden shoulder and drew her toward me and asked her to dinner. Suddenly I wasn't thinking of Daisy or Gatsby any more, but of this clean, hard, limited person, who dealt in universal scepticism, and who leaned back jauntily just within the circle of my arm. A phrase began to beat in my ears with a sort of heady excitement: "There are only the pursued, the pursuing, the busy, and the tired."

"And Daisy ought to have something in her life," murmured Jordan to me.

"Does she want to see Gatsby?"

"She's not to know about it. Gatsby doesn't want her to know. You're just supposed to invite her to tea."

We passed a barrier of dark trees, and then the facade of Fifty-ninth Street, a block of delicate pale light, beamed down into the park. Unlike Gatsby and Tom Buchanan, I had no girl whose disembodied face floated along the dark cornices and blinding signs, and so I drew up the girl beside me, tightening my arms. Her wan, scornful mouth smiled, and so I drew her up closer, this time to my face.

When I came home to West Egg that night I was afraid for a moment that my house was on fire. Two o'clock and the whole corner of the peninsula was blazing with light, which fell unreal on the shrubbery and made thin elongated glints upon the roadside wires. Turning a corner I saw that

it was Gatsby's house, lit from tower to cellar.

At first I thought it was another party, a wild rout that had resolved itself into "hide-and-go-seek" or "sardines-in-the-box" with all the house thrown open to the game. But there wasn't a sound. Only wind in the trees, which blew the wires and made the lights go off and on again as if the house had winked into the darkness. As my taxi groaned away I saw Gatsby walking towards me across his lawn.

"Your place looks like the World's Fair," I said.

"Does it?" He turned his eyes toward it absently. "I have been glancing into some of the rooms. Let's go to Coney Island, old sport. In my car."

"It's too late."

"Well, suppose we take a plunge in the swimming-pool? I haven't made use of it all summer."

"I've got to go to bed."

"All right."

He waited, looking at me with suppressed eagerness.

"I talked with Miss Baker," I said after a moment. "I'm going to call up Daisy to-morrow and invite her over here to tea."

"Oh, that's all right," he said carelessly. "I don't want to put you to any trouble."

"What day would suit you?"

"What day would suit you?" he corrected me quickly. "I don't want to put you to any trouble, you see."

"How about the day after to-morrow?"

He considered for a moment. Then, with reluctance:

"I want to get the grass cut," he said.

We both looked down at the grass—there was a sharp line where my ragged lawn ended and the darker well-kept expanse of his began. I suspected that he meant my grass.

"There's another little thing," he said uncertainly, and hesitated.

"Would you rather put it off for a few days?" I asked.

"Oh, it isn't that. At least —" He fumbled with a series of beginnings. "Why, I thought—why, look here, old sport, you don't make much money, do you?"

"Not very much."

"Not very much."

"Not very much."

"Not very much."

"Not very much."

"Not very much."

"Not very much."

"Not very much."

"Not very much."

"Not very much."

"Not very much."

"Not very much."

"Not very much."

"Not very much."

"Not very much."

"Not very much."

"Not very much."

"Not very much."

"Not very much."

"Not very much."

"You wouldn't have to do any business with Wolfsheimer." Evidently he thought that I was shying away from the "gonnection" mentioned at lunch, but I assured him he was wrong. He waited a moment longer, hoping I'd begin a conversation, but I was too absorbed to be responsive, so he went unwillingly home.

The evening had made me light-headed and happy; I think I walked into a deep sleep as I entered my front door. So I don't know whether or not Gatsby went to Coney Island, or for how many hours he glanced into rooms while his house blazed gaudily on. I called up Daisy from the office next morning, and invited her to come to tea.

"Don't bring Tom," I warned her.

"What?"

"Don't bring Tom."

"Who is Tom?" she asked innocently.

The day agreed upon was pouring rain. At eleven o'clock a man in a raincoat, dragging a lawnmower, tapped at my front door and said that Mr. Gatsby had sent him over to cut my grass. This reminded me that I had forgotten to tell my Finn to come back, so I drove into West Egg Village to search for her among soggy white-washed alleys and to buy some cups and lemons and flowers.

The flowers were unnecessary for at two o'clock a green-house arrived from Gatsby's, with innumerable receptacles to contain it. An hour later the front door opened nervously, and Gatsby, in a white flannel suit, silver shirt, and gold-colored tie, hurried in. He was pale, and there were dark signs of sleeplessness beneath his eyes.

"Is everything all right?" he asked immediately.

"The grass looks fine, if that's what you mean."

"What grass?" he inquired blankly. "Oh, the grass in the yard." He looked out the window at it, but, judging from his expression, I don't believe he saw a thing.

"Looks very good," he remarked vaguely. "One of the papers said they thought the rain would stop about four. I think it was 'The Journal.' Have you got everything you need in the shape of—of tea?"

I took him into the pantry, where he looked a little reproachfully at the Finn. Together we scrutinised the twelve lemon cakes from the delicatessen shop.

"Will they do?" I asked.

"Of course, of course! They're fine!" and he added hollowly, "... old sport."

The rain cooled about half-past three to a damp mist, through which occasional thin drops swam like dew. Gatsby looked with vacant eyes through a copy of Clay's "Economics," starting at the Finnish tread that shook the kitchen floor, and peering toward the bleared windows from time to time as if a series of invisible but alarming happenings were taking place outside. Finally he got up and informed me, in an uncertain voice, that he was going home.

"Why's that?"

"Nobody's coming to tea. It's too late!" He looked at his

watch as if there was some pressing demand on his time elsewhere. "I can't wait all day."

"Don't be silly; it's just two minutes to four."

He sat down miserably, as if I had pushed him, and simultaneously there was the sound of a motor turning into my lane. We both jumped up, and, a little harrowed myself, I went out into the yard.

Under the dripping bare lilac trees a large open car was coming up the drive. It stopped. Daisy's face, tipped sideways beneath a three-cornered lavender hat, looked out at me with a bright ecstatic smile.

"Is this absolutely where you live, my dearest one?"

HER voice, an exhilarating ripple, was a wild tonic in the rain. I had to follow the sound of it for a moment, up and down, with my ears alone, before any words came through. A damp streak of hair lay like a dash of blue paint across her cheeks, and her hand was wet with glistening drops as I took it to help her from the car.

"Are you in love with me," she said low in my ear, "or why did I have to come alone?"

"That's the secret of Castle Rackrent. Tell your chauffeur to go far away and spend an hour."

"Come back in an hour, Ferdie." Then in a grave murmur: "His name is Ferdie."

"Does the gasoline affect his nose?"

"I don't think so," she said innocently. "Why?"

We went in. To my overwhelming surprise the living-room was deserted.

"Well, that's funny," I exclaimed.

"What's funny?"

She turned her head as there was a light dignified knocking at the front door. I went out and opened it. Gatsby, pale as death, with his hands plunged like weights in his coat pockets, was standing in a puddle of water glaring tragically into my eyes.

With his hands still in his coat pockets he stalked by me into the hall, turned sharply as if he were on a wire, and disappeared into the living-room. It wasn't a bit funny. Aware of the loud beating of my own heart I pulled the door to against the increasing rain.

For half a minute there wasn't a sound. Then from the living-room I heard a sort of choking murmur and part of a laugh, followed by Daisy's voice on a clear artificial note: "I certainly am awful glad to see you again."

A pause; it endured horribly. I had nothing to do in the hall, so I went into the room.

Gatsby, his hands still in his pockets, was reclining against the mantelpiece in a strained counterfeit of perfect ease, even of boredom. His head leaned so far back that it rested against the face of a defunct mantelpiece clock, and from this position his distraught eyes stared down at Daisy, who was sitting, frightened but graceful, on the edge of a stiff chair.

"We've met before," muttered Gatsby. His eyes glanced momentarily at me, and his lips parted with an abortive attempt at a laugh. Luckily the clock took this moment to tilt dangerously at the pressure of his head, whereupon

he turned and caught it with trembling fingers and set it back in place. Then he sat down, rigidly, his elbow on the arm of the sofa and his chin in his hand.

"I'm sorry about the clock," he said.

My own face had now assumed a deep tropical burn. I couldn't muster up a single commonplace out of the thousand in my head.

"It's an old clock," I told them idiotically.

I think we all believed for a moment that it had smashed in pieces on the floor.

"We haven't met for many years," said Daisy, her voice as matter-of-fact as it could ever be.

"Five years next November."

The automatic quality of Gatsby's answer set us all back at least another minute. I had them both on their feet with the desperate suggestion that they help me make tea in the kitchen when the demoniac Finn brought it in on a tray.

Amid the welcome confusion of cups and cakes a certain physical decency established itself. Gatsby got himself into a shadow and, while Daisy and I talked, looked conscientiously from one to the other of us with tense, unhappy eyes. However, as calmness wasn't an end in itself, I made an excuse at the first possible moment, and got to my feet.

"Where are you going?" demanded Gatsby in immediate alarm.

"I'll be back."

"I've got to speak to you about something before you go."

He followed me wildly into the kitchen, closed the door, and whispered: "Oh, God!" in a miserable way.

"What's the matter?"

"This is a terrible mistake," he said, shaking his head from side to side, "a terrible, terrible mistake."

"You're just embarrassed, that's all," and luckily I added: "Daisy's embarrassed too."

"She's embarrassed?" he repeated incredulously.

"Just as much as you are."

"Don't talk so loud."

"You're acting like a little boy," I broke out impatiently. "Not only that, but you're rude. Daisy's sitting in there all alone."

He raised his hand to stop my words, looked at me with unforgettable reproach, and, opening the door cautiously, went back into the other room.

I walked out the back way—just as Gatsby had when he had made his nervous circuit of the house half an hour before—and ran for a huge black knotted tree, whose massed leaves made a fabric against the rain. Once more it was pouring, and my irregular lawn, well shaved by Gatsby's gardener, abounded in small muddy swamps and prehistoric marshes. There was nothing to look at from under the tree except Gatsby's enormous house, so I stared at it, like Kant at his church steeple, for half an hour. A brewer had built it early in the "period" craze a decade before, and there was a story that he'd agree to pay five years' tax on all the neighboring cottages if the owners would have their roofs thatched with straw. Perhaps their refusal took the heart out of his plan to Found a Family—he went into an immediate decline. His chil-

green sold his house with the black wreath still on the door. Americans, while willing, even eager, to be serfs, have always been obstinate about being peasantries.

After half an hour, the sun shone again, and the grocer's automobile rounded Gatsby's drive with the raw material for his servants' dinner—I felt sure he wouldn't eat a spoonful. A maid began opening the upper windows of his house, appeared momentarily in each, and leaning from the large central bay spat meditatively into the garden. It was time I went back. While the rain continued it had seemed like the murmur of their voices, rising and swelling a little now and then with gusts of emotion. But in the new silence I felt that silence had fallen within the house too.

I went in — after making every possible noise in the kitchen, short of pushing over the stove—but I don't believe they heard a sound. They were sitting at either end of the couch, looking at each other as if some question had been asked, or was in the air, and every vestige of embarrassment was gone. Daisy's face was smeared with tears, and when I came in she jumped up and began wiping at it with her handkerchief before a mirror. But there was a change in Gatsby that was simply confounding. He literally glowed; without a word or a gesture of exultation a new well-being radiated from him and filled the little room.

"Oh, hello old sport," he said, as if he hadn't seen me for years. I thought for a moment he was going to shake hands:

"It's stopped raining."

"Has it?" When he realised what I was talking about, that there were twinkle-bells of sunshine in the room, he smiled like a weather man, like an ecstatic patron of recurrent light and repeated the news to Daisy. "What do you think of that? It's stopped raining."

"I'm glad, Jay." Her throat, full of aching, grieving beauty, told only of her unexpected joy.

"I want you and Daisy to come over to my house," he said. "I'd like to show her around."

"You're sure you want me to come?"

"Absolutely, old sport."

Daisy went upstairs to wash her face—too late, I thought, with humiliation of my towels—while Gatsby and I waited on the lawn.

"My house looks well, doesn't it?" he demanded. "See how the whole front of it catches the light."

I agreed that it was splendid.

"Yes." His eyes went over it, every arched door and square tower. "It took me three years to earn the money that bought it."

"I thought you inherited your money?"

"I did, old sport," he said automatically, "but I lost most of it in the big panic—the panic of the war."

I think he hardly knew what he was saying, for when I asked him what business he was in he answered: "That's my affair," before he realised that it wasn't an appropriate reply.

"Oh, I've been in several things," he corrected himself. "I was in the drug business and then I was in the oil busi-

ness. But I'm not in either one now." He looked at me with more attention. "Do you mean you've been thinking over what I proposed the other night?"

But before I could answer, Daisy came out of the house and two rows of brass buttons on her dress gleamed in the sunlight.

"That huge place there?" she cried, pointing.

"Do you like it?"

"I love it, but I don't see how you live there all alone."

"I keep it always full of interesting people, night and day. People who do interesting things. Celebrated people."

Instead of taking the short cut along the Sound we went down to the road and entered by the big postern. With enchanting murmurs Daisy admired this aspect or that of the feudal silhouette against the sky, admired the gardens, the sparkling odor of jonquils and the frothy odor of hawthorn and plum blossoms and the pale gold odor of kiss-me-at-the-gate. It was strange to reach the marble steps and find no stir of bright dresses in and out of the door, and hear no sound but bird voices in the trees.

AND inside, as we wandered through Marie Antoinette music-rooms and Restoration salons, I felt that there were guests concealed behind every couch and table, under orders to be breathlessly silent until we had passed through. As Gatsby closed the door of the Merton College Library I could have sworn I heard the owl-eyed man break into ghostly laughter.

We went upstairs through period bedrooms swathed in rose and lavender silk and vivid with new flowers, through dressing-rooms and poolrooms, and bathrooms, with sunken baths— intruding into one chamber where a dishevelled man in pyjamas was doing liver exercises on the floor. It was Mr. Klipspringer, the "boarder." I had seen him wandering hungrily about the beach that morning. Finally we came to Gatsby's own apartment, a bedroom and a bath, and an Adam study, where we sat down and drank a glass of some Chartreuse he took from a cupboard in the wall.

He hadn't once ceased looking at Daisy, and I think he revalued everything in his house according to the measure of response it drew from her well-loved eyes. Sometimes, too, he stared around at his possessions in a dazed way, as though in her actual and astounding presence none of it was any longer real. Once he nearly toppled down a flight of stairs.

His bedroom was the simplest room of all—except where the dresser was garnished with a toilet set of pure gold. Daisy took the brush with delight, and smoothed her hair, whereupon Gatsby sat down and shaded his eyes and began to laugh.

"It's the funniest thing, old sport," he said hilariously. "I can't—When I try to—"

He had passed visibly through two states and was entering upon a third. After his embarrassment and his unreasoning joy he was consumed with wonder at her presence. He had been full of the idea so long, dreamed it right through to the end,

waited with his teeth set, so to speak, at an inconceivable pitch of intensity. Now, in the reaction, he was running down like an overwound clock.

Recovering himself in a minute, he opened for us two hulking patent cabinets which held his massed suits and dressing-gowns and ties, and his shirts, piled like bricks in stacks a dozen high.

"I've got a man in England who buys me clothes. He sends over a selection of things at the beginning of each season, spring and autumn."

He took out a pile of shirts and began throwing them, one by one, before us, shirts of sheer linen and thick silk and fine flannel, which lost their folds as they fell and covered the table in many-colored disarray. While we admired he brought more and the soft rich heap mounted higher—shirts with stripes and scrolls of plaids in coral and apple-green and lavender and faint orange, with monograms of Indian blue. Suddenly, with a strained sound, Daisy bent her head into the shirts and began to cry stormily.

"They're such beautiful shirts," she sobbed, her voice muffled in the thick folds. "It makes me sad because I've never seen such—such beautiful shirts before."

After the house, we were to see the grounds and the swimming pool, and the hydroplane and the mid-summer flowers—but outside Gatsby's window it began to rain again, so we stood in a row looking at the corrugated surface of the Sound.

"If it wasn't for the mist we could see your home across the bay," said Gatsby. "You always have a green light that burns all night at the end of your dock."

Daisy put her arm through his abruptly, but he seemed absorbed in what he had just said. Possibly it had occurred to him that the colossal significance of that light had now vanished for ever. Compared to the great distance that had separated him from Daisy it had seemed very near to her, almost touching her. It had seemed as close as a star to the moon. Now it was again a green light on a dock. His count of enchanted objects had diminished by one. I began to walk about the room, examining various indefinite objects in the half darkness. A large photograph of an elderly man in yachting costume attracted me, hung on the wall over his desk.

"Who's this?"

"That? That's Mr. Dan Cody, old sport."

The name sounded faintly familiar.

"He's dead now. He used to be my best friend years ago."

There was a small picture of Gatsby, also in yachting costume, on the bureau—Gatsby with his head thrown back defiantly—taken apparently when he was about eighteen.

"I adore it," exclaimed Daisy. "The pompadour! You never told me you had a pompadour—or a yacht."

"Look at this," said Gatsby quickly. "Here's a lot of clippings—about you."

They stood side by side examining it. I was going to ask to see the rubies when the phone rang, and Gatsby took up the receiver.

"Yes . . . Well, I can't talk now . . . I can't talk now, old sport . . . I said a small town . . . He must know what a small town is . . . Well, he's no use to us if Detroit is his idea of a small town . . ."

He rang off.

"Come here quick!" cried Daisy at the window.

The rain was still falling, but the darkness had parted in the west, and there was a pink and golden billow of foamy clouds above the sea.

"Look at that," she whispered, and then after a moment: "I'd like to just get one of those pink clouds and put you in it and push you around."

I tried to go then, but they wouldn't hear of it; perhaps my presence made them feel more satisfactorily alone.

"I know what we'll do," said Gatsby, "we'll have Klipspringer play the piano."

He went out of the room calling "Ewing!" and returned in a few minutes accompanied by an embarrassed, slightly worn young man, with shell-rimmed glasses and scanty blond hair. He was now decently clothed in a "sport shirt," open at the neck, sneakers, and duck trousers of a nebulous hue.

"Did we interrupt your exercises?" inquired Daisy politely.

"I was asleep," cried Mr. Klipspringer, in a spasm of embarrassment. "That is, I'd been asleep. Then I got up . . ."

"Klipspringer plays the piano," said Gatsby, cutting him off. "Don't you, Ewing, old sport?"

"I don't play well. I don't—hardly play at all. I'm all out of practice."

"We'll go downstairs," interrupted Gatsby. He flipped a switch. The grey windows disappeared as the house glowed full of light.

In the music-room Gatsby turned on a solitary lamp beside the piano. He lit Daisy's cigarette from a trembling match, and sat down with her on a couch far across the room.

WHEN Klipspringer had played "The Love Nest" he turned around on the bench and searched unhappily for Gatsby in the gloom.

"I'm all out of practice, you see. I told you I couldn't play. I'm all out of practice."

"Don't talk so much, old sport," commanded Gatsby. "Play!"

In the morning,

In the evening,
Ain't we got fun—"

Outside the wind was loud and there was a faint flow of thunder along the Sound. All the lights were going on in West Egg now; the electric trains, men-carrying, were plunging home through the rain from New York. It was the hour of a profound human change, and excitement was generating on the air.

"One thing's sure and nothing's surer

The rich get richer and the poor get—children.

In the meantime,
In between time—"

As I went over to say good-bye I saw that the expression of bewilderment had come back into Gatsby's face, as though a faint doubt had occurred to him as to the quality of his present happiness. Almost five years! There must have been moments even that afternoon when Daisy trembled short of his dreams—not through her own fault, but because of the colossal vitality of his illusion. It had gone beyond her, beyond everything. He had thrown himself into it with a creative passion, adding to it all the time, decking it out with every bright feather that drifted his way. No amount of fire or freshness can challenge what a man can store up in his ghostly heart.

As I watched him he adjusted himself a little, visibly. His hand took hold of hers, and as she said something low in his ear he turned towards her with a rush of emotion. I think that voice held him most, with its fluctuating feverish warmth, because it couldn't be over-dreamed—that voice was a deathless song.

They had forgotten me, but Daisy glanced up and held out her hand. Gatsby didn't know me now at all. I looked once more at them, and they looked back at me, remotely, possessed by intense life. Then I went out of the room and down the marble steps into the rain, leaving them there together.

About this time an ambitious young reporter from New York arrived one morning at Gatsby's door and asked him if he had anything to say.

"Anything to say about what?" inquired Gatsby politely.

"Why—any statement to give out."

It transpired after a confused five minutes that the man had heard Gatsby's name around his office in a connection which he either wouldn't reveal or didn't fully understand. This was his day off and with laudable initiative he had hurried to "see."

It was a random shot, and yet the reporter's instinct was right. Gatsby's notoriety, spread about by the hundreds who had accepted his hospitality and so become authorities upon his past, had increased all summer until he felt just short of being news. Contemporary legends such as the "underground pipe-line to Canada" attached themselves to him, and there was one persistent story that he didn't live in a house at all, but in a boat that looked like a house and was moved secretly up and down the Long Island shore.

Just why these inventions were a source of satisfaction to James Gatz of North Dakota isn't easy to say.

James Gatz—that was really, or at least legally, his name. He had changed it at the age of seventeen and at the specific moment that witnessed the beginning of his career—when he saw Dan Cody's yacht drop anchor over the most insidious flat on Lake Superior. It was James Gatz who had been loafing along the beach that afternoon in a torn green jersey and a pair of canvas pants, but it was already Jay Gatsby who borrowed a rowboat, pulled out to the Tuolomee, and informed Cody that a wind might catch him and break him up in half an hour.

I suppose he'd had the name ready for a long time, even then. His parents were shiftless and unsuccessful farm people—his imagination had never really accepted them as his parents at all. So he invented just the sort of Jay Gatsby that a seventeen-year-old boy would be likely to invent, and to this conception he was faithful to the end.

For over a year he had been beating his way along the south shore of Lake Superior as a clam-digger and a salmon-fisher or in any other capacity that brought him food and bed. His brown, hardening body lived naturally through the half-fierce, half-lazy work of the bracing days.

But his heart was in a constant turbulent riot. The most protean and fantastic conceits haunted him in his bed at night. A universe of ineffable gaudiness spun itself out in his brain while the clock ticked

Please turn to page 55

I have discovered that...

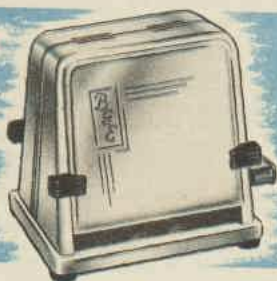
THE **B.G.E.** ELECTRIC IRON

is well balanced and smooth to use, and after a full sized family ironing, you will appreciate the comfort of the B.G.E. Streamlined Iron, so well balanced and convenient.



THE **B.G.E.** ELECTRIC TOASTER

guaranteed for 12 months, turns out crisp brown toast in next to no time. What's more, there are no scorched fingers because handles don't get hot! Toasted slices turn over automatically and the B.G.E. Toaster is right on the spot on any breakfast table.



THE **B.G.E.** ELECTRIC JUG

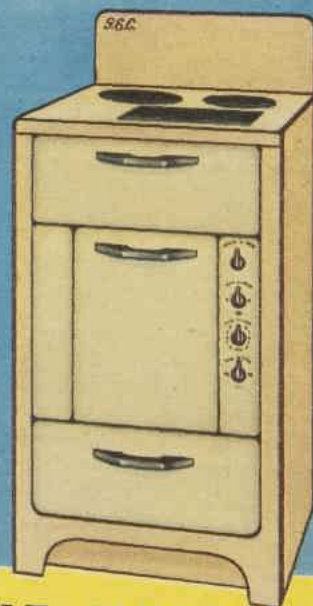
is designed to supply just the amount of boiling water you require, whether it be two cups full or 3½ pints. The B.G.E. Electric Jug is made in lustrous cream porcelain with well balanced bakelite tip-up lid.



and THE **G.E.C.** ELECTRIC RANGE

This smartly designed, beautifully finished G.E.C. Range will appeal to any housewife. It's available in attractive two-tone ivory, or in cream and green, and features:

- ★ Large oven capacity
- ★ The new G.E.C. "Ovenmaster" automatic temperature control
- ★ 3-piece removable oven interior for easy cleaning
- ★ Plug-in type hotplates for easy cleaning
- ★ Drop-down oven door with a definite closing action
- ★ A utility drawer under oven for storage purposes
- ★ Separate grilling compartment and warming cupboard.



EVERY WOMAN SHOULD USE

B.G.E.

ELECTRIC HOME HELPS
OBTAINABLE AT ALL LEADING ELECTRICAL STORES

Guaranteed by
British General Electric Co. Pty. Ltd.

MELBOURNE • ADELAIDE • SYDNEY • NEWCASTLE • BRISBANE • PERTH

HOBART • LAUNCESTON

REPRESENTING THE
GENERAL ELECTRIC CO. LTD.
OF ENGLAND



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - July 23, 1952

in the wash-stand and the moon shined with wet light his tangled clothes upon the floor. Each night he added to the pattern of his haphazard drowsiness closed down upon some vivid scene with an obnoxious embrace. For a while these reveries provided an outlet for his imagination; they were a satisfactory hint of the unreality of reality, a promise that the rock of the world was founded securely on a fairy's wing.

An instinct towards his future glory had led him, some months before, in the small Lutheran College of St. Olaf's in southern Minnesota. He stayed there two weeks, dismayed at its ferocious indifference to the drums of his destiny, to destiny itself, and despising the janitor's work with which he was to pay his way through. Then he drifted back to Lake Superior, and he was still searching for something to do on the day Dan Cody's yacht dropped anchor in the shallows alongside.

Cody was fifty years old then, a product of the Nevada silver fields, of the Yukon, of every rush for metal since seventy-five. The transients in Montana copper that made him many times a millionaire found him physically robust but on the verge of soft-mindedness, and, suspecting this, an infinite number of women tried to separate him from his money.

To young Gatz, resting on his ears and looking up at the ruled deck that yacht represented all the beauty and glamor in the world, I suppose he smiled at Cody—he had probably discovered that people liked him when he smiled. At any rate Cody asked him a few questions (one of them elicited the brand-name) and found that he was quick and extravagantly ambitious. A few days later he took him to Duluth and brought him a blue coat, six pairs of white duck trousers, and a yachting cap. And when the Tuolomee left for the West Indies and the Barbary Coast Gatsby left too.

He was employed in a vague personal capacity—while he remained with Cody he was in turn steward, mate skipper, secretary, and even gaoler, for Dan Cody sober knew what lavish things Dan Cody drunk might soon be about, and he provided for such contingencies by reposing more and more trust in Gatsby. The arrangement lasted five years, during which the boat went three times around the Continent. It might have lasted indefinitely except for the fact that Dan Cody inhospitably died.

I remember the portrait of him up in Gatsby's bedroom. A grey, florid man with a hard, empty face—the pioneer debauchee, who during one phase of American life brought back to the eastern seaboard the savage violence of the frontier saloon. It was indirectly due to Cody that Gatsby drank so little. Sometimes in the course of gay parties women used to rub champagne into his hair; for himself he formed the habit of letting liquor alone.

And it was from Cody that he inherited money—a legacy of twenty-five thousand dollars. He didn't get it. He never understood the legal device that was used against him, but what remained of the millions went intact to a woman. He was left with his singularly appropriate education, the vague contour of Jay Gatsby had filled out to the substantiality of a man.

He told me all this very much later, but I've put it down here with the idea of exploding those first wild rumours about his antecedents, which weren't even faintly true. Moreover, he told it to me at a time of confusion, when I had reached the point of believing everything and nothing about him. So I take advantage of this short halt while Gatsby, so to speak, caught his breath, to clear this set of misconceptions away.

It was a halt, too, in my association with his affairs. For several weeks I didn't see him or hear his voice on the phone—mostly I was in New York, trotting around with Jordan and trying to ingratiate myself with her senile aunt—but finally I went over to his house one Sunday afternoon. I hadn't been there two minutes when somebody brought

Tom Buchanan in for a drink. I was startled, naturally, but the really surprising thing was that it hadn't happened before.

They were a party of three on horseback—Tom and a man named Sloane and a pretty woman in a brown riding-habit, who had been there previously.

"I'm delighted to see you," said Gatsby, standing on his porch. "I'm delighted that you dropped in."

As though they cared!

"Sit right down. Have a cigarette or a cigar." He walked around the room quickly, ringing bells. "I'll have something to drink for you in just a minute."

He was profoundly affected by the fact that Tom was there. But he would be uneasy anyhow until he had given them something, realising in a vague way that that was all they came for. Mr. Sloane wanted nothing. A lemonade? No, thanks. A little champagne? Nothing at all, thanks. . . . I'm sorry—

"Did you have a nice ride?"
"Very good roads around here."
"I suppose the automobiles—"
"Yeah."

MOVED by an irresistible impulse, Gatsby turned to Tom, who had accepted the introduction as a stranger.

"I believe we've met somewhere before, Mr. Buchanan."

"Oh, yes," said Tom, gruffly polite, but obviously not remembering. "So we did. I remember very well."

"About two weeks ago."
"That's right. You were with Nick here."

"I know your wife," continued Gatsby, almost aggressively.

"That so?"
"Tom turned to me."
"You live near here, Nick?"
"Next door."
"That so?"

Mr. Sloane didn't enter into the conversation, but lounged back haughtily in his chair; the woman said nothing either—until unexpectedly, after two highballs, she became cordial.

"We'll all come over to your next party, Mr. Gatsby," she suggested.

"What do you say?"

"Certainly! I'd be delighted to have you."

"Be very nice," said Mr. Sloane, without gratitude. "Well—I think ought to be starting home."
"Please don't hurry," Gatsby urged them. He had control of himself now, and he wanted to see more of Tom. "Why don't you—why don't you stay for supper? I wouldn't be surprised if some other people dropped in from New York."

"You come to supper with me," said the lady enthusiastically. "Both of you."

This included me, Mr. Sloane got to his feet.

"Come along," he said—but to her only.

"I mean it," she insisted. "I'd love to have you. Lots of room."

Gatsby looked at me questioningly. He wanted to go, and he didn't see that Mr. Sloane had determined he shouldn't.

"I'm afraid I won't be able to," I said.

"Well, you come," she urged, concentrating on Gatsby.

Mr. Sloane murmured something close to her ear.

"We won't be late if we start now," she insisted aloud.

"I haven't got a horse," said Gatsby.

"I used to ride in the army, but I've never bought a horse. I'll have to follow you in my car. Excuse me for just a minute."

The rest of us walked out on the porch, where Sloane and the lady began an impassioned conversation aside.

"My God, I believe the man's coming," said Tom. "Doesn't he know she doesn't want him?"

"She says she does want him."

"She has a big dinner party and he won't know a soul there." He frowned. "I wonder where in the devil he met Daisy. By God, I may be old-fashioned in my ideas, but women run about too much these days to suit me. They meet all kinds of crazy fish."

Suddenly Mr. Sloane and the lady walked down the steps and mounted their horses.

"Come on," said Mr. Sloane to

Tom, "we're late. We've got to go." And then to me: "Tell him we couldn't wait, will you?"

Tom and I shook hands, the rest of us exchanged a cool nod, and they trotted quickly down the drive, disappearing under the August foliage just as Gatsby, with hat and light overcoat in hand, came out the front door.

Tom was evidently perturbed at Daisy's running around alone, for on the following Saturday night he came with her to Gatsby's party. Perhaps his presence gave the evening its peculiar quality of oppressiveness—it stands out in my memory from Gatsby's other parties that summer. There were the same people, or at least the same sort of people, the same profusion of champagne, the same many-colored, many-keyed commotion, but I felt an unpleasantness in the air, a pervading harshness that hadn't been there before. Or perhaps I had merely grown used to it, grown to expect West Egg as a world complete in itself, with its own standards and its own great figures, second to nothing because it had no consciousness of being so, and now I was looking at it again through Daisy's eyes. It is invariably saddening to look through new eyes at things upon which you have expended your own powers of adjustment.

They arrived at twilight, and, as we strolled out among the sparkling huddles, Daisy's voice was playing murmurous tricks in her throat.

"These things excite me so," she whispered. "If you want to kiss me any time during the evening, Nick, just let me know and I'll be glad to arrange it for you. Just mention my name. Or present a green card. I'm giving out green—"

"Look around," suggested Gatsby.

"I'm looking around. I'm having a marvellous—"

"You must see the faces of many people you've heard about."

Tom's arrogant eyes roamed the crowd.

"We don't go around very much," he said; "in fact, I was just thinking I don't know a soul here."

"Perhaps you know that lady," Gatsby indicated a gorgeous scarcely human orchid of a woman who sat in state under a white-plum tree. Tom and Daisy stared, with that particularly unreal feeling that accompanies the recognition of a hitherto ghostly celebrity of the movies.

"She's lovely," said Daisy.

"The man bending over her is her director."

He took them ceremoniously from group to group.

"Mrs. Buchanan . . . and Mr. Buchanan—" After an instant's hesitation he added: "The polo player."

"Oh, no," objected Tom quickly, "not me."

But evidently the sound of it pleased Gatsby, for Tom remained "the polo player" for the rest of the evening.

"I've never met so many celebrities," Daisy exclaimed. "I liked that man—what was his name?—with the sort of blue nose."

Gatsby identified him, adding that he was a small producer.

"Well, I liked him anyhow."

"I'd a little rather not be the polo player," said Tom pleasantly, "I'd rather look at all these famous people in—in oblivion."

Daisy and Gatsby danced. I remembered being surprised by his graceful, conservative fox-trot—I had never seen him dance before. Then they sauntered over to my house and sat on the steps for half an hour, while at her request I remained watchfully in the garden. "In case there's a fire or a flood," she explained, "or any act of God."

Tom appeared from his oblivion as we were sitting down to supper together. "Do you mind if I eat with some people over here?" he said. "A fellow's getting off some funny stuff."

"Go ahead," answered Daisy genially, "and if you want to take

Continued from page 53

down any addresses here's my little gold pencil" . . . She looked around after a moment and told me the girl was "common but pretty," and I knew that except for the half-hour she'd been alone with Gatsby she wasn't having a good time.

We were at a particularly tipsy table. That was my fault—Gatsby had been called to the phone, and I'd enjoyed these same people only two weeks before. But what had amused me then turned septic on the air now.

"How do you feel, Miss Baedeker?" The girl addressed was trying, unsuccessfully, to slump against my shoulder. At this inquiry she sat up and opened her eyes.

"What?"
A massive and lethargic woman, who had been urging Daisy to play golf with her at the local club tomorrow, spoke in Miss Baedeker's defense.

"Oh, she's all right now. When she's had five or six cocktails she always starts screaming like that. I tell her she ought to leave it alone."

"I do leave it alone," affirmed the accused hollowly.

"We heard you yelling, so I said to Doc Clivet here: 'There's somebody that needs your help, Doc.'"

"She's much obliged, I'm sure," said another friend, without gratitude, "but you got her dress all wet when you stuck her head in the pool."

"Anything I hate is to get my head stuck in a pool," mumbled Miss Baedeker. "They almost drowned me once over in New Jersey."

"Then you ought to leave it alone," countered Doctor Clivet.

"Speak for yourself!" cried Miss Baedeker violently. "Your hand shakes. I wouldn't let you operate on me!"

It was like that. Almost the last thing I remember was standing with Daisy and watching the moving-picture director and his Star. They were still under the white-plum tree and their faces were touching except for a pale, thin ray of moonlight between. It occurred to me that he had been very slowly bending toward her all evening to attain this proximity, and even while I watched I saw him stoop one ultimate degree and kiss at her cheek.

"I like her," said Daisy, "I think she's lovely."

But the rest offended her—and inarguably, because it wasn't a gesture but an emotion. She was appalled by West Egg, this unprecedented "place" that Broadway had begotten upon a Long Island fishing village—appalled by its raw vigor than chafed under the old euphemisms and by the too obtrusive fate that herded its inhabitants along a short-cut from nothing to nothing. She saw something awful in the very simplicity she failed to understand.

ISAT on the front steps with them while they waited for their car. It was dark here in front; only the bright door sent ten square feet of light volleying out into the soft black morning. Sometimes a shadow moved against a dressing-room blind above, gave way to another shadow, an indefinite procession of shadows, that rouged and powdered in an invisible glass.

"Who is this Gatsby anyhow?" demanded Tom suddenly. "Some big bootlegger?"

"Where'd you hear that?" I inquired.

"I didn't hear it. I imagined it. A lot of these newly rich people are just bootleggers, you know."

"Not Gatsby," I said shortly.

He was silent for a moment. The pebbles of the drive crunched under his feet.

"Well, he certainly must have strained himself to get this menagerie together."

A breeze stirred the grey haze of Daisy's fur collar.

"At least they are more interesting than the people we know," she said with an effort.

"You didn't look so interested."

"Well, I was."

Tom laughed and turned to me. "Did you notice Daisy's face when that girl asked her to put her under a cold shower?"

Daisy began to sing with the music in a husky, rhythmic whisper, bringing out a meaning in each word that it had never had before and would never have again. When the melody rose, her voice broke up sweetly, following it, in a way contralto voices have, and each change tipped out a little of her warm human magic upon the air.

"Lots of people come who haven't been invited," she said suddenly. "That girl hadn't been invited. They simply force their way in and he's too polite to object."

"I'd like to know who he is and what he does," insisted Tom. "And I think I'll make a point of finding out."

"I can tell you right now," she answered. "He owned some drug-stores, a lot of drug-stores. He built them up himself."

The dilatory limousine came rolling up the drive.

"Good-night, Nick," said Daisy.

Her glance left me and sought the lighted top of the steps, where "Three O'Clock in the Morning," a neat, sad little waltz of that year, was drifting out the open door.

After all, in the very casualness of Gatsby's party there were romantic possibilities totally absent from her world. What was it up there in the song that seemed to be calling her back inside? What would happen now in the dim, incalculable hours? Perhaps some unbelievable guest would arrive, a person infinitely rare to be marvelled at, some authentically radiant young girl who with one fresh glance at Gatsby, one moment of magical encounter, would blot out those five years of unwavering devotion.

I stayed late that night. Gatsby asked me to wait until he was free, and I lingered in the garden until the inevitable swimming party had run up, chilled and exalted, from the black beach, until the lights were extinguished in the guest-rooms overhead. When he came down the steps at last the tanned skin was drawn unusually tight on his face, and his eyes were bright and tired.

"She didn't like it," he said immediately.

"Of course she did."

"She didn't like it," he insisted.

"She didn't have a good time."

He was silent, and I guessed at his unutterable depression.

"I feel far away from here," he said. "It's hard to make her understand."

"You mean about the dance?"

"The dance?" He dismissed all the dances he had given with a snap of his fingers. "Old sport, the dance is unimportant."

He wanted nothing less of Daisy than that she should go to Tom and say: "I never loved you." After she had obliterated four years with that sentence they could decide upon the more practical measures to be taken. One of them was that, after she was free, they were to go back to Louisville and be married from her house—just as if it were five years ago.

"And she doesn't understand," he said. "She used to be able to understand. We'd sit for hours—"

He broke off and began to walk up and down a desolate path of fruit rinds and discarded favors and crushed flowers.

"I wouldn't ask too much of her," I ventured. "You can't repeat the past!"

He looked around him wildly, as if the past were lurking here in the shadow of his house, just out of reach of his hand.

"I'm going to fix everything just the way it was before," he said, nodding determinedly. "She'll see."

He talked a lot about the past, and I gathered that he wanted to recover something, some idea of himself perhaps, that had gone into loving Daisy. His life had been confused and disordered since then, but if he could once return to a certain starting place and go over it all slowly, he could find out what that thing was. . . .

THE GREAT GATSBY

One autumn night, five years before, they had been walking down the street when the leaves were falling, and they came to a place where there were no trees and the sidewalk was white with moonlight. They stopped here and turned toward each other. Now it was a cool night with that mysterious excitement in it which comes at the two changes of the year. The quiet lights in the houses were humming out into the darkness and there was a stir and bustle among the stars. Out of the corner of his eye Gatsby saw that the blocks of the sidewalks really formed a ladder and mounted to a secret place above the trees—he could climb to it, if he climbed alone, and once there he could suck on the pop of life, gulp down the incomparable milk of wonder.

His heart beat faster as Daisy's white face came up to his own. He knew that when he kissed this girl, and for ever wed his unutterable visions to her perishable breath, his mind would never romp again like the mind of God. So he waited, listening for a moment longer to the tuning-fork that had been struck upon a star. Then he kissed her.

At his lips' touch she blossomed for him like a flower and the incarnation was complete.

Through all he said, even through his appalling sentimentality, I was reminded of something—an elusive rhythm, a fragment of lost words, that I had heard somewhere a long time ago. For a moment a phrase tried to take shape in my mouth and my lips parted like a dumb man's as though there was more struggling upon them than a wisp of startled air. But they made no sound, and what I had almost remembered was uncommunicable for ever.

It was when curiosity about Gatsby was at its highest that the lights in his house failed to go on one Saturday night—and, as obscurely as it had begun, his career as Trimalchio was over. Only gradually did I become aware that the automobiles which turned expectantly into his drive stayed for just a minute and then drove sulkily away. Wondering if he were sick I went over to find out—an unfamiliar butler with a villainous face squinted at me suspiciously from the door.

"Is Mr. Gatsby sick?"

"Nope." After a pause he added "sir" in a dilatory, grudging way.

"I hadn't seen him around, and I was rather worried. Tell him Mr. Carraway came over."

"Who?" he demanded rudely.

"Carraway."

"Carraway. All right, I'll tell him." Abruptly he slammed the door.

My Finn informed me that Gatsby had dismissed every servant in his house a week ago and replaced them with half a dozen others, who never went into West Egg Village to be bribed by the tradesmen, but ordered moderate supplies over the telephone. The grocery boy reported that the kitchen looked like a pigsty, and the general opinion in the village was that the new people weren't servants at all.

Next day Gatsby called me on the phone.

"Going away?" I inquired.

"No, old sport."

"I hear you fired all your servants."

"I wanted somebody who wouldn't gossip. Daisy comes over quite often—in the afternoons."

So the whole caravanserai had fallen in like a card house at the disapproval in her eyes.

"They're some people Wolfsheim wanted to do something for. They're all brothers and sisters. They used to run a small hotel."

"I see."

He was calling up at Daisy's request—would I come to lunch at her house to-morrow? Miss Baker would be there. Half an hour later Daisy herself telephoned and seemed relieved to find that I was coming. Something was up. And yet I couldn't believe that they would choose this occasion for a scene—especially for the rather harrowing scene that Gatsby had outlined in the garden. The next day was broiling, almost the last, certainly the warmest, of

the summer. As my train emerged from the tunnel into sunlight, only the hot whistles of the National Biscuit Company broke the simmering hush at noon. The straw seats of the car hovered on the edge of combustion; the woman next to me perspired delicately for a while into her white shirtwaist, and then, as her newspaper dampened under her fingers, lapsed despairingly into deep heat with a desolate cry. Her pocket-book slapped to the floor.

"Oh, my!" she gasped.

I picked it up with a weary bend and handed it back to her, holding it at arm's length and by the extreme tip of the corners to indicate that I had no designs upon it—but everyone near by, including the woman, suspected me just the same.

"Hot!" said the conductor to familiar faces. "Some weather! Hot! . . . Hot . . . Is it hot enough for you? Is it hot? Is it . . .?"

My commutation ticket came back to me with a dark stain from his hand. That anyone should care in this heat whose flushed lips he kissed, whose head made damp the pyjama pocket over his heart!

Through the hall of the Buchanans' house blew a faint wind, carrying the sound of the telephone bell out to Gatsby and me as we waited at the door.

"The master's body!" roared the butler into the mouthpiece. "I'm sorry, madame, but we can't furnish it—it's far too hot to touch this noon!"

What he really said was: "Yes . . . Yes . . . I'll see."

He set down the receiver and came toward us, glistening slightly, to take our stiff straw hats.

"Madame expects you in the salon!" he cried, needlessly indicating the direction. In this heat every extra gesture was an affront to the common store of life.

The room, shadowed well with awnings, was dark and cool. Daisy and Jordan lay upon an enormous couch, like silver idols weighing down their own white dresses against the singing breeze of the fans.

"We can't move," they said together.

Jordan's fingers, powdered white over their tan, rested for a moment in mine.

"And Mr. Thomas Buchanan, the athlete?" I inquired.

Simultaneously I heard his voice, gruff, muffled, husky, at the hall telephone.

Gatsby stood in the centre of the crimson carpet and gazed around with fascinated eyes. Daisy watched him and laughed, her sweet, exciting laugh; a tiny gust of powder rose from her bosom into the air.

"The rumor is," whispered Jordan, "that that's Tom's girl on the telephone."

We were silent. The voice in the hall rose high with annoyance: "Very well, then, I won't sell you the car at all . . . I'm under no obligations to you at all . . . and as for you bothering me about it at luncheon, I won't stand that at all!"

"Holding down the receiver," said Daisy cynically.

"No, he's not," I assured her. "It's a bona-fide deal. I happen to know about it."

TOM flung open the door, blocked out its space for a moment with his thick body, and hurried into the room.

"Mr. Gatsby!" He put out his broad, flat hand with well-concealed dislike. "I'm glad to see you, sir . . . Nick . . ."

"Make us a cold drink," cried Daisy.

As he left the room again she got up and went over to Gatsby and pulled his face down, kissing him on the mouth.

"You know I love you," she murmured.

"You forget there's a lady present," said Jordan.

Daisy looked around doubtfully.

"You kiss Nick too."

"What a low, vulgar girl!"

"I don't care!" cried Daisy, and began to clog on the brick fireplace. Then she remembered the heat and sat down guiltily on the couch just as a freshly laundered nurse leading a little girl came into the room.

"Blessed pre-cloud," she crooned, holding out her arms. "Come to your own mother that loves you."

The child, relinquished by the nurse, rushed across the room and rooted shyly into her mother's dress.

"The blessed pre-cloud! Did mother get powder on your old yellow hair? Stand up now, and say—How-de-do."

Gatsby and I in turn leaned down and took the small reluctant hand. Afterward he kept looking at the child with surprise. I don't think he had ever really believed in its existence before.

"I got dressed before luncheon," said the child, turning eagerly to Daisy.

"That's because your mother wanted to show you off." Her face bent into the single wrinkle of the small white neck. "You dream, you. You absolutely little dream."

"Aunt Jordan's got on a white dress too."

"How do you like mother's friends?" Daisy turned her around so that she faced Gatsby. "Do you think they're pretty?"

"Where's Daddy?"

"She doesn't look like her father," explained Daisy. "She looks like me. She's got my hair and shape of the face."

Daisy sat back upon the couch. The nurse took a step forward and held out her hand.

"Come, Pammie."

"Good-bye, sweetheart!"

With a reluctant backward glance the well-disciplined child held to her nurse's hand and was pulled out of the door, just as Tom came back, preceding four gin rickeys that clicked full of ice.

Gatsby took up his drink.

"They certainly look cool," he said, with visible tension.

We drank in long, greedy swallows.

"I read somewhere that the sun's getting hotter every year," said Tom genially. "It seems that pretty soon the earth's going to fall into the sun—or wait a minute—it's just the opposite—the sun's getting colder every year."

"Come outside," he suggested to Gatsby, "I'd like you to have a look at the place."

I went with them out to the verandah. On the green sward, stagnant in the heat, one small sail crawled slowly toward the fresher sea. Gatsby's eyes followed it momentarily; he raised his hand and pointed across the bay.

"I'm right across from you."

"So you are."

Our eyes lifted over the rose-beds and the hot lawn and the weedy refuse of the dog-days alongshore. Slowly the white wings of the boat moved against the blue cool limit of the sky. Ahead lay the scalloped ocean and the abounding blessed isles.

"There's sport for you," said Tom, nodding. "I'd like to be out there with him for about an hour."

We had luncheon in the dining-room, darkened too against the heat, and drank down nervous gaiety with the cold ale.

"What'll we do with ourselves this afternoon?" cried Daisy, "and the day after that, and the next thirty years?"

"Don't be morbid," Jordan said. "Life starts all over again when it gets crisp in the autumn."

"But it's so hot," insisted Daisy, on the verge of tears, "and everything's so confused. Let's all go to town!"

Her voice struggled on through the heat, beating against it, moulding its senselessness into forms.

"I've heard of making a garage out of a stable," Tom was saying to Gatsby, "but I'm the first man who ever made a stable out of a garage."

"Who wants to go to town?" demanded Daisy insistently. Gatsby's eyes floated toward her. "Ah," she cried, "you look so cool."

Their eyes met and they stared together at each other alone in space. With an effort she glanced down at the table.

"You always look so cool," she repeated.

She had told him that she loved him, and Tom Buchanan saw. He was astounded. His mouth opened a little, and he looked at Gatsby, and then back at Daisy as if he had just recognised her as someone he knew a long time ago.

"You resemble the advertisement of the man," she went on innocently. "You know the advertisement of the man—"

"All right," broke in Tom quickly. "I'm perfectly willing to go to town. Come on—we're all going to town."

He got up, his eyes still flashing between Gatsby and his wife. No one moved.

"Come on!" His temper cracked a little. "What's the matter, anyhow? If we're going to town, let's start."

HIS hand, trembling with his effort at self-control, bore to his lips the last of his glass of ale. Daisy's voice got us to our feet and out on to the blazing gravel drive.

"Are we just going to go?" she objected. "Like this? Aren't we going to let anyone smoke a cigarette first?"

"Everybody smoked all through lunch."

"Oh, let's have fun," she begged him. "It's too hot to fuss."

He didn't answer.

"Have it your own way," she said. "Come on, Jordan."

They went upstairs to get ready while we three men stood there shuffling the hot pebbles with our feet. A silver curve of the moon hovered already in the western sky. Gatsby started to speak, changed his mind, but not before Tom wheeled and faced him expectantly.

"Have you got your stables here?" asked Gatsby with an effort.

"About a quarter of a mile down the road."

"Oh."

A pause.

"I don't see the idea of going to town," broke out Tom savagely. "Women get these notions in their heads."

"Shall we take anything to drink?" called Daisy from an upper window.

"I'll get some whisky," answered Tom. He went inside.

Gatsby turned to me rigidly:

"I can't say anything in his house, old sport."

"She's got an indiscreet voice," I remarked. "It's full of—" I hesitated.

"Her voice is full of money," he said suddenly.

That was it. I'd never understood before. It was full of money—that was the inexhaustible charm that rose and fell in it, the jingle of it, the cymbals' song of it. High in a white palace the king's daughter, the golden girl . . .

Tom came out of the house wrapping a quart bottle in a towel, followed by Daisy and Jordan wearing small tight hats of metallic cloth and carrying light capes over their arms.

"Shall we all go in my car?" suggested Gatsby. He felt the hot, green leather of the seat. "I ought to have left it in the shade."

"Is it standard shift?" demanded Tom.

"Yes."

"Well, you take my coupe and let me drive your car to town."

The suggestion was distasteful to Gatsby.

"I don't think there's much gas," he objected.

"Plenty of gas," said Tom boisterously. He looked at the gauge. "And if it runs out I can stop at the drug-store. You can buy anything at a drug-store nowadays."

A pause followed this apparently pointless remark. Daisy looked at Tom frowning, and an indefinite expression, at once definitely unfamiliar and vaguely describable, as if I had only heard it described in words, passed over Gatsby's face.

"Come on, Daisy," said Tom, pressing her with his hand toward Gatsby's car. "I'll take you in this circus wagon."

He opened the door, but she moved out from the circle of his arm.

"You take Nick and Jordan. We'll follow you in the coupe."

She walked close to Gatsby, touching his coat with her hand. Jordan and Tom and I got into the front seat of Gatsby's car. Tom pushed the unfamiliar gears tentatively, and we shot off into the oppressive heat, leaving them out of sight behind.

"Did you see that?" demanded Tom.

"See what?"

He looked at me keenly, realising that Jordan and I must have known all along.

"You think I'm pretty dumb, don't you?" he suggested. "Perhaps I am, but I have a—almost a second sight, sometimes, that tells me what to do. Maybe you don't believe that, but science—"

He paused. The immediate contingency overtook him, pulled him back from the edge of the theoretical abyss.

"I've made a small investigation of this fellow," he continued. "I could have gone deeper if I'd known—"

"Do you mean you've been to a medium?" inquired Jordan humorously.

"What?" Confused, he stared at us as we laughed. "A medium?"

"About Gatsby."

"About Gatsby! No, I haven't. I said I'd be making a small investigation of his past."

"And you found he was an Oxford man," said Jordan helpfully.

"An Oxford man!" He was incredulous. "Like hell he is! He wears a pink suit."

"Nevertheless he's an Oxford man."

"Oxford, New Mexico," snorted Tom contemptuously, "or something like that."

"Listen, Tom. If you're such a snob, why did you invite him to lunch?" demanded Jordan crossly.

"Daisy invited him; she knew him before we were married—God knows where!"

We were all irritable now with the fading ale, and aware of it we drove for a while in silence. Then as Doctor T. J. Eckleburg's faded eyes came into sight down the road, I remembered Gatsby's caution about gasoline.

"We've got enough to get us to town," said Tom.

"But there's a garage right here," objected Jordan. "I don't want to get stalled in this baking heat."

Tom threw on both brakes impatiently, and we slid to an abrupt dusty stop under Wilson's sign. After a moment the proprietor emerged from the interior of his establishment and gazed hollow-eyed at the car.

"Let's have some gas!" cried Tom roughly. "What do you think we stopped for—to admire the view?"

"I'm sick," said Wilson without moving. "Been sick all day."

"What's the matter?"

"I'm all run down."

"Well, shall I help myself?" Tom demanded. "You sounded well enough on the phone."

With an effort Wilson left the shade and support of the doorway and, breathing hard, unscrewed the cap of the tank. In the sunlight his face was green.

"I didn't mean to interrupt your lunch," he said. "But I need money pretty bad, and I was wondering what you were going to do with your old car."

"How do you like this one?" inquired Tom. "I bought it last week."

"It's a nice yellow one," said Wilson, as he strained at the handle.

"Like to buy it?"

"Big chance," Wilson smiled faintly. "No, but I could make some money on the other."

"What do you want money for, all of a sudden?"

"I've been here too long. I want to get away. My wife and I want to go West."

"Your wife does," exclaimed Tom startled.

"She's been talking about it for ten years." He rested for a moment against the pump, shading his eyes. "And now she's going whether she wants to or not. I'm going to get her away."

The coupe flashed by us with a flurry of dust and the flash of a waving hand.

"What do I owe you?" demanded Tom harshly.

"I just got wised up to something funny the last two days," remarked Wilson. "That's why I want to get away. That's why I been bothering you about the car."

"What do I owe you?"

"Dollar twenty."

The relentless beating heat was beginning to confuse me and I had a bad moment there before I realised that so far his suspicions hadn't alighted on Tom. He had discovered that Myrtle had some sort of life apart from him in another world, and the shock had made him physically sick. I stared at him and then at Tom, who had made a parallel discovery less than an hour before—and it occurred to me that there was no difference between men, in intelligence or race, so profound as the difference between the sick and the well. Wilson was so sick that he looked guilty, unforgivably guilty.

"I'll let you have that car," said Tom. "I'll send it over to-morrow afternoon."

That locality was always vaguely disquieting, even in the broad glare of afternoon, and now I turned my head as though I had been warned of something behind. Over the ash-trays the giant eyes of Doctor T. J. Eckleburg kept their vigil, but I perceived, after a moment, that the other eyes were regarding us less than twenty feet away.

In one of the windows over the garage the curtains had been moved aside a little, and Myrtle Wilson was peering down at the car. So engrossed was she that she had no consciousness of being observed, and my emotion after another crept into her face like objects into a drowsily developing picture. Her expression was curiously familiar—it was an expression I had often seen on women's faces, but on Myrtle Wilson's face it seemed purposeless and inexplicable until I realised that her eyes, wide with jealous terror, were fixed not on Tom but on Jordan Baker, whom she took to be his wife.

There is no confusion like the confusion of a simple mind, and as we drove away Tom was feeling the hot whips of panic. His wife and his mistress, until an hour ago secure and inviolate, were slipping precipitately from his control. Instinct made him step on the accelerator with the double purpose of overtaking Daisy and leaving Wilson behind, and we sped along toward Astoria at fifty miles an hour, until, among the spidery girders of the elevated, we came in sight of the easy-going blue coupe.

"Those big movies around Fifth Street are cool," suggested Jordan. "I love New York on summer afternoons when everyone's away. There's something very sensuous about it—overripe, as if all sorts of funny fruits were going to fall into your hands."

The word "sensuous" had the effect of further disquieting Tom, but before he could invent a protest the coupe came to a stop, and Daisy signalled us to draw alongside.

"Where are we going?" she cried.

"How about the movies?"

"It's so hot," she complained. "You go. We'll ride around and meet you after. With an effort her wit rose faintly. 'We'll meet you on some corner. I'll be the man smoking two cigarettes.'"

"We can't argue about it here," Tom said impatiently, as a truck gave out a curving whistle behind us. "You follow me to the south side of Central Park, in front of the Plaza."

Several times he turned his head and looked back for their car, and if the traffic delayed them he slowed up until they came in sight. I think he was afraid they would dart down a side street and out of his life for ever.

But they didn't. And we all took the less explicable step of engaging the parlor of a suite in the Plaza Hotel.

The prolonged and tumultuous argument that ended by herding us into that room eludes me, though I have a sharp physical memory that, in the course of it, my underwear kept climbing like a damp snake around my legs and intermittent beads of sweat raced cool across my back.

The room was large and stifling, and though it was already four o'clock, opening the windows admitted only a gust of hot shrubbery

from the Park. Daisy went to the mirror and stood with her back to us, fixing her hair.

"It's a swell suite," whispered Jordan respectfully, and everyone laughed.

"Open another window," commanded Daisy, without turning around.

"There aren't any more."

"Well, we'd better telephone for an axe—"

"The thing to do is to forget about the heat," said Tom impatiently. "You make it ten times worse by crabbng about it."

He unrolled the bottle of whisky from the towel and put it on the table.

"Why not let her alone, old sport?" remarked Gatsby. "You're the one that wanted to come to town."

There was a moment of silence. The telephone book slipped from its nail and splashed to the floor, whereupon Jordan whispered, "Excuse me"—but this time no one laughed. "I'll pick it up," I offered.

"I've got it," Gatsby examined the parted string, muttered "Hum," in an interested way, and tossed the book on a chair.

"That's a great expression of yours, isn't it?" said Tom sharply.

"What is?"

"All this 'old sport' business. Where'd you pick that up?"

"Now see here, Tom," said Daisy, turning around from the mirror, "if you're going to make personal remarks I won't stay here a minute. Call up and order some ice for the mint julep."

As Tom took up the receiver the compressed heat exploded into sound and we were listening to the portentous chords of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" from the ballroom below.

"Imagine marrying anybody in this heat!" cried Jordan dismally.

"Still—I was married in the middle of June," Daisy remembered, "Louisville, in June! Somebody faints. Who was it fainting, Tom?"

"Biloxi," he answered shortly.

"A man named Biloxi, 'Blocks' Biloxi, and he made boxes—that's a fact—and he was from Biloxi, Tennessee."

"They carried him into my house," appended Jordan, "because we lived just two doors from the church. And he stayed three weeks, until Daddy told him he had to get out. The day after he left Daddy died."

After a moment she added, "There wasn't any connection."

"I used to know a Bill Biloxi from Memphis," I remarked.

"That was his cousin. I knew his whole family history before he left. He gave me an aluminum putter that I use to-day."

The music had died down as the ceremony began and now a long cheer floated in at the window, followed by intermittent cries of "Yea—ea—ea!" and finally by a burst of jazz as the dancing began.

"We're getting old," said Daisy. "If we were young we'd rise and dance."

"Remember Biloxi," Jordan warned her. "Where'd you know him, Tom?"

"Biloxi?" He concentrated with an effort. "I didn't know him. He was a friend of Daisy's."

"He was not," she denied. "I'd never seen him before. He came down in the private car."

"Well, he said he knew you. He said he was raised in Louisville. Asa Bird brought him around at the last minute and asked if we had room for him."

Jordan smiled.

"He was probably thumbing his way home. He told me he was president of your class at Yale."

Tom and I looked at each other blankly.

"Biloxi?"

"First place, we didn't have any president—"

Gatsby's foot beat a short, restless tattoo and Tom eyed him suddenly.

"By the way, Mr. Gatsby, I understand you're an Oxford man."

"Not exactly."

"Oh, yes, I understand you went to Oxford."

"Yes—I went there."

A pause. Then Tom's voice in-credulous and insulting:

"You must have gone there about the time Biloxi went to New Haven."

Another pause. A waiter knoched and came in with crushed mint and ice, but the silence was unbroken by his "thank you" and the soft closing of the door. This tremendous detail was to be cleared up at last.

"I told you I went there," said Gatsby.

"I heard you, but I'd like to know when."

"It was in nineteen-nineteen. I only stayed five months. That's why I can't really call myself an Oxford man."

Tom glanced around to see if we mirrored his unbelief. But we were all looking at Gatsby.

"It was an opportunity they gave to some of the officers after the Armistice," he continued. "We could go to any of the universities in England or France."

I wanted to get up and slap him on the back. I had one of those renewals of complete faith in him that I'd experienced before.

Daisy rose, smiling faintly, and went to the table.

"Open the whisky, Tom," she ordered, "and I'll make you a mint julep. Then you won't seem so stupid to yourself . . . Look at the mint!"

"Wait a minute," snapped Tom, "I want to ask Mr. Gatsby one more question."

"Go on," Gatsby said politely.

"What kind of a row are you trying to cause in my house, anyhow?"

"They were out in the open at last and Gatsby was content."

"He isn't causing a row," Daisy looked desperately from one to the other. "You're causing a row. Please have a little self-control."

"Self-control!" repeated Tom incredulously. "I suppose the latest thing is to sit back and let Mr. Nobody from Nowhere make love to your wife. Well, if that's the idea you can count me out . . . Nowadays people begin by sneering at family life and family institutions, and next they'll throw everything overboard and have intermarriage between black and white."

Flushed with his impassioned gibberish, he saw himself standing alone on the last barrier of civilisation.

"We're all white here," murmured Jordan.

"I know I'm not very popular. I don't give big parties. I suppose you've got to make your house into a pigsty in order to have any friends—in the modern world."

Angry as I was, as we all were, I was tempted to laugh whenever he opened his mouth. The transition from libertine to prig was so complete.

"I've got something to tell you, old sport—" began Gatsby. But Daisy guessed his intention.

"Please don't!" she interrupted helplessly. "Please let's all go home. Why don't we all go home?"

"That's a good idea," I got up. "Come on, Tom. Nobody wants a drink."

"I want to know what Mr. Gatsby has to tell me."

"Your wife doesn't love you," said Gatsby. "She's never loved you. She loves me."

"You must be crazy!" exclaimed Tom automatically.

Gatsby sprang to his feet, vivid with excitement.

"She never loved you, did you hear?" he cried. "She only married you because I was poor and she was tired of waiting for me. It was a terrible mistake, but in her heart she never loved anyone except me!"

At this point Jordan and I tried to go, but Tom and Gatsby insisted with competitive firmness that we remain—as though neither of them had anything to conceal and it would be a privilege to partake vicariously of their emotions.

"Sit down, Daisy," Tom's voice groped unsuccessfully for the paternal note. "What's been going on? I want to hear all about it."

"I told you what's been going on," said Gatsby. "Going on for five years—and you didn't know."

Tom turned to Daisy sharply.

"You've been seeing this fellow for five years?"

"Not seeing," said Gatsby. "No, we couldn't meet. But both of us loved each other all that time, old sport, and you didn't know. I used to laugh sometimes—but there was no laughter in his eyes—to think that you didn't know."

"Oh—that's all." Tom tapped his thick fingers together like a clergyman and leaned back in his chair.

"You're crazy!" he exploded. "I can't speak about what happened five years ago because I didn't know Daisy then and I'll be damned if I see how you got within a mile of her unless you brought the groceries to the back door. But all the rest of that's a God-damned lie. Daisy loved me when she married me, and she loves me now."

"No," said Gatsby, shaking his head.

"She does, though. The trouble is that sometimes she gets foolish ideas in her head and doesn't know what she's doing." He nodded safely. "And what's more I love Daisy, too. Once in a while I go off on a spree and make a fool of myself, but I always come back, and in my heart I love her all the time."

"You're revolting," said Daisy. She turned to me, and her voice, dropping an octave lower, filled the room with thrilling scorn: "Do you know why we left Chicago? I'm surprised that they didn't treat you to the story of that little spree."

Gatsby walked over and stood beside her.

"Daisy, that's all over now," he said earnestly. "It doesn't matter any more. Just tell him the truth—that you never loved him—and it's all wiped out for ever."

She looked at him blindly. "Why—how could I love him—possibly?"

"You never loved him."

She hesitated. Her eyes fell on Jordan and me with a sort of appeal, as though she realised at last what she was doing—and as though she had never, all along, intended doing anything at all. But it was done now. It was too late.

"I never loved him," she said, with perceptible reluctance.

"Not at Kaplani?" demanded Tom suddenly.

"No."

From the ballroom beneath, muffled and suffocating chords were drifting up on hot waves of air.

"Not that day I carried you down from the Punch Bowl to keep your shoes dry?" There was a husky tenderness in his tone. "Daisy?"

"Please don't." Her voice was cold, but the rancor was gone from it. She looked at Gatsby. "There, Jay," she said—but her hand as she tried to light a cigarette was trembling. Suddenly she threw the cigarette and the burning match on the carpet.

"Oh, you want too much!" she cried to Gatsby. "I love you now— isn't that enough? I can't help what's past." She began to sob helplessly. "I did love him once—but I loved you, too."

Gatsby's eyes opened and closed.

"You loved me, too?" he repeated.

The voice begged again to go.

"Please, Tom! I can't stand this any more."

Her frightened eyes told that whatever intentions, whatever courage she had had were definitely gone.

"You two start on home, Daisy," said Tom. "In Mr. Gatsby's car."

She looked at Tom, alarmed now, but he insisted with magnanimous scorn.

"Go on. He won't annoy you. I think he realises that his presumptuous little flirtation is over."

They were gone, without a word, snapped out, made accidental, isolated, like ghosts, even from our pity.

After a moment Tom got up and began wrapping the unopened bottle of whisky in the towel.

"Want any of this stuff? Jordan?"

"Nick?"

I didn't answer.

"Nick?" he asked again.

"What?"

"Want any?"

"No . . . I just remembered that to-day's my birthday."

"I'm not?" Tom opened his eyes wide and laughed. He could afford to control himself now. "Why's that?"

"Daisy's leaving you."

"Nonsense."

"I am, though," she said with a visible effort.

"Sae's not leaving me!" Tom's words suddenly leaned down over Gatsby. "Certainly not for a common swindler who'd have to steal the ring he put on her finger."

"I won't stand this!" cried Daisy. "Oh, please, let's get out."

"Who are you, anyhow?" broke out Tom. "You're one of that bunch that hangs around with Meyer Wolfsheimer—that much I happen to know. I've made a little investigation into your affairs—and I'll carry it further to-morrow."

"You can suit yourself about that, old sport," said Gatsby steadily.

"I found out what your 'drug-stores' were." He turned to us and spoke rapidly. "He and this Wolfsheimer bought up a lot of side-street drug-stores here and in Chicago and sold grain alcohol over the counter. That's one of his little stunts. I picked him for a bootlegger the first time I saw him, and I wasn't far wrong."

"What about it?" said Gatsby politely. "I guess your friend Walter Chase wasn't too proud to come in on it."

"And you left him in the lurch, didn't you? You let him go to gaol for a month over in New Jersey. God! You ought to hear Walter on the subject of you."

"He came to is dead broke. He was very glad to pick up some money, old sport."

"Don't call me 'old sport'!" cried Tom. Gatsby said nothing. "Walter could have you up on the betting laws, too, but Wolfsheimer scared him into shutting his mouth."

That unfamiliar yet recognisable look was back again in Gatsby's face.

"That drug-store business was just small change," continued Tom slowly, "but you've got something on now that Walter's afraid to tell me about."

I glanced at Daisy, who was staring terrified between Gatsby and her husband, and at Jordan, who had begun to balance an invisible but absorbing object on the tip of her chin. Then I turned back to Gatsby—and was startled by his expression. He looked—and this is said in all contempt for the babbling slander of his garden—as if he had "killed a man." For a moment the set of his face could be described in just that fantastic way.

It passed, and he began to talk excitedly to Daisy, denying every accusation, defending his name against accusations that had not been made. But with every word she was drawing further and further into herself, so he gave that up, and only the dead dream fought on as the afternoon slipped away, trying to touch what was no longer tangible, struggling unhappily, undespairingly, toward that lost voice across the room.

The voice begged again to go.

"Please, Tom! I can't stand this any more."

Her frightened eyes told that whatever intentions, whatever courage she had had were definitely gone.

"You two start on home, Daisy," said Tom. "In Mr. Gatsby's car."

She looked at Tom, alarmed now, but he insisted with magnanimous scorn.

"Go on. He won't annoy you. I think he realises that his presumptuous little flirtation is over."

They were gone, without a word, snapped out, made accidental, isolated, like ghosts, even from our pity.

After a moment Tom got up and began wrapping the unopened bottle of whisky in the towel.

"Want any of this stuff? Jordan?"

"Nick?"

I didn't answer.

"Nick?" he asked again.

"What?"

"Want any?"

"No . . . I just remembered that to-day's my birthday."

THE GREAT GATSBY

I was thirty. Before me stretched the portentous, menacing road of a new decade.

It was seven o'clock when we got into the coupe with him and started for Long Island. Tom talked incessantly, exulting and laughing, but his voice was as remote from Jordan and me as the foreign clamor on the sidewalk or the tumult of the elevated overhead. Human sympathy has its limits, and we were content to let all their tragic arguments fade with the city lights behind. Thirty — the promise of a decade of loneliness, a thinning list of single men to know, a thinning briefcase of enthusiasm, thinning hair. But there was Jordan beside me, who, unlike Daisy, was too wise ever to carry well-forgotten dreams from age to age. As we passed over the dark bridge her wan face fell lamely against my coat's shoulder and the formidable stroke of thirty died away with the reassuring pressure of her hand.

So we drove on toward death through the cooling twilight.

The young Greek, Michaelis, who ran the coffee joint beside the ash-heaps, was the principal witness at the inquest. He had slept through the heat until after five, when he strolled over to the garage and found George Wilson sick in his office—really sick, pale as his own pale hair and shaking all over. Michaelis advised him to go to bed, but Wilson refused, saying that he'd miss a lot of business if he did. While his neighbor was trying to persuade him a violent racket broke out overhead.

"I've got my wife locked in up there," explained Wilson calmly. "She's going to stay there till the day after to-morrow, and then we're going to move away."

Michaelis was astonished; they had been neighbors for four years, and Wilson had never seemed faintly capable of such a statement. Generally he was one of those worn-out men: when he wasn't working, he sat on a chair in the doorway and stared at the people and the cars that passed along the road. When anyone spoke to him he invariably laughed in an agreeable, colorless way. He was his wife's mentor and his own.

So naturally Michaelis tried to find out what had happened, but Wilson wouldn't say a word—instead he began to throw curious, suspicious glances at his visitor and ask him what he'd been doing at certain times on certain days. Just as the latter was getting uneasy, some workmen came past the door bound for his restaurant, and Michaelis, looking to the opportunity to get away, intending to come back later. But he didn't. He supposed he forgot to, that's all. When he came outside again, a little after seven, he was reminded of the conversation because he heard Mrs. Wilson's voice, loud and scolding, downstairs in the garage.

"Beat me!" he heard her cry. "Throw me down and beat me, you dirty little coward!"

A moment later she rushed out into the dusk, waving her hands and shouting—before he could move from his door the business was over.

The "death car," as the newspapers called it, didn't even stop; it came out of the gathering darkness, wavered tragically for a moment, and then disappeared around the next bend. Myself, Michaelis wasn't sure of its color—he told the first policeman that it was light green. The other car, the one going towards New York, came to rest a hundred yards beyond, and its driver hurried back to where Myrtle Wilson, her life violently extinguished, lay in the dust.

Michaelis and this man reached her first, but there was no need to listen for the heart beneath. The mouth was wide open and ripped a little at the corners, as though she had choked a little in giving up the tremendous vitality she had stored so long.

We saw the three or four automobiles and the crowd when we were still some distance away.

"Wreck!" said Tom. "That's good. Wilson'll have a little business at last."

He slowed down, but still without any intention of stopping, until as we came nearer the hushed, intent faces of the people at the garage door made him automatically put on the brakes.

"Well take a look," he said doubtfully. "Just a look."

I became aware now of a hollow, waiting sound which issued incessantly from the garage, a sound which as we got out of the coupe and walked toward the door resolved itself into the words "Oh, my God!" uttered over and over in a gasping moan.

"There's some bad trouble here," said Tom excitedly.

He reached up on tiptoes and peered over a circle of heads into the garage, which was lit only by a yellow light in a swinging metal basket overhead. Then he made a harsh sound in his throat and with a violent thrusting movement of his powerful arms pushed his way through.

The circle closed up again with a running murmur of expostulation; it was a minute before I could see anything at all. Then new arrivals deranged the line, and Jordan said I was pushed suddenly inside.

Myrtle Wilson's body, wrapped in a blanket, and then in another blanket, as though she suffered from a chill in the hot night, lay on a work-table by the wall, and Tom, with his back to us, was bending over it, motionless. Next to him stood a motor-cycle policeman taking down names with much sweat and correction in a little book. At first I couldn't find the source of the high, growling words that echoed clamorously through the bare garage—then I saw Wilson standing on the raised threshold of his office, swaying back and forth and holding to the doorposts with both hands. Some man was talking to him in a low voice and attempting, from time to time, to lay a hand on his shoulder, but Wilson neither heard nor saw. His eyes would drop slowly from the swinging light to the laden table by the wall, and then jerk back to the light again, and he gave out incessantly his high, horrible call:

"Oh, my Ga-od! Oh, my Ga-od! Oh, my Ga-od! Oh, my Ga-od!"

Presently Tom lifted his head with a jerk and, after staring around the garage with glazed eyes, addressed a mumbled incoherent remark to the policeman.

"M-a-y," the policeman was saying, "o—"

"No, r—" corrected the man, "M-a-v-r-o—"

"Listen to me!" muttered Tom fiercely.

"r—" said the policeman, "o—"

"g—" "g—" He looked up as Tom's broad hand fell sharply on his shoulder. "What you want, fella?"

"What happened?—that's what I want to know."

"Auto hit her. Instantly killed."

"Instantly killed," repeated Tom, staring.

"She ran out in a road. Son-of-a-bitch didn't even stop car."

"There was two cars," said Michaelis, "one comin', one goin', see?"

QUICKLY, the policeman asked, "Going where?"

"One goin' each way. Well, she—" his hand rose toward the blankets but stopped half way and fell to his side—"she ran out there an' the one comin' from N'York knock right into her, goin' thirty or forty miles an hour."

"What's the name of this place?" demanded the officer.

"Hasn't got any name."

A pale well-dressed Negro stepped near.

"It was a yellow car," he said, "big yellow car. New."

"See the accident?" asked the policeman.

"No, but the car passed me down the road, going faster'n forty. Going fifty, sixty."

"Come here and let's have your name. Look out now. I want to get his name."

Some words of this conversation must have reached Wilson, swaying in the office door, for suddenly a new theme found voice among his gasping cries:

"You don't have to tell me what kind of a car it was! I know what kind of a car it was!"

Watching Tom, I saw the wad of muscle back of his shoulder tighten under his coat. He walked quickly over to Wilson and, standing in front of him, seized him firmly by the upper arms.

"You've got to pull yourself together," he said with soothing gruffness.

Wilson's eyes fell upon Tom; he started up on his tiptoes and then would have collapsed to his knees had not Tom held him upright.

"Listen," said Tom, shaking him a little. "I just got here a minute ago, from New York. I was bringing you that coupe we've been talking about. That yellow car I was driving this afternoon wasn't mine—do you hear? I haven't seen it all afternoon."

Only the Negro and I were near enough to hear what he said, but the policeman caught something in the tone and looked over with truculent eyes.

"What's all that?" he demanded.

"I'm a friend of his," Tom turned his head but kept his hands firm on Wilson's body. "He says he knows the car that did it. It was a yellow car."

Some dim impulse moved the policeman to look suspiciously at Tom.

"And what color's your car?"

"It's a blue car, a coupe."

"We've come straight from New York," I said.

Someone who had been driving a little behind us confirmed this, and the policeman turned away.

"Now, if you'll let me have that name again correct—"

Picking up Wilson like a doll, Tom carried him into the office, set him down in a chair, and came back.

"If somebody'll come here and sit with him," he snapped authoritatively. He watched while the two men standing closest glanced at each other and went unwillingly into the room. Then Tom shut the door on them and came down the single step, his eyes avoiding the table. As he passed close to me he whispered: "Let's get out."

Self-consciously, with his authoritative arms breaking the way, we pushed through the still gathering crowd, passing a hurried doctor, case in hand, who had been sent for in wild hope half an hour ago.

Tom drove slowly until we were beyond the bend—then his foot came down hard, and the coupe raced along through the night. In a little while I heard a low husky sob, and saw that tears were flowing down his face.

"The coward!" he whimpered. "He didn't even stop his car."

The Buchanans' house floated suddenly towards us through the dark rustling trees. Tom stopped beside the porch and looked up at the second floor, where two windows bloomed with light among the vines.

"Daisy's home," he said. As we got out of the car he glanced at me and frowned slightly.

"I ought to have dropped you in West Egg, Nick. There's nothing we can do to-night."

A chance had come over him, and he spoke gravely, and with decision. As we walked across the moonlit gravel to the porch he disposed of the situation in a few brisk phrases.

"I'll telephone for a taxi to take you home, and while you're waiting you and Jordan better go in the kitchen and have them get you some supper—if you want any. He opened the door. "Come in."

"No, thanks. But I'd be glad if you'd order me the taxi. I'll wait outside."

Jordan put her hand on my arm.

"Won't you come in, Nick?"

"No, thanks." I was feeling a little sick and I wanted to be alone. But Jordan lingered for a moment more.

"It's only half-past nine," she said.

I'd be damned if I'd go in; I'd had enough of all of them for one day, and suddenly that included Jordan too. She must have seen something of this in my expression, for she turned abruptly away and ran up the porch steps into the house. I sat down for a few minutes with my head in my hands, until I heard the phone taken up inside and the butler's voice calling a taxi. Then I walked slowly down the drive away from the house, intending to wait by the gate.

I hadn't gone twenty yards when I heard my name and Gatsby stepped from between two bushes into the path. I must have felt pretty weird by that time, because I could think of nothing except the luminosity of his pink suit under the moon.

"What are you doing?" I inquired.

"Just standing here, old sport."

SOMEHOW, that seemed a despicable occupation. For all I knew he was going to rob the house in a moment; I wouldn't have been surprised to see sinister faces, the faces of "Wolfshelm's people," behind him in the dark shrubbery. "Did you see any trouble on the road?" he asked after a minute.

"Yes."

He hesitated.

"Was she killed?"

"Yes."

"I thought so; I told Daisy I thought so. It's better that the shock should all come at once. She stood it pretty well."

He spoke as if Daisy's reaction was the only thing that mattered.

"I got to West Egg by a side road," he went on, "and left the car in my garage. I don't think anybody saw us, but of course I can't be sure."

I disliked him so much by this time that I didn't find it necessary to tell him he was wrong.

"Who was the woman?" he inquired.

"Her name was Wilson. Her husband owns the garage. How the devil did it happen?"

"Well, I tried to swing the wheel—" He broke off, and suddenly I guessed at the truth.

"Was Daisy driving?"

"Yes," he said after a moment, "but of course I'll say I was. You see, when we left New York she was very nervous and she thought it would steady her to drive—and this woman rushed out at us just as we were passing a car coming the other way. It all happened in a minute, but it seemed to me that she wanted to speak to us, thought we were somebody she knew. Well, first Daisy turned away from the woman toward the other car, and then she lost her nerve and turned back. The second my hand reached the wheel I felt the shock—it must have killed her instantly."

"It ripped her open—"

"Don't tell me, old sport." He winced. "Anyhow—Daisy stepped on it. I tried to make her stop, but she couldn't, so I pulled on the emergency brake. Then she fell over into my lap and I drove on."

"She'll be all right to-morrow," he said presently. "I'm just going to wait here and see if he tries to bother her about that unpleasantness this afternoon. She's locked herself in her room, and if he tries any brutality she's going to turn the light out on and again."

"He won't touch her," I said. "He's not thinking about her."

"I don't trust him, old sport."

"How long are you going to wait?"

"All night, if necessary. Anyhow, till they all go to bed."

A new point of view occurred to me. Suppose Tom found out that Daisy had been driving. He might think he saw a connection in it—he might think anything. I looked at the house; there were two or three bright windows downstairs and the pink glow from Daisy's room on the second floor.

"You wait here," I said. "I'll see if there's any sign of a commotion."

I walked back along the border

of the lawn, traversed the gravel softly, and lifted up the verandah steps. The drawing-room curtains were open, and I saw that the room was empty. Crossing the porch where we had dined that June night three months before, I came to a small rectangle of light which I guessed was the pantry window. The blind was drawn, but I found a rift at the sill.

Daisy and Tom were sitting opposite each other at the kitchen table, with a plate of cold fried chicken between them, and two bottles of ale. He was talking intently across the table at her, and in his earnestness his hand had fallen upon and covered her own. Once in a while she looked up at him and nodded in agreement.

They weren't happy, and neither of them touched the chicken or the ale—and yet they weren't unhappy either. There was an unmistakable air of natural intimacy about the picture, and anybody would have said that they were conspiring together.

As I tiptoed from the porch I heard my taxi feeling its way along the dark road toward the house. Gatsby was waiting where I had left him in the drive.

"Is it all quiet?" he asked anxiously.

"Yes, it's all quiet," I hesitated. "You'd better come home and get some sleep."

He shook his head.

"I want to wait here till Daisy goes to bed. Good night, old sport."

He put his hands in his coat pockets and turned back eagerly to his scrutiny of the house, as though my presence marred the sacredness of the vigil. So I walked away and left him standing there in the moonlight—watching over nothing.

I couldn't sleep all night; a foreboding was groaning incessantly on the Sound, and I tossed half-sick between grotesque reality and savage frightening dreams. Toward dawn I heard a taxi go up Gatsby's drive and immediately I jumped out of bed and began to dress—I felt I had something to tell him, something to warn him about, and morning would be too late.

Crossing his lawn, I saw that his front door was still open and he was leaning against a table in the hall, heavy with dejection or sleep.

"Nothing happened," he said wanly. "I waited, and about four o'clock she came to the window and stood there for a minute and then turned out the light."

His house had never seemed so enormous to me as it did that night when we hunted through the great rooms for cigarettes. We pushed aside curtains that were like pavilions, and felt over innumerable feet of dark wall for electric light switches—once I tumbled with a sort of splash upon the keys of a ghostly piano. There was an inexplicable amount of dust everywhere, and the rooms were musty, as though they hadn't been aired for many days. I found the humidor on an unfamiliar table, with two stale, dry cigarettes inside. Throwing open the french windows of the drawing-room, we sat smoking out into the darkness.

"You ought to go away," I said. "It's pretty certain they'll trace your car."

"Go away now, old sport?"

"Go to Atlantic City for a week, or up to Montreal."

He wouldn't consider it. He couldn't possibly leave Daisy until he knew what she was going to do. He was clutching at some last hope and I couldn't bear to shake him free.

It was this night that he told me the strange story of his youth with Dan Cody—told it to me because "Jay Gatsby" had broken up like glass against Tom's hard malice and the long, secret extravagance was played out. I think that he would have acknowledged anything now, without reserve, but he wanted to talk about Daisy.

She was the first "nice" girl he had ever known. In various unrevealed capacities he had come in contact with such people, but always with indelible barbed wire between. He found her excitingly desirable. He went to her house, at first with other officers from Camp Taylor, then alone. It amazed him—he had never been in such a beautiful house before. But what

COMPLETE FIRESIDE NOVEL

gave it an air of breathless intensity was that Daisy lived there—it was as casual a thing to her as his tent out at camp was to him. There was a ripe mystery about it, a hint of bedrooms upstairs more beautiful and cool than other bedrooms, of gay and radiant activities taking place through its corridors, and of romances that were not musty and laid away already in lavender, but fresh and breathing and redolent of this year's shining motor-cars and of dances whose flowers were scarcely withered.

It excited him, too, that many men had already loved Daisy—it increased her value in his eyes. He felt their presence all about the house pervading the air with the shades and echoes of still, vibrant emotions.

But he knew that he was in Daisy's house by a colossal accident. However glorious might be his future as Jay Gatsby, he was at present a penniless young man without a past, and at any moment the invisible cloak of his uniform might slip from his shoulders. So he made the most of his time. He took what he could get, ravenously and unscrupulously—evenually he took Daisy one still October night, took her because he had no real right to touch her hand.

He might have despised himself, for he had certainly taken her under false pretences. I don't mean that he had traded on his phantom millions, but he had deliberately given Daisy a sense of security; he let her believe that he was a person from much the same strata as herself—that he was fully able to take care of her. As a matter of fact, he had no such facilities—he had no comfortable family standing behind him, and he was liable at the whim of an impersonal government to be blown anywhere about the world.

But he didn't despise himself and it didn't turn out as he had imagined. He had intended, probably, to take what he could and go—but now he found that he had committed himself to the following of a girl. He knew that Daisy was extraordinary, but he didn't realise just how extraordinary a "nice" girl could be. She vanished into her rich house, into her rich, full life, leaving Gatsby—nothing. He felt married to her, that was all.

When they met again, two days later, it was Gatsby who was breathless, who was, somehow, betrayed. Her porch was bright with the bought luxury of star-shine; the wicker of the settee squeaked fashionably as she turned toward him and he kissed her curious and lovely mouth. She had caught a cold, and it made her voice huskier and more charming than ever, and Gatsby was overwhelmingly aware of the youth and mystery that wealth imprisons and preserves, of the freshness of many clothes, and of Daisy, gleaming like silver, safe and proud above the hot struggles of the poor.

"I can't describe to you how surprised I was to find out I loved her, old sport. I even hoped for a while that she'd throw me over, but she didn't because she was in love with me, too. She thought I knew a lot because I knew different things from her. Well, there I was, 'way off my ambitions, getting deeper in love every minute, and all of a sudden I didn't care. What was the use of doing great things if I could have a better time telling her what I was going to do?"

On the last afternoon before he went abroad, he sat with Daisy in his arms for a long, silent time. It was a cold autumn day, with fire in the room, and her cheeks flushed. Now and then she moved and he changed his arm a little, and once he kissed her dark shining hair. The afternoon had made them tranquil for a while, as if to give them a deep memory for the long parting the next day promised.

They had never been closer in their month of love, nor communicated more profoundly one with another, than when she brushed silent lips against his coat's shoulder or when he touched the end of her fingers, gently, as though she were asleep.

He did extraordinarily well in the war. He was a captain before he went to the front, and following the Argonne battles he got his majority

and the command of the divisional machine-guns. After the Armistice he tried frantically to get home, but some complication or misunderstanding sent him to Oxford instead. He was worried now—there was a quality of nervous despair in Daisy's letters. She didn't see why he couldn't come. She was feeling the pressure of the world outside, and she wanted to see him and feel his presence beside her and be reassured that she was doing the right thing after all.

For Daisy was young and her artificial world was redolent of orchids and pleasant, cheerful snobbery and orchestras which set the rhythm of the year, summing up the sadness and suggestiveness of life in new tunes. All night the saxophones wailed the hopeless comment of the "Beale Street Blues" while a hundred pairs of golden and silver slippers shuffled the shining dust.

At the grey tea hour there were always rooms that throbbed incessantly with this low, sweet fever, while fresh faces drifted here and there like rose petals blown by the sad horns around the floor.

THROUGH this twilight universe Daisy began to move again with the season; suddenly she was again keeping half a dozen dates a day with half a dozen men, and drowsing asleep at dawn with the beads and chiffon of an evening dress tangled among dying orchids on the floor beside her bed. And all the time something within her was crying for a decision. She wanted her life shaped now, immediately, and the decision must be made by some force—of love, of money, of unquestionable practicality—that was close at hand.

That force took shape in the middle of spring with the arrival of Tom Buchanan. There was a wholesome boldness about his person and his position, and Daisy was flattered. Doubtless there was a certain struggle and a certain relief. The letter reached Gatsby while he was still at Oxford.

It was dawn now on Long Island and we went about opening the rest of the windows downstairs, filling the house with grey-turning, gold-turning light. The shadow of a tree fell abruptly across the dew and ghostly birds began to sing among the blue leaves. There was a slow, pleasant movement in the air, scarcely a wind, promising a cool lovely day.

"I don't think she ever loved him," Gatsby turned around from a window and looked at me challengingly. "You must remember, old sport, she was very excited this afternoon. He told her those things in a way that frightened her—that made it look as if I was some kind of cheap sharper. And the result was she hardly knew what she was saying."

He sat down gloomily. "Of course she might have loved him just for a minute, when they were first married—and loved me more even then, do you see?"

Suddenly he came out with a curious remark. "In any case," he said, "it was just personal."

What could you make of that, except some intensity of his conception of the affair that couldn't be measured?

He came back from France when Tom and Daisy were still on their wedding trip, and made a miserable but irresistible journey to Louisville on the last of his Army pay. He stayed there a week, walking the streets where their footsteps had clicked together through the November night and revisiting the out-of-the-way places to which they had driven in her white car. Just as Daisy's house had always seemed to him more mysterious and gay than any other houses, so his idea of the city itself, even though she was gone from it, was pervaded with a melancholy beauty.

He left, feeling that if he had searched harder he might have found her—that he was leaving her behind. The day-coach—he was penniless now—was hot. He went out to the open vestibule and sat

down on a folding-chair, and the station slid away and the backs of unfamiliar buildings moved by. Then out into the spring fields, where a yellow trolley raced them for a minute with people in it who might once have seen the pale magic of her face along the casual street.

The track curved and now it was going away from the sun, which, as it sank lower, seemed to spread itself in benediction over the vanishing city where she had drawn her breath. He stretched out his hand desperately as if to snatch only a wisp of air, to save a fragment of the spot that she had made lovely for him. But it was all going by too fast now for his blurred eyes and he knew that he had lost that part of it, the freshest and the best, for ever.

It was nine o'clock when we finished breakfast and went out on the porch. The night had made a sharp difference in the weather and there was an autumn flavor in the air. The gardener, the last one of Gatsby's former servants, came to the foot of the steps.

"I'm going to drain the pool to-day, Mr. Gatsby. Leaves'll start falling pretty soon, and then there's always trouble with the pipes."

"Don't do it to-day," Gatsby answered. He turned to me apologetically. "You know, old sport, I've never used that pool all summer."

I looked at my watch and stood up.

"Twelve minutes to my train," I didn't want to go to the city. I wasn't worth a stroke of work, but it was more than that—I didn't want to leave Gatsby. I missed that train, and then another, before I could get myself away.

"I'll call you up," I said finally.

"Do, old sport."

"I'll call you about noon." We walked slowly down the steps.

"I suppose Daisy'll call, too." He looked at me anxiously, as if he hoped I'd corroborate this.

"I suppose so."

"Well, good-bye." We shook hands and I started away. Just before I reached the hedge I remembered something and turned around.

"They're a rotten crowd," I shouted across the lawn. "You're worth the whole damn bunch put together."

I've always been glad I said that. It was the only compliment I ever gave him, because I disapproved of him from beginning to end. First he nodded politely, and then his face broke into that radiant and understanding smile, as if we'd been in ecstatic cahoots on that fact, all the time. His gorgeous pink ring of a suit made a bright spot of color against the white steps, and I thought of the night when I first came to his ancestral home, three months before. The lawn and drive had been crowded with the faces of those who guessed at his corruption—and he had stood on those steps, concealing his incorruptible dream, as he waved them good-bye.

I thanked him for his hospitality. We were always thanking him for that—I and the others.

"Good-bye," I called. "I enjoyed breakfast, Gatsby."

Up in the city, I tried for a while to list the quotations on an interminable amount of stock, then I fell asleep in my swivel-chair. Just before noon the phone woke me, and I started up with sweat breaking out on my forehead. It was Jordan Baker; she often called me up at this hour because the uncertainty of her own movements between hotels and clubs and private houses made her hard to find in any other way.

Usually her voice came over the wire as something fresh and cool, as if a divot from a green golf links had come sailing in at the office window, but this morning it seemed harsh and dry.

"I've left Daisy's house," she said. "I'm at Hampton and I'm going down to Southampton this afternoon."

Probably it had been tactful to leave Daisy's house, but the act an-

nnoyed me, and her next remark made me rigid.

"You weren't nice to me last night."

"How could it have mattered then?"

Silence for a moment. Then: "However—I want to see you."

"I want to see you, too."

"Suppose I don't go to Southampton, and come into town this afternoon?"

"No—I don't think this afternoon."

"Very well."

"It's impossible this afternoon. Various."

We talked like that for a while, and then abruptly we weren't talking any longer. I don't know which of us hung up with a sharp click, but I know I didn't care. I couldn't have talked to her across a telephone that day if I never talked to her again in this world.

I called Gatsby's house a few minutes later, but the line was busy. I tried four times; finally an exasperated central told me the wire was being kept open for long distance from Detroit. Taking up my timetable, I drew a small circle around the three-fifty train. Then I leaned back in my chair and tried to think. It was just noon.

When I passed the ashheaps on the train that morning I had crossed deliberately to the other side of the car. I supposed there'd be a curious crowd around there all day with little boys searching for dark spots in the dust, and some garrulous man telling over and over what had happened, until it became less and less real even to him and he could tell it no longer, and Myrtle Wilson's tragic achievement was forgotten. Now I want to go back a little and tell what happened at the garage after we left there the night before.

They had difficulty in locating the sister, Catherine. She must have broken her rule against drinking that night, for when she arrived she was stupid with liquor and unable to understand that the ambulance had already gone to Flushing. When they convinced her of this, she immediately fainted, as if that was the intolerable part of the affair. Someone, kind or curious, took her in his car and drove her in the wake of her sister's body.

Until long after midnight a changing crowd lapped up against the front of the garage, while George Wilson rocked himself back and forth on the couch inside. For a while the door of the office was open, and everyone who came into the garage glanced irresistibly through it. Finally someone said it was a shame, and closed the door. Michaels and several other men were with him; first, four or five men, later two or three men. Still later Michaels had to ask the last stranger to wait there fifteen minutes longer, while he went back to his own place and made a pot of coffee. After that, he stayed there alone with Wilson until dawn.

About three o'clock the quality of Wilson's incoherent mutter changed—he grew quieter and began to talk about the yellow car. He announced that he had a way of finding out whom the yellow car belonged to, and then he blurted out that a couple of months ago his wife had come from the city with her face bruised and her nose swollen.

BUT when he heard himself say this, he flinched and began to cry. "Oh, my God!" again in his groaning voice. Michaels made a clumsy attempt to distract him. "How long have you been married, George? Come on there, try and sit still a minute and answer my question." How long have you been married?

"Twelve years." "Ever had any children? Come on, George, sit still—I asked you a question. Did you ever have any children?"

The hard brown beetles kept thudding against the dull light, and whenever Michaels heard a car go

tearing along the road outside it sounded to him like the car that hadn't stopped a few hours before. He didn't like to go into the garage, because the work bench was stained where the body had been lying, so he moved uncomfortably around the office—he knew every object in it before morning—and from time to time sat down beside Wilson trying to keep him more quiet.

"Have you got a church you go to sometimes, George? Maybe even if you haven't been there for a long time? Maybe I could call up the church and get a priest to come over and he could talk to you, see?"

"Don't belong to any." "You ought to have a church, for times like this. You must have gone to church once. Didn't you get married in a church? Listen, George, listen to me. Didn't you get married in a church?"

"That was a long time ago."

The effort of answering broke the rhythm of his rocking—for a moment he was silent. Then the same half-knowing, half-bewildered look came back into his faded eyes.

"Look in the drawer there," he said, pointing at the desk.

"Which drawer?"

"That drawer—that one."

Michaels opened the drawer nearest his hand. There was nothing in it but a small, expensive dog-leash, made of leather and braided silver. It was apparently new.

"This?" he inquired, holding it up. Wilson stared and nodded.

"I found it yesterday afternoon. She tried to tell me about it, but I knew it was something funny."

"You mean your wife bought it?"

"She had it wrapped in tissue paper on her bureau."

Michaels didn't see anything odd in that, and he gave Wilson a dozen reasons why his wife might have bought the dog-leash. But conceivably Wilson had heard some of these same explanations before, from Myrtle, because he began saying "Oh, my God!" again in a whisper—his comforter left several explanations in the air.

"Then he killed her," said Wilson. His mouth dropped open suddenly.

"Who did?"

"I have a way of finding out."

"You're morbid, George," said his friend. "This has been a strain to you and you don't know what you're saying. You'd better try and sit quiet till morning."

"He murdered her."

"It was an accident, George."

Wilson shook his head. His eyes narrowed and his mouth widened slightly with the ghost of a superior "Hm!"

"I know," he said definitely. "I'm one of these trusting fellas and I don't think any harm to nobody, but when I get to know a thing I know it. It was the man in that car. She ran out to speak to him and he wouldn't stop."

Michaels had seen this, too, but it hadn't occurred to him that there was any special significance in it. He believed that Mrs. Wilson had been running away from her husband rather than trying to stop any particular car.

"How could she be been like that?"

"She's a deep one," said Wilson, as if that answered the question. "Ah-h-h—"

He began to rock again, and Michaels stood twisting the leash in his hand.

"Maybe you got some good friend that I could telephone for, George?"

This was a forlorn hope—he was almost sure that Wilson had no friend; there was not enough of him for his wife. He was glad a little later when he noticed a change in the room, a blue quickening by the window, and realised that dawn wasn't far off. About five o'clock it was blue enough outside to snap off the light.

Wilson's glazed eyes turned out to the ashheaps, where small grey clouds took on fantastic shapes and scurried here and there in the faint dawn wind.

"I spoke to her," he muttered.

THE GREAT GATSBY

after a long silence. "I told her she might fool me but she couldn't fool God. I took her to the window—with an effort he got up and walked to the rear window and leaned with his face pressed against it—and I said, 'God knows what you've been doing, everything you've been doing. You may fool me, but you can't fool God!'"

Standing behind him, Michaelis saw with a shock that he was looking at the eyes of Dr. T. J. Eckleburg, which had just emerged pale and enormous, from the dissolving night.

"God sees everything," repeated Wilson.

"That's an advertisement," Michaelis assured him. Something made him turn away from the window and look back into the room. But Wilson stood there a long time, his face close to the window-pane, nodding into the twilight.

By six o'clock Michaelis was worn out, and grateful for the sound of a car stopping outside. It was one of the watchers of the night before who had promised to come back, so he cooked breakfast for three, which he and the other man ate together. Wilson was quieter now, and Michaelis went home to sleep; when he awoke four hours later and hurried back to the garage, Wilson was gone.

His movements—he was on foot all the time—were afterwards traced to Port Roosevelt and then to Gad's Hill, where he bought a sandwich that he didn't eat, and a cup of coffee. He must have been tired and walking slowly, for he didn't reach Gad's Hill until noon. Thus far there was no difficulty in accounting for his time—there were boys who had seen a man "acting sort of crazy," and motorists at whom he stared oddly from the side of the road.

Then for three hours he disappeared from view. The police, on the strength of what he had said to Michaelis, that he "had a way of finding out," supposed that he spent that time going from garage to garage thereabout, inquiring for a yellow car.

On the other hand, no garage man who had seen him ever came forward, and perhaps he had an easier, surer way of finding out what he wanted to know. By half-past two he was in West Egg, where he asked someone the way to Gatsby's house. So by that time he knew Gatsby's name.

At two o'clock Gatsby put on his bathing suit and left word with the butler that if anyone phoned word was to be brought to him at the pool. He stopped at the garage for a pneumatic mattress that had amused his guests during the summer, and the chauffeur helped him pump it up. Then he gave instructions that the open car wasn't to be taken out under any circumstances—and this was strange, because the front right fender needed repair.

Gatsby shouldered the mattress and started for the pool. Once he stopped and shifted it a little, and the chauffeur asked him if he needed help, but he shook his head and in a moment disappeared among the yellowing trees.

No telephone message arrived, but the butler went without his sleep and waited for it until four o'clock—until long after there was anyone to give it to if it came. I have an idea that Gatsby himself didn't believe it would come, and perhaps he no longer cared.

If that was true he must have felt that he had lost the old warm world, paid a high price for living too long with a single dream. He must have looked up at an unfamiliar sky through frightening leaves and shivered as he found what a grotesque thing a rose is and how raw the sunlight was upon the scarcely created grass. A new world, material without being real, where poor ghosts, breathing dreams like air, drifted fortuitously about... like the ashen, fantastic figure gliding toward him through the amorphous trees.

The chauffeur—he was one of

Wolfshelm's proteges—heard the shots—afterward he could only say that he hadn't thought anything much about them. I drove from the station directly to Gatsby's house and my rushing anxiously up the front steps was the first thing that alarmed anyone. But they knew then, I firmly believe. With scarcely a word said, four of us, the chauffeur, butler, gardener, and I, hurried down to the pool.

There was a faint, barely perceptible movement of the water as the fresh flow from one end urged its way toward the drain at the other. With little ripples that were hardly the shadow of waves, the laden mattress moved irregularly down the pool. A small gust of wind that scarcely corrugated the surface was enough to disturb its accidental burden. The touch of a cluster of leaves revolved it slowly, tracing, like the leg of transit, a thin red circle in the water.

It was after we started with Gatsby toward the house that the gardener saw Wilson's body a little way off in the grass, and the holocaust was complete.

After two years I remember the rest of that day and that night and the next day only as an endless drill of police and photographers and newspapermen in and out of Gatsby's front door. A rope stretched across the main gate and a policeman by it kept out the curious, but little boys soon discovered that they could enter through my yard, and there were always a few of them clustered open-mouthed about the pool.

Someone with a positive manner, perhaps a detective, used the expression "madman" as he bent over Wilson's body that afternoon, and the adventitious authority in his voice set the key for the newspaper reports next morning.

Most of the reports were a nightmare—grotesque, circumstantial, eager, and untrue. When Michaelis's testimony at the inquest brought to light Wilson's suspicions of his wife, I thought the whole tale would shortly be served up in racy piquante.

Catherine, who might have said anything, didn't say a word. She showed a surprising amount of character about it, too—looked at the coroner with determined eyes, under that corrected brow of hers, and swore that her sister had never seen Gatsby, that her sister was completely happy with her husband, that her sister had been into no mischief whatever. She convinced herself of it, and cried into her handkerchief, as if the very suggestion was more than she could endure. So Wilson was reduced to a man "deranged by grief" in order that the case might remain in its simplest form. And it rested there.

But all this part of it seemed remote and unessential. I found myself on Gatsby's side, and alone. From the moment I telephoned news of the catastrophe to West Egg Village, every surmise about him, and every practical question, was referred to me.

At first I was surprised and confused; then, as he lay in his house and didn't move or breathe or speak hour upon hour, it grew upon me that I was responsible, because no one else was interested. Interested, I mean, with that intense personal interest to which everyone has some vague right at the end.

I called up Daisy half an hour after we found him, called her instinctively and without hesitation. But she and Tom had gone away early that afternoon, and taken baggage with them.

"Left no address?"

"No."

"Say when they'd be back?"

"No."

"Any idea where they are? How I could reach them?"

"I don't know. Can't say."

I wanted to get somebody for him. I wanted to go into the room where he lay and reassure him: "I'll get somebody for you, Gatsby. Don't

worry. Just trust me and I'll get somebody for you—"

Meyer Wolfshelm's name wasn't in the phone book. The butler gave me his office address on Broadway, and I called. Information, but by the time I had the number it was long after five, and no one answered the phone.

"Will you ring again?"

"I've rung three times."

"It's very important."

"Sorry, I'm afraid no one's there."

I went back to the drawing-room and thought for an instant that they were chance visitors, all these official people who suddenly filled it. But, though they drew back the sheet and looked at Gatsby with shocked eyes, his protest continued in my brain:

"Look here, old sport, you've got to get somebody for me. You've got to try hard. I can't go through this alone."

Someone started to ask me questions, but I broke away and, going upstairs, looked hastily through the unlocked parts of his desk—he'd never told me definitely that his parents were dead. But there was nothing—only a picture of Dan Cody, a picture of forgotten violence, staring down from the wall.

Next morning I sent the butler to New York with a letter to Wolfshelm, which asked for information and urged him to come out on the next train. The request seemed superfluous when I wrote it, I was sure that he'd start when he saw the newspapers, just as I was sure there'd be a wire from Daisy before noon—but neither the wire nor Mr. Wolfshelm arrived; no one arrived except more police and photographers and newspapermen. When the butler brought back Wolfshelm's answer I began to have a feeling of defiance, of scornful solidarity between Gatsby and me against them all.

"Dear Mr. Carraway. This has been one of the most terrible shocks of my life to me. I hardly can believe it that it is true at all. Such a mad act as that man did should make us all think I cannot come down now as I am tied up in some very important business and cannot get mixed up in this thing now. If there is anything I can do a little later let me know in a letter by Edgar. I hardly know where I am when I hear about a thing like this and am completely knocked down and out."

Yours truly,

Meyer Wolfshelm.

And then hasty addenda beneath: "Let me know about the funeral, etc., do not know his family at all."

When the phone rang that afternoon and Long Distance said Chicago was calling I thought this would be Daisy at last. But the connection came through as a man's voice... very thin and far away

"This is Slagle speaking..."

"Yes." The name was unfamiliar.

"Hell of a note, isn't it? Get my wire?"

"There haven't been any wires."

"Young Parke's in trouble," he said rapidly. "They picked him up when he handed the bonds over the counter. They got a circular from New York giving 'em the numbers just five minutes before. What d'you know about that, hey? You never can tell in these hick towns—"

"Hello!" I interrupted breathlessly. "Look here—this isn't Mr. Gatsby. Mr. Gatsby's dead."

There was a long silence on the other end of the wire, followed by an exclamation... then a quick squawk as the connection was broken.

I think it was on the third day that a telegram signed Henry C. Gatz arrived from a town in Minnesota. It said only that the sender was leaving immediately and to postpone the funeral until he came.

It was Gatsby's father, a solemn old man, very helpless and dismayed, bundled up in a long cheap ulster against the warm September day. His eyes leaked continuously with excitement, and when I took the bag and umbrella from his hands he began to pull so incessantly at

his sparse grey beard that I had difficulty in getting off his coat. He was on the point of collapse, so I took him into the music-room and made him sit down while I sent for something to eat. But he wouldn't eat, and the glass of milk spilled from his trembling hand.

"I saw it in the Chicago newspaper," he said. "It was all in the Chicago newspaper. I started right away."

"I didn't know how to reach you." His eyes, seeing nothing, moved ceaselessly about the room.

"It was a madman," he said. "He must have been mad."

"Wouldn't you like some coffee?" I urged him.

"I don't want anything. I'm all right now, Mr.—"

"Carraway."

"Well, I'm all right now. Where have they got Jimmy?"

THEN I took him into the drawing-room, where his son lay, and left him there. Some little boys had come up on the steps and were looking into the hall; when I told them who had arrived, they went reluctantly away.

After a little while Mr. Gatz opened the door and came out, his mouth ajar, his face flushed slightly, his eyes leaking isolated and unpunctuated tears. He had reached an age where death no longer has the quality of ghastly surprise, and when he looked around him now for the first time and saw the height and splendor of the hall and the great rooms opening out from it into other rooms, his grief began to be mixed with an awed pride. I helped him to a bedroom upstairs; while he took off his coat and vest I told him that all arrangements had been deferred until he came.

"I didn't know what you'd want, Mr. Gatsby—"

"Gatz is my name."

"Mr. Gatz. I thought you might want to take the body West."

He shook his head.

"Jimmy always liked it better down East. He rose up to his position in the East. Were you a friend of my boy's, Mr.—?"

"We were close friends."

"He had a big future before him, you know. He was only a young man, but he had a lot of brain power here."

He touched his head impressively, and I nodded.

"If he'd of lived, he'd of been a great man. A man like James J. Hill. He'd of helped build up the country."

"That's true," I said, uncomfortably.

He fumbled at the embroidered coverlet, trying to take it from the bed, and lay down stiffly—was instantly asleep.

That night an obviously frightened person called up, and demanded to know who I was before he would give his name.

"This is Mr. Carraway," I said.

"Oh!" He sounded relieved. "This is Klipspringer."

I was relieved too, for that seemed to promise another friend at Gatsby's grave. I didn't want it to be in the papers and draw a sight-seeing crowd, so I'd been calling up a few people myself. They were hard to find.

"The funeral's to-morrow," I said. "Three o'clock, here at the house. I wish you'd tell anybody who'd be interested."

"Oh, I will," he broke out hastily. "Of course I'm not likely to see anybody, but I'll do."

His tone made me suspicious. "Of course you'll be there yourself."

"Well, I'll certainly try. What I called up about is—"

"Wait a minute," I interrupted. "How about saying you'll come?"

"Well, the fact is—the truth of the matter is that I'm staying with some people up here in Greenwich, and they rather expect me to be with them to-morrow. In fact, there's a sort of picnic or something. Of course I'll do my very best to get away."

I ejaculated an unrestrained "Huh!" and he must have heard me, for he went on nervously:

"What I called up about was a pair of shoes I left there. I wonder if it'd be too much trouble to have the butler send them on. You see, they're tennis shoes, and I'm sort of helpless without them. My address is care of B. F.—"

I didn't hear the rest of the name, because I hung up the receiver.

After that I felt a certain shame for Gatsby—one gentleman to whom I telephoned implied that he had got what he deserved. However, that was my fault, for he was one of those who used to sneer most bitterly at Gatsby on the courage of Gatsby's liquor, and I should have known better than to call him.

The morning of the funeral I went up to New York to see Meyer Wolfshelm; I couldn't seem to reach him any other way. The door that I pushed open on the advice of an elevator boy, was marked "The Swastika Holding Company," and at first there didn't seem to be anyone inside. But when I'd shouted "hello" several times in vain, an argument broke out behind a partition, and presently a lovely Jewess appeared at an interior door and scrutinized me with black hostile eyes.

"Nobody's in," she said. "Mr. Wolfshelm's gone to Chicago."

The first part of this was obviously untrue, for someone had begun to whistle "The Rosary," tunelessly, inside.

"Please say that Mr. Carraway wants to see him."

"I can't get him back from Chicago, can I?"

At this moment a voice unmistakably Wolfshelm's, called "Stella!" from the other side of the door.

"Leave your name on the desk," she said quickly. "I'll give it to him when he gets back."

"But I know he's there."

She took a step toward me and began to slide her hands indignantly up and down her hips.

"You young men think you can force your way in here any time," she scolded. "We're getting sick-tired of it. When I say he's in Chicago, he's in Chicago."

I mentioned Gatsby.

"Oh-oh!" She looked me over again. "Will you just—What was your name?"

She vanished. In a moment Meyer Wolfshelm stood solemnly in the doorway, holding out both hands. He drew me into his office, remarking in a reverent voice that it was a sad time for all of us, and offered me a cigar.

"My memory goes back to when first I met him," he said. "A young major just out of the army and covered over with medals he got in the war. He was so hard up he had to keep wearing his uniform because he couldn't buy some regular clothes. First time I saw him was when he came into Winebrenner's poolroom at Forty-third Street and asked for a job. He hadn't eat anything for a couple of days. 'Come on, have some lunch with me,' I said. He ate more than four dollars' worth of food in half an hour."

"Did you start him in business?" I inquired.

"Start him! I made him."

"Oh."

"I raised him out of nothing, right out of the gutter. I saw right away he was a fine-appearing, gentlemanly young man, and when he told me he was an Oggsford I knew I could use him good. I got him to join up in the American Legion and he used to stand high there. Right off he did some work for a client of mine up to Albany. We were so thick like that in everything—he held up two bulbous fingers—"always together."

I wondered if this partnership had included the World's Series transaction in 1919.

"Now he's dead," I said after a moment. "You were his closest friend, so I know you'll want to come to his funeral this afternoon."

"I'd like to come."

"Well, come then."

The hair in his nostrils quivered slightly, and as he shook his head his eyes filled with tears.

"I can't do it—I can't get mixed up in it," he said.

"There's nothing to get mixed up in. It's all over now."

"When a man gets killed I never like to get mixed up in it in any way, I keep out. When I was a young man it was different—if a friend of mine died, no matter how, I stuck with them to the end. You may think that's sentimental, but I mean it—to the bitter end."

I saw that for some reason of his own he was determined not to come, so I stood up.

"Are you a college man?" he inquired suddenly.

For a moment I thought he was going to suggest a "connection," but he only nodded and shook my hand.

"Let us learn to show our friendship for a man when he is alive and not after he is dead," he suggested. "After that, my own rule is to let everything alone."

When I left his office the sky had turned dark and I got back to West Egg in a drizzle. After changing my clothes I went next door and found Mr. Gatz walking up and down excitedly in the hall. His pride in his son and in his son's possessions was continually increasing and now he had something to show me.

"Jimmy sent me this picture," He took out his wallet with trembling fingers. "Look there."

It was a photograph of the house, cracked in the corners and dirty with many hands. He pointed out every detail to me eagerly. "Look there!" and then sought admiration from my eyes. He had shown it so often that I think it was more real to him than the house itself.

"Jimmy sent it to me. I think it's a very pretty picture. It shows up well."

"Very well. Had you seen him lately?"

"He came out to see me two years ago and bought me the house I live in now. Of course we were broke up when he ran off from home, but I see now there was a reason for it. He knew he had a big future in front of him. And ever since he made a success he was very generous with me."

He seemed reluctant to put away the picture, held it for another minute, lingeringly, before my eyes. Then he returned the wallet and pulled from his pocket a tattered old copy of a book called "Hopalong Cassidy."

"Look here, this is a book he had when he was a boy. It just shows you."

He opened it at the back cover and turned it around for me to see. On the last fly-leaf was printed the word "schedule," and the date September 12, 1906. And underneath:

Rise from bed	6.00	A.M.
Dumbbell exercise		
and wall-scaling	6.15-6.30	"
Study electricity, etc.	7.15-8.15	"
Work	8.30-4.30	P.M.
Baseball and sports	4.30-5.00	"
Practice elocution,		
poise and how to		
attain it	5.00-6.00	"
Study needed		
inventions	7.00-9.00	"

GENERAL RESOLVES

No wasting time at Shafter's or (a name, indecipherable).

Bath every other day.

Read one improving book or magazine per week.

Save 5.00 dollars (crossed out). 3.00 dollars per week.

Be better to parents.

"I come across this book by accident," said the old man. "It just shows you, doesn't it?"

"Jimmy was bound to get ahead. He always had some resolves like this or something. Do you notice what he's got about improving his mind? He was always great for that. He told me I let like a hog once, and I beat him for it."

He was reluctant to close the book, reading each item aloud and then looking eagerly at me. I think he rather expected me to copy down the list for my own use.

A little before three the Lutheran minister arrived from Flushing, and I began to look involuntarily out of the windows for other cars. So did Gatsby's father. And as the time

passed and the servants came in and stood waiting in the hall, his eyes began to blink anxiously, and he spoke of the rain in a worried, uncertain way. The minister glanced several times at his watch, so I took him aside and asked him to wait for half an hour. But it wasn't any use. Nobody came.

About five o'clock our procession of three cars reached the cemetery and stopped in a thick drizzle beside the gate—first a motor hearse, horribly black and wet, then Mr. Gatz and the minister and I in the limousine, and a little later four or five servants and the postman from West Egg, in Gatsby's station wagon, all wet to the skin.

As we started through the gate into the cemetery I heard a car stop and then the sound of someone splashing after us over the soggy ground. I looked around. It was the man with owl-eye glasses whom I had found marvelling over Gatsby's books in the library one night three months before.

I'd never seen him since then. I don't know how he knew about the funeral, or even his name. The rain poured down his thick glasses, and he took them off and wiped them to see the protecting canvas unrolled from Gatsby's grave.

I tried to think about Gatsby then for a moment, but he was already too far away, and I could only remember, without resentment, that Daisy hadn't sent a message or a flower. Dimly I heard someone murmur, "Blessed are the dead that the rain falls on," and then the owl-eyed man said "Amen to that!" in a brave voice.

We straggled down quickly through the rain to the cars. Owl Eyes spoke to me by the gate.

"I couldn't get to the house," he remarked.

"Neither could anybody else."

"Go on!" He started. "Why, my God! They used to go there by the hundreds."

He took off his glasses and wiped them again, outside and in.

"The poor son-of-a-bitch," he said.

ONE of my most vivid memories is of coming back West from prep school and later from college at Christmas time. Those who went farther than Chicago would gather in the old dim Union Station at six o'clock of a December evening, with a few Chicago friends, already caught up into their own holiday gaieties, to bid them a hasty good-bye.

I remember the fur coats of the girls returning from Miss This-or-That's and the chatter of frozen breath and the hands waving overhead as we caught sight of old acquaintances, and the matchings of invitations: "Are you going to the Ordways? the Herseys? the Schulzes?" and the long green tickets clasped tight in our gloved hands. At last the murky yellow cars of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad looking cheerful as Christmas itself on the tracks beside the gate.

When we pulled out into the winter night and the real snow, our snow, began to stretch out beside us and twinkle against the windows, and the dim lights of small Wisconsin

stations moved by, a sharp wild brace came suddenly into the air. We drew in deep breaths of it as we walked back from dinner through the cold vestibules, unutterably aware of our identity with this country for one strange hour, before we melted indistinguishably into it again.

That's my Middle West—not the wheat or the prairies or the lost Swede towns, but the thrilling returning trains of my youth, and the street lamps and sleigh bells in the frosty dark and the shadows of holly wreaths thrown by lighted windows on the snow. I am part of that, a little solemn with the feel of those long winters, a little complacent from growing up in the Carraway house in a city where dwellings are still called through decades by a family's name.

I see now that this has been a story of the West after all—Tom and Gatsby, Daisy and Jordan and I, were all Westerners, and perhaps we possessed some deficiency in common which made us subtly unadaptable to Eastern life.

Even when the East excited me most, even when I was most keenly aware of its superiority to the bored, sprawling, swollen towns beyond the Ohio, with their interminable inquisitions which spared only the children and the very old—even then it had always for me a quality of distortion.

West Egg, especially, still figures in my more fantastic dreams. I see it as a night scene by El Greco: a hundred houses, at once conventional and grotesque, crouching under a sullen, overhanging sky and a lustreless moon. In the foreground four solemn men in dress suits are walking along the sidewalk with a stretcher on which lies a drunken woman in a white evening dress. Her hand which dangles over the side sparkles cold with jewels.

Gravely the men turn in at a house—the wrong house. But no one knows the woman's name, and no one cares.

After Gatsby's death the East was haunted for me, distorted beyond my eyes' power of correction. So when the blue smoke of brittle leaves was in the air and the wind blew the wet laundry stiff on the line I decided to come back home.

There was one thing to be done before I left, an awkward, unpleasant thing that perhaps had better have been left alone. But I wanted to leave things in order and not just trust that obliging and indifferent sea to sweep my refuse away. I saw Jordan Baker and talked over and around what had happened to us together, and what had happened afterwards to me, and she lay perfectly still, listening, in a big chair.

She was dressed to play golf, and I remember thinking she looked like a good illustration, her chin raised a little jauntily, her hair the color of an autumn leaf, her face the same brown tint as the fingerless glove on her knee. When I had finished she told me without comment that she was engaged to another man. I doubted that, though there were several she could have

married at a nod of her head, but I pretended to be surprised. For just a minute I wondered if I wasn't making a mistake, then I thought it all over again quickly and got up to say good-bye.

"Nevertheless, you did throw me over," said Jordan suddenly. "You threw me over on the telephone. I don't give a damn about you now, but it was a new experience for me, and I felt a little dizzy for a while."

We shook hands.

"Oh, and do you remember," she added, "a conversation we had once about driving a car?"

"Why, not exactly."

"You said a bad driver was only safe until she met another bad driver, didn't you? I mean it was careless of me to make such a wrong guess. I thought you were rather an honest, straightforward person. I thought it was your secret pride."

"I'm thirty," I said. "I'm five years too old to lie to myself and call it honor."

She didn't answer. Angry, and half in love with her, and tremendously sorry, I turned away.

I SAW Tom

Buchanan one afternoon in late October. He was walking ahead of me along Fifth Avenue in his alert, aggressive way, his hands out a little from his body as if to fight off interference, his head moving sharply here and there, adapting itself to his restless eyes. Just as I slowed up to avoid overtaking him he stopped and began frowning into the windows of a jewellery store. Suddenly he saw me and walked back, holding out his hand.

"What's the matter, Nick? Do you object to shaking hands with me?"

"Yes. You know what I think of you."

"You're crazy, Nick," he said quickly. "Crazy as hell. I don't know what's the matter with you."

"Tom," I inquired, "what did you say to Wilson that afternoon?"

He stared at me without a word, and I knew I had guessed right about those missing hours. I started to turn away, but he took a step after me and grabbed my arm.

"I told him the truth," he said. "He came to the door while we were getting ready to leave, and when I sent down word that we weren't in he tried to force his way upstairs. He was crazy enough to kill me if I hadn't told him who owned the car. His hand was on a revolver in his pocket every minute he was in the house." He broke off defiantly. "What if I did tell him? That fellow had it coming to him. He threw dust into your eyes just like he did in Daisy's, but he was a tough one. He ran over Myrtle like you'd run over a dog and never even stopped his car."

There was nothing I could say, except the one unutterable fact that it wasn't true.

"And if you think I didn't have my share of suffering—look here, when I went to give up that flat and saw that damn box of dog biscuits sitting there on the sideboard, I sat down

and cried like a baby. It was awful."

I couldn't forgive him or like him, but I saw that what he had done was, to him, entirely justified. It was all very careless and confused. They were careless people, Tom and Daisy—they smashed up things and creatures and then retreated into their money or their vast carelessness, or whatever it was that kept them together, and let other people clean up the mess they had made.

I shook hands with him; it seemed silly not to, for I felt suddenly as though I were talking to a child. Then he went into the jewellery store to buy a pearl necklace—or perhaps only a pair of cuff buttons—rid of my provincial squeamishness for ever.

Gatsby's house was still empty when I left—the grass on his lawn had grown as long as mine. One of the taxi drivers in the village never took a fare past the entrance gate without stopping for a minute and pointing inside; perhaps it was he who drove Daisy and Gatsby over to East Egg the night of the accident, and perhaps he had made a story about it all his own. I didn't want to hear it and I avoided him when I got off the train.

I spent my Saturday nights in New York, because those gleaming, dazzling parties of his were with me so vividly that I could still hear the music and the laughter, faint and incessant, from his garden, and the cars going up and down his drive.

One night I did hear a material car there, and saw its lights stop at his front steps. But I didn't investigate. Probably it was some final guest who had been away at the ends of the earth and didn't know that the party was over.

On the last night, with my trunk packed and my car sold to the grocer, I went over and looked at that huge incoherent failure of a house once more. On the white steps an obscene word, scrawled by some boy with a piece of brick, stood out clearly in the moonlight, and I erased it, drawing my shoe raspingly along the stone. Then I wandered down to the beach and sprawled out on the sand.

Most of the big shore places were closed now and there were hardly any lights except the shadowy, moving glow of a ferryboat across the Sound. And as the moon rose higher the inessential houses began to melt away until gradually I became aware of the old island here that flowered once for Dutch sailors' eyes—a fresh, green breast of the new world. Its vanished trees, the trees that had made way for Gatsby's house, had once pandered in whispers to the last and greatest of all human dreams; for a transitory enchanted moment man must have held his breath in the presence of this continent, compelled into an aesthetic contemplation he neither understood nor desired, face to face for the last time in history with something commensurate to his capacity for wonder.

And as I sat there brooding on the old, unknown world, I thought of Gatsby's wonder when he first picked out the green light at the end of Daisy's dock.

He had come a long way to this blue lawn, and his dream must have seemed so close that he could hardly fail to grasp it. He did not know that it was already behind him, somewhere back in that vast obscurity beyond the city, where the dark fields of the republic rolled on under the night.

Gatsby believed in the green light, the orgiastic future that year by year recedes before us. It eluded us then, but that's no matter—tomorrow we will run faster, stretch out our arms farther. . . . And one fine morning—

So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past.

(Copyright)

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

Next Week's Complete Novel . . .

MURDER IN THE FAMILY

By MARY HASTINGS BRADLEY

Readers need no introduction to Mary Hastings Bradley, well known as one of America's most popular and dramatic writers of mystery fiction. In "Murder in the Family" she gives us one of her most gripping and effective novels.

Calvin Morse was surprised enough to receive a letter from Helen Cromer, who, years before, jilted him to marry handsome Lee Cromer. He was doubly surprised that the letter sounded frightened—a desperate, urgent appeal for help.

Its challenge carries him straight to Helen's old home, Cauldron's Folly. Into this amazing structure a harsh old man put all his hatred and bitterness—and this now has come down through the ages to inspire the terrible events into which Calvin is quickly caught.

This is a swift-moving, quick action story, with an appealing combination of suspense, romance, and mystery that makes it one of the most absorbing and readable of our novels.

Printed by Congress Printing Limited for the publishers, Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—July 23, 1952

ADD Glorious Colour

TO THE PAGES OF YOUR CHILDREN'S
AUSTRALIAN ENCYCLOPAEDIA!



IF YOU are one of the thousands who bought the amazing Children's Australian Encyclopaedia... make it even more colourful and complete by adding COLOUR to its fascinating, fact-filled pages! Simply save the special printed picture plates that are now being included in each of the following Sanitarium Health Food Company products!



WEET-BIX and GRANOSE Breakfast Biscuits

SANITARIUM Corn Flakes

CERIX Puffed Wheat and CERIX Puffed Rice

BIXIES Whole Wheat Flakes

Also SAN-BRAN and SANITARIUM Diabetic Rolls,
SANITARIUM Gluten Biscuits and GRANO LA!

NOTE: If you haven't already secured your copy of the sensational Sanitarium Children's Australian Encyclopaedia, ask your grocer immediately! Contains over 100,000 words! More than 1,000 self-indexed articles about this great island continent! Hundreds of thousands of copies sold to date, but a few are still available here and there. Price 2/6... and the most amazing book bargain ever published in this country!

EN 429



MANDRAKE: Master magician, LO'THAR: His giant Nubian servant, and PRINCESS NARDA: Have come to a strange kingdom ruled by PROF. METRO: A little old man who loves animals and music. He lives in a piano 50

feet high, and has trained elephants to play a tune by prancing on the huge keyboard. The resultant volume of sound enrages the natives, who set fire to the piano. Mandrake and his friends escape, and the calm Professor rescues his elephants. NOW READ ON:



NEXT WEEK: NEW ADVENTURE!



NYAL FIGSEN is a gentle, natural laxative—ideal for the whole family. FIGSEN comes in two forms: *Regular* (the favourite laxative for children and adults)—*Double Strength* (for adults who prefer a slightly more positive laxative action). *Regular* 2/3—*Double Strength* 3/6.

NYAL CREOPHOS is more than just a tonic—it is a combined cough mixture and tonic. That's one of the reasons why it so effectively clears up the stubborn cough that so often follows flu. Contains nine body-building ingredients. Three sizes—3/9, 6/3, 7/6.



NYAL BRONCHITIS MIXTURE acts in three ways in "breaking" stubborn coughs and colds. It soothes the inflamed membranes of throat and chest . . . clears away congestion and makes breathing easier . . . brings soothing relief from irritating coughing. 3/9, 6/3.



NYAL BABY COUGH SYRUP is a pleasant-tasting combination of wholesome and effective ingredients, specially prepared to treat coughs and colds in infants and children up to five years of age. 2/9, 3/9.

NYAL

sold only by chemists

Nyal Whooping Cough Syrup	3/6
Nyal Cold Sore Cream	2/3
Nyal Cold Sore Lotion	2/3
Nyal Huskeys	1/9, 2/6
Nyal Decongestant Cough Elixir	5/6, 9/6
Nyal Cough Mixture	4/3
Nyal Honey Cough Elixir	3/6
Nyal Decongestant Nasal Drops	4/-
Nyal Quinine Fla Mixture	4/9
Nyal Aspirin-Cadeine Tablets	2/-, 3/3
Nyal Vitamin and Mineral Tonic	6/-, 11/-